

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1884.

SOME SUBURBS OF NEW YORK.

I.—NEW JERSEY.



SIP RESIDENCE, JERSEY CITY
HEIGHTS, NEW JERSEY.

THE suburbs of an island city are apt to be sharply distinguished in character from those of a city on the mainland. The long ridge of rock that constitutes Manhattan cannot merge by imperceptible transitions into the surrounding expanse, like London or Philadelphia, nor does the topography allow of a periphery of dependencies like those which are known to the facile humorists as the "sub-hubs" of Boston. The water offered, long before the bridge, a

less impassable barrier to the instinct of expansion than the land; and the forces of "moderate means" seem still to find across the rivers their line of least resistance. Harlem, to be sure, is populous, and the tide of progress has spread out over its expanse of alluvium and "filling," to results no doubt commodious, but as far as possible from being picturesque. In truth, there is very little that is suburban in the character of Harlem, which simply repeats the monotony of the lower island in its most monotonous parts.

From below Harlem even to Spuyten Duyvil Creek, on the west side of the

island, the narrowing ridge offers an appreciable obstacle to the equal diffusion of population. Interspersed with the clusters of suburban villas at Fort Washington, Audubon Park, and elsewhere, are still a few ancient houses, and before the projection of the Riverside Drive there were enough of these to give a character of its own to the quarter. The more modern of the suburban villas, however, which are now in course of gradual replacement by the lines of brown-stone fronts we know so well, and even by "French flats," are not of a kind to require a memorial before they go hence, or to evoke the tributary tear after they are gone. It is an old saying that the last fashion but one is always the most ridiculous of fashions, and these villas, being neither old enough to be venerable nor new enough to possess what the play-bills call "contemporaneous human interest," are altogether superfluous. When it is said that they were mostly built between 1850 and 1870, it need not be added that they have no intrinsic interest to keep them alive. The trail of the mansard is over them all.

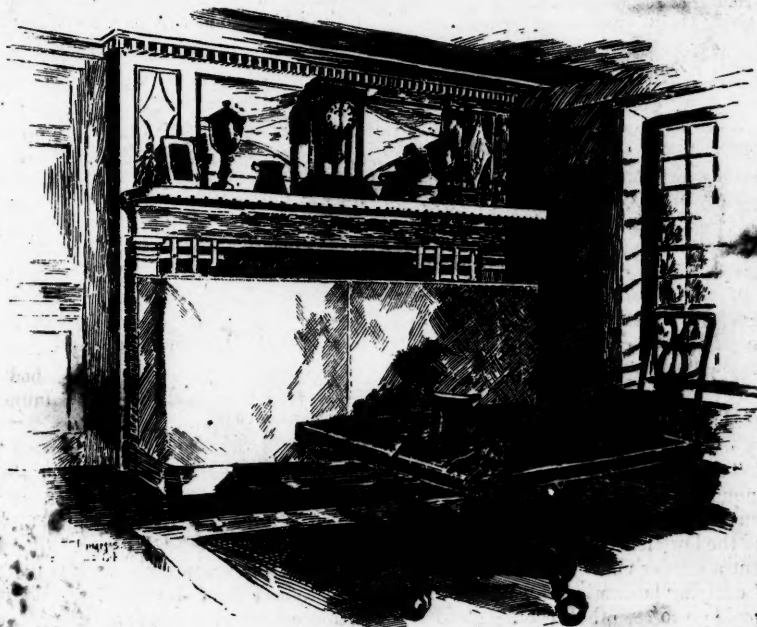
On the eastern and more populous side of the island there are still eddies in the tide of population; and along the shore of the East River may still be seen some of the houses which were built for country-seats, and to which, well within living memory, their owners took sloop at Coenties Slip on Saturday morning to spend Sunday in rustic seclusion. No reader of Knickerbocker can have forgotten the adventurous voyage of Oloffe Van Kortlandt from Communipaw to Hell Gate, nor "the savage solitude which extended over those happy regions where now are reared the stately towers of the Joneses, the Schermerhorns, and the Rhinelanders," nor yet "the bluff well known to modern mariners by the name of Gracie's Point, from the fair castle which, like an elephant, it carries upon its back." Knickerbocker's New York of 1809, being a relic of the world before Watt, is really more distant from us of 1884 than it was from the seventeenth-century world

he was describing, and it is a sort of Schliemann find to come upon actual houses celebrated in our comic Odyssey. The "stately towers" are a figure of speech, the nearest approach to the same being a belvedere, now somewhat crazy with age and neglect, that bestrides the gambrel roof of the Schermerhorn mansion, fated to a not distant demolition, for it stands in the way of the extension to the river of East Eighty-third Street. Nevertheless this is the classical mansion, and just below it is the Jones mansion, and Gracie's Point still carries Gracie's Castle on its back, and just under the castle is the ruin of a round-house, which tradition declares to have been built of Holland bricks to command the ferry just south of it, which connected Yorkville with "the pleasant coast of Sundswick," as it was in Irving's youth, but changed in his time to Astoria, in honor of John Jacob. Built of Holland bricks the ruin evidently was; but the present writer promulgates the rest of the tradition "with all reserves." Local tradition is not a very safe guide in these things. The Jones mansion, for example, is persistently described "in the neighborhood as 'the old Jauncey Place,'"—a name which, although it no longer appears in the New York directory, survived until within a few years as that of Jauncey Court in Wall Street, now effaced by commercial palaces. James Jauncey was a lawyer somewhat active and conspicuous in colonial politics just before the outbreak of the Revolution, and he was a member of the Committee of Fifty-One appointed in 1774 "to correspond with the neighboring provinces" about the mode of resistance that should be offered to the Stamp Act. At that time, however, he had an estate—as old maps inform us—on the west side of the island, not far from Fourteenth Street, and it is very certain that he did not, and that the Joneses did, build this house on the East River. Architectural evidence shows the house to be very nearly coeval with Gracie's Castle. It has the same square plan, the same four-hipped and decked roof partly concealed by a trellised railing at

the eaves, the same ample staircase, halls, and rooms, the same delicate detail in wood outside and in wood and plaster within. These things indicate that the houses were built between 1790 and 1800, and were therefore recent but by no means brand-new when they excited the admiration of the comic historian in 1809.

For the sake of the good Knickerbocker, and for their own, these edifices are worth making a note of now; the

more because they are so evidently doomed. Nothing, indeed, has kept them standing hitherto except the widening of the island just here, which makes their site less easily accessible from the elevated roads and thus preserves it for the time from the demand for speculative building. They are urban now. When they were built, they were rather rural than suburban, seven miles from the Battery, by uncertain sloop or by the rough country roads, being practi-



INTERIOR, SIP HOUSE.

cally farther than the houses twenty-five miles from Wall Street in which so many business-men of New York now find it feasible to reside.

Scarcely any place in New Jersey contains much that carries us back to the time before that name was given to it by its English sponsors, except the water-front immediately opposite New York. The old order, indeed, survives in the name of Orange, but in nothing visible about that expanding community, nor indeed in many authentic docu-

ments relating to it. Though the name survives only in a modern suburb, it was a favorite name with the Dutch. It was still current as another name for Albany in the time of Irving, who presents "Fort Oranje" phonetically as "Fort Aurania," while even now that so much research has been expended upon the early history of New York, few people who are not specialists seem to know that Manhattan itself was once officially known as New Orange. It was so baptized by the Dutch admirals who re-

took it from the English in 1673 and held it until news of the peace of Westminster. It is curious enough now to consider that the exchange of Surinam for New York by the treaty of Breda in 1667 was at the time considered a losing bargain for the English, and supposed to exhibit on the part of their rivals that craving and exorbitant tendency celebrated a century and a half later by Canning in the famous distich,—

In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much.

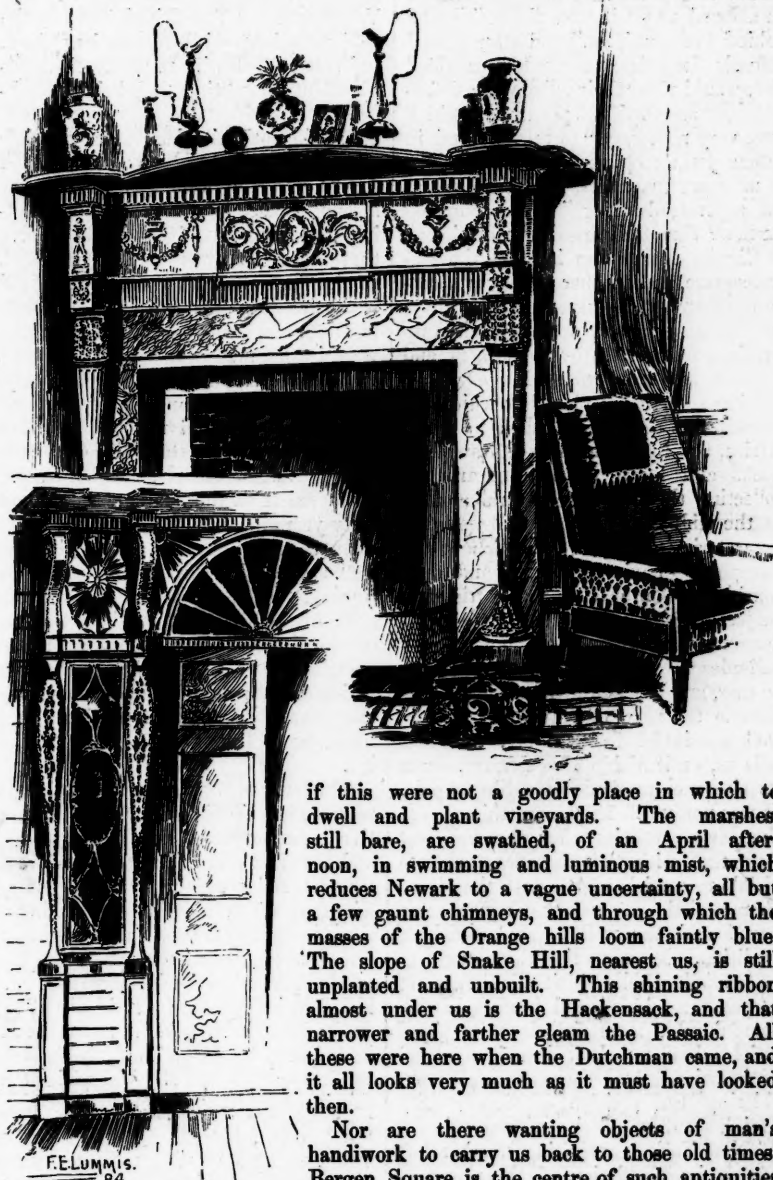
The second Dutch name, of New Amsterdam, which it was to bear for less than two years, was given, it appears, in order to signalize the fact that, although the island was again Dutch, the West India Company had no claim to any share in its reconquest or repossession, and that it was now an appanage of the Prince of Orange. The inhabitants of the patroonate of Pauw, elegantly Latinized into Pavonia, like most of the burghers of Manhattan, no more mingled in politics than the respectable inhabitants of the island do at this day, and regard-



GRACIE'S CASTLE, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK.

ed "the drums and tramlings of three conquests" with the equanimity of their own mild-eyed cattle. Paulus Hook and the lowlands of Communipaw underwent a secular change from a collection of outlying bouwerries to "a place where people go to see other people go to Europe," which was defined to be the modern function of Jersey City until it was deprived of this excuse for existence by the removal of the steamers to the metropolitan shore, and became to most New Yorkers merely an incident of the journey to Philadelphia. Every one of the phases by which this evolution has been accomplished was accompanied by the effacing of all the monuments of the previous states, and one may search the marshy lowlands of Communipaw in vain for anything denoting that they were ever inhabited by other races than the contemporaneous Jersey-

man. It is a familiar fact, however, that a few hundred feet of elevation may preserve a region from change more than miles of level distance. Upon Bergen Hill, accordingly, as it is tautologically called, or Jersey City Heights, within cannon-shot of Wall Street, there is more to recall the primitive condition of Manhattan than can be found upon the island itself. As one stands upon the summit of the padded eminence into which the rocky ridge of the Palisades declines before it disappears under the Kills to emerge in Staten Island, although looking eastward the underbrush of masts and the forest of spires and roofs show him a modern commercial city, looking westward over the marshes the prospect is very much the same that was presented to the primitive Dutchmen who first climbed here and "looked at each other with a wild surmise," asking



FIREPLACE AND DOOR-WAY, GRACIE'S CASTLE.

if this were not a goodly place in which to dwell and plant vineyards. The marshes, still bare, are swathed, of an April afternoon, in swimming and luminous mist, which reduces Newark to a vague uncertainty, all but a few gaunt chimneys, and through which the masses of the Orange hills loom faintly blue. The slope of Snake Hill, nearest us, is still unplanted and unbuilt. This shining ribbon almost under us is the Hackensack, and that narrower and farther gleam the Passaic. All these were here when the Dutchman came, and it all looks very much as it must have looked then.

Nor are there wanting objects of man's handiwork to carry us back to those old times. Bergen Square is the centre of such antiquities as remain to Bergen, as it was the centre of the primitive village, which was "regularly laid out" upon the urgency of Peter Stayvesant in 1660, according to a plan still extant and reproduced in Mr. Winfield's "History of Hudson County." Emi-

grants had petitioned the great man to be allowed to settle "on the maize land behind Communipaw," and after several refusals Stuyvesant consented, provided they would plant their village in a defensible spot and fortify it, precautions which were very necessary "to prevent and in future put a stop, as much as possible, to massacres, murders, and burnings at the separate dwellings" of the outlying farmers. Streets diverged "quadrivious," as Charles Reade has it, from the central square, and another street surrounded the four outer squares, making thirty-two building-plots, which were taken up within a few months by the farmers, and a stout stockade enclosed the whole, making a defensible place into which the bouwers, or, as they are called in South Africa, the Boers, might withdraw their flocks and herds in time of trouble, collecting them on the central square, in the middle of which a well was dug for watering the cattle. The Schout and Schepens, "having reflected and duly considered" (in 1662) that cattle were subject to thirst, and that it might be dangerous to drive them outside the palisades to water, ordered the well to be dug, and it was dug accordingly, and became the heart of old Bergen. The well continued in use, Mr. Winfield tells us, until within this century, when its site was marked by a liberty-pole. It was not until 1870, something more than two centuries after the well was dug, that, with that eagerness to efface visible memorials of the past that is so characteristic of us, the square was paved and the well became merely a tradition. It seems that there ought to be enough public spirit in Bergen to reopen the old well and protect it with some durable memorial, since its population does not lack intelligent local antiquaries. And there are also, considering the position of Jersey City Heights as one of the nearest suburbs of New York, a surprising number left among its population of the representatives of its first settlers. The names which are decipherable on the oldest stones in the old grave-yard and appear in the earliest records of the town greet

us also from sign-boards, and Sip and Van Ryper and Van Winkle connect the modern suburb with the ancient dorp, and pleasantly testify to the Netherlandish talent for resting and being thankful.

We do not quite lack more tangible memorials. The tablet on the front of the Dutch church in Bergen Avenue, a commonplace box of the type of meeting-house in vogue 1840-50, sets forth that the church was founded in 1680. A plot for a church was piously reserved in the first plan of the village,—although in 1660, and for twenty years after, the worshippers met in a log school-house. In 1680, Bergen felt itself equal to a "stated supply," and built a little church, which stood until 1764, when it was replaced by the edifice crowned with "Bergen steeple," which Irving could see from the Battery, though for forty years it has not been visible. The early church imported the dominie, as well as the bricks, from Holland,—continuing, indeed, to import the dominie until after 1800, that it might be sure of the latest improvements upon the doctrine of the Synod of Dort, upon which the great rebellion in England was nourished, and of avoiding the home-bred Dutch heresies of Arminius.

The streets of Bergen, too, though more or less modified, retain the primitive arrangement of a palisaded village, and here and there along them are architectural relics of the Dutch dynasty. The most remarkable and interesting of these is the Sip house, which has an interest unique in this country, to the best of the present writer's knowledge and belief, in being now the residence of the descendants, in the seventh generation, of its builders, by whose family it has been continuously occupied. A suspicion that this is a case like that of the legendary boy's "same old jack-knife"—"a permanent body composed of transitory parts"—may haunt the ingenious reader; and in fact the present Sip house is not in all respects the identical fabric that Claas Arianse Sip reared in 1666. But it comprises that structure, and the ex-

tensions have been made with a discreet regard for the nucleus. A very credible family tradition asserts that Lord Cornwallis once lodged and slept here, when he was in command of East Jersey. This is much the oldest and much the most interesting house in Bergen, and the only one that goes back to the days before New Jersey received that name from its English acquirers. The history of none of the several other old houses can be traced so accurately, house-building not being a subject of chronicle in county or parish registers; but the next oldest house in appearance, also on Bergen Avenue, is gambrel-roofed; and, although I speak under correction of the antiquaries who lie in ambush for the rash generalizations of the magazine-writer, I think the gambrel roof, wherever it is found in the Middle States, is of Yankee, or, at any rate, of English, origin. You remember Dr. Holmes's derivation:

"Gambrel?" "Gambrel?" Let me beg
You'll look at a horse's hinder leg:
First great angle above the hoof,—
That's the gambrel; hence gambrel roof.

Now, the Dutch roof is either one straight slope from ridge to eaves, or, if it has two, the lower is the flatter.

The most ancient relics of an old American village are commonly to be looked for in the church-yard. The grave-yard of Bergen was a church-yard, though it is so no longer, the pulling down of the existing church having been twice—once in 1764 and once in 1841—the accompaniment of building the new one. But the antiquities of Bergen are not to be found here. A slab of New Jersey sandstone, three inches thick, set on edge, is even more precarious as a memorial to posterity of the virtues of the dead than as the veneer which makes a brown-stone front. Even the founders of Bergen, though longevous, were mortal, and many of them died and were buried here before 1700. Yet the oldest inscription decipherable scarcely antedates the Revolution. Here it is:

Hier Leyt Begraaven Het
Lichaem Van Cornelius
Blinkerhoff Sone Van
Harmann and Clairsin
Blinkerhoff Gebooren den 14
Sept. 1745 En Overleden
September 1772.

This seems a late day for Dutch. But Dutch survived in one of the two sermons a Sunday preached in Bergen church, as the speech "understanded of the people," until well within this century, and, as we see in other inscriptions, was the language of epitaphs at least until 1810,—perhaps continued for commemoration after it had ceased to be vernacular, as the good Dr. Johnson "would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription." The fanciful Irving asserts that in his time the Bergen schoolmaster's "reading of a Low-Dutch psalm had much the same effect on the nerves as the filing of a handsaw." Here is the latest of these inscriptions in the Bergen grave-yard:

Hier Rust
het Lichaeme
Van
NESYE
Huysvrouw Van Johannes
Van Wagenen
Overleden den 24 May
1810 Ouat Zynde 87 Yaaren 8
Maanden 11 Daagen.

There is one distinction between this country church-yard and that of Stoke-Pogis, or any in which the rude forefathers of an English hamlet sleep: the "holy text" and the "uncouth rhymes" are lacking. "Their name, their years," are spelled by a muse very slightly imbued with letters, and the frail memorial is decked with "shapeless sculpture." The double-chinned cherub which adorns the epitaph of Cornelius Blinkerhoff is unmistakably of Batavian origin.

From the time when "the maize-land behind Communipaw" became part of New Jersey, the sceptre passed from



CHURCH AT SHORT HILLS, NEW JERSEY.

Bergen to Elizabeth Town, and, after New Jersey was divided into "the Jerseys," as the shortest way of reconciling the conflicting claims of its proprietors, to Perth Amboy and to Burlington. According to Montesquieu, the people of Bergen, during the century succeeding the final cession of New Netherland to the English, must have been very happy, for their annals are dismally tiresome. It remained, as Knickerbocker described it long afterward, "one of the fastnesses into which the primitive manners of our Dutch forefathers had retreated, and where they are cherished with devout and scrupulous strictness." A people endowed with this broad-based conservatism would naturally take little interest in a rebellion which it was the glory of the litigious Yankee to begin "while actual suffering was yet afar off." The bouwers of Bergen were not the sort of people "to take up arms against a preamble." When the war had become flagrant, there was much division of sentiment among them, and a sufficient sprinkling of Tories to be an affliction to their patriotic neighbors. Colonel Abraham Van Buskirk made himself almost as objectionable to the Whigs of East Jersey as Colonel Oliver De Lancey became to the Whigs of Westchester. In October, 1776, Washington wrote, "To-morrow we evacuate Bergen,—a measure which will at first be condemned and afterward approved." And evacuated Bergen was, as one of the pre-

liminaries of the retreat to the Delaware, the fort on Bergen Neck being garrisoned by the refugees and renamed Fort De Lancey. A curious illustration of the persistency of the Dutch habits in Bergen is furnished in a grave official suggestion of Governor Livingston, of New Jersey, during the Valley Forge winter. "It is well known," remarked that magistrate, "that the rural ladies in that part of New Jersey" ("the county of Bergen") "pride themselves in an incredible number of petticoats, which, by way of house-furniture, are displayed by way of ostentation for many years before they are decreed to invest the fair bodies of the proprietors. Till that period they are never worn, but neatly piled up on each side of an immense escritoire. What I would, therefore, humbly propose to our superiors is to make prize of these future female habiliments, and, after proper transformation, immediately apply them to screen from the inclemencies of the weather those gallant males who are now fighting for the liberties of their country."

The most striking incident in the Revolutionary history of Pavonia was the capture by "Light-Horse Harry" Lee, in 1779, of the British outposts at Paulus Hook, now familiar to everybody as the New-Jersey landing of the Pennsylvania Railroad ferry. Although Lee simply marched into the works and then marched out again with one hun-

dred and fifty-nine prisoners, doing no damage, and even failing to secure the objectionable Van Buskirk, the capture, almost in the face of the British garrison of New York, was so impudent that Congress effusively thanked everybody concerned, voted Lee a gold medal "emblematical of this affair," and ordered fifteen thousand dollars to be distributed among the attacking party.

There is more human interest now in recalling that it was down what is now Bergen Avenue that Sergeant-Major John Champe galloped, pursued by his own comrades as a deserter, to escape to

the British lines and kidnap Arnold, in order to deliver the traitor up to Washington, and to justify the American commander in liberating André. Champe's escape was narrowly successful, but, as we all know, he missed the main object of his pretended desertion. He found it harder to leave his new friends than his old, and had to go soldiering about in Virginia under Cornwallis, poor man! before he had an opportunity to make a real desertion.

If Bergen was happy and tiresome for the hundred years following the English acquisition of New Jersey,



MUSIC HALL AT SHORT HILLS, NEW JERSEY.

there were other places less fortunate and more interesting. Elizabeth Town and Perth Amboy became in succession the political centres of East Jersey after Carteret and Berkeley, "in consideration of a competent sum of money," received a grant of the land between the Hudson and the Delaware. All New-Jerseymen may be assumed to be aware that the State owes its name to the fact that Sir George Carteret was an Old-Jerseyman. The local historians, however, accept without question a loose tradition that Elizabeth was named after his wife. It seems more likely that it owes its name to the same loyal pride which led the old

gentleman to bestow the name of the Channel island upon the American province. For not only was Jersey the last of the dominions of Great Britain, home or foreign, to come into Cromwell's obedience, but it was Elizabeth Castle which was actually the last place to haul down the Stuart flag, after Sir George had sustained in it a siege of three months from the forces of the Protector, and, even then, surrendered only after he had received from Paris the orders of the exiled king to make the best conditions he could. "It had been," says Clarendon, "the principal reason that Cromwell had hitherto kept the better quarter with the

Cardinal" (Mazarin), "lest the bait of those two islands, which the king could have put into his hands when he would, should tempt him to give his majesty any assistance. But the king was so strict and punctual in his care of the interests of England, when he seemed to be abandoned by it, that he chose rather to suffer those places of great importance to fall into Cromwell's power than to deposit them, upon any conditions, into French hands; which he knew would never restore them to the just owner, what obligation soever they entered into." Remembering the French subsidy and the sale of Dunkirk, we may take this assertion with a pinch of cautionary salt. It is evident, none the less, that the defence of Elizabeth Castle was the great achievement of Carteret's life, and the remembrance of it his chief consolation during his eight years of exile, except the hope of having his revenge upon the Puritans, which sustained those of the exiles who did not take to drink. Sir George gratified this aspiration to that degree that he was expelled from the House of Commons in 1669 for malfeasance in the office of treasurer of the navy, to which he had been reappointed after the restoration, in having paid money without warrant, presumably for those personal expenses of the merry monarch which would not bear audit. However that may be, it was natural enough that he should have remembered Elizabeth Castle in naming Elizabeth Town; and in that case the shire town of Union County owes its designation not to Lady Carteret at all, but to the Virgin Queen, in whose time Castle Elizabeth was built on the site of a ruined abbey, and in whose honor it was named.

The name of Carteret connects the history of New Jersey with general history in another way. The grandson, namesake, and successor of Sir George was created Baron Carteret, and it was his son John, Lord Carteret, and afterward Earl Granville, the rival of Walpole, "the rash and impetuous man of genius," the champion of the Pragmatic Sanction, who gained an ascendancy over

George II. as the only English statesman who could talk German or knew anything of Germany, who, although his ministry was thrust out of office after two days by "the Noodle of Newcastle," impressed contemporary observers so different as Horace Walpole and Lord Chesterfield as the greatest man of his time, and who, in our time, has excited the admiration of writers so wide apart as Carlyle and Macaulay.

In the province which he bought of the king and which his executors sold to the Quakers the name of Carteret scarcely survives, except in that of a street on Jersey Heights; nor is there anything left in Elizabeth Town to remind us of its founder or of his times. Unlike Bergen, Elizabeth has been in the direct line of progress, and has found better use for its land than to preserve upon it picturesque memorials of its early history. Sir George, indeed, never saw Elizabeth nor any other part of his purchase, having been represented in its government by "Honble. Capt. Phillip Carteret, Esq."

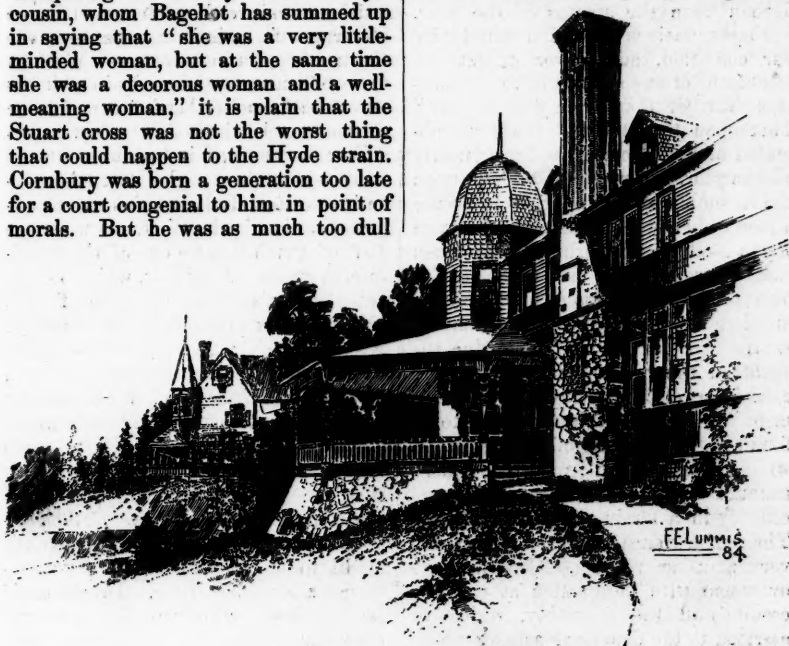
The political importance of Elizabeth Town was suspended with the change of the charter from proprietary to royal. The division under the proprietors into East and West Jersey was retained in so far that there were two capitals, one at Burlington for the West and one at Perth Amboy for the East, with an itinerant legislature and an absentee governor, who, being also Governor of New York, only visited New Jersey when he needed money for his personal expenses. This, the first royal governor, also connects the province with general history, for Edward Hyde, Viscount Cornbury, was a grandson of the great Earl of Clarendon, and so Queen Anne's own cousin. One can understand and sympathize with her majesty's anxiety to remove this "unspeakably unexemplary" kinsman of hers from court.

What murdered Wentworth, and what exiled
Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings allied?

Johnson inquires, in one of the most

sonorous and most Toryish couplets in all the sonorous Toryism of the "Vanity of Human Wishes." It is evident that what exiled our Hyde was that he had made London too hot to hold him. Comparing the viceroy with his royal cousin, whom Bagehot has summed up in saying that "she was a very little-minded woman, but at the same time she was a decorous woman and a well-meaning woman," it is plain that the Stuart cross was not the worst thing that could happen to the Hyde strain. Cornbury was born a generation too late for a court congenial to him in point of morals. But he was as much too dull

to have been tolerated by Etherege and Rochester and Sheffield as he was too scandalous to be tolerated by his decorous cousin. Habitual drunkenness seems to have been the most reputable of his social customs, and his political



RESIDENCE, SHORT HILLS, NEW JERSEY.

course in New Jersey was directed toward getting the most money out of the Assembly in the shortest time and with the least trouble.

A governor of this kind, with an Assembly composed mostly of Quakers, who "knew their rights," and of Scotch Presbyterians, who "dared maintain," was sure to make entertaining annals, and the journals of the sessions of Assembly during Cornbury's administration (1703-1708) are the liveliest of the provincial annals of New Jersey. The Assembly began with acknowledging "Her Ma^{ty's} Royal Goodness and favour towards us, in taking and keeping us under y^e wings of her Ma^{ty's} protection and Govern^{mt}, and more particularly in placing us under y^e Excell^{cy}'s

care and conduct, whose great diligence and Exquisite Management is y^e Admiration of y^e Friends and Envy of y^e Enemies." It is true that "divers of the members of this Assembly, being of the people called Quakers," did "make Some Exceptions to the Stile" of these addresses; but even they did "assent to the matter and substance." This was altogether too sweet to last. The governor desired a yearly salary of fifteen hundred pounds for twenty-one years, exhibiting an order from the queen, who apparently had her suspicions of him, that after his salary was settled he should not receive "any gift or present from the Assembly or other person on any account, on pain of our highest displeasure." The Assembly de-

clined to make an allowance which it could not retract whenever the governor became obstreperous, and observed, "We doubt not, were her majesty rightly informed of the poverty and circumstances of our country, and that our livelihoods depend upon the seasons of the year, our most gracious sovereign would pity our condition, and never expect the settlement of any support of the government further than from year to year." Thereupon the resentful Cornbury absented himself from New Jersey nearly all the year, and revenged himself upon the Assembly by taking bribes to license a monopoly of the wagon-traffic between Perth Amboy and Burlington, insomuch that a farmer could not transport his own produce upon his own cart, and to dissolve the Assembly, lest it should enforce the collection of rents due the agents of the proprietors. After these exhibitions of his "Exquisite Management," there is nothing fulsome to be found in the addresses of the Assembly, which, indeed, remark upon the official conduct and moral character of his excellency in a strain of complete candor. The remonstrances and replies are still very amusing reading. Cornbury was overcome with indignation at the proceedings of the Assembly, which he ascribed to the diabolical acts of "Sam^r Jennings and Lewis Morris, men known neither to have good principalls nor good moralls," but who had, nevertheless, prevailed with "the major part of the house to joyn with them in destroying, as far as in them lay, the Reputation of a Gent who has the honour to serve the Queen as Governour of this Province." It is particularly edifying to learn that his excellency was much concerned about the religious condition of New Jersey, "and the wicked lives and practices of a number of people, some of whom, under the pretended name of Christians, have dared to deny the very essence and being of the Saviour of the world."

The scene of these vivacious controversies was alternately Burlington and Perth Amboy; and Perth Amboy has scarcely seen times so exciting since the

queen was moved to recall her scape-grace cousin "under fire" and to send out Lord Lovelace in his stead. The Perth Amboy of our day does not seem, to the tourist who has occasion to resort to it with a view to produce magazine articles or to investigate the manufacture of terra-cotta, as if it had ever been the theatre of exciting events. We can scarcely comprehend how its inhabitants once fondly fancied that it was to become the commercial rival of New York. As a Dutch settlement, it had been named Amboy in memory of the Dutch Amboyna in the East Indies, which it was expected to rival in the West, and when the Earl of Perth became one of the syndicate, as we should say now, which bought out Carteret's grant, the title of that nobleman was prefixed to its surname. Even so lately as in 1757, when Burke wrote his "Account of the European Settlements in America," Perth Amboy was "the only town of any trade worth notice in New Jersey." Burke adds that it had "a very fine harbor," which it still retains, and it is not easy to find any flaw in the calculations of the real-estate speculators who founded it, that it ought to be an "emporium" two centuries after their time. In point of fact, except for the fire-clay industry, the scene of Cornbury's revels is almost as decayed from its former estate as the Persepolitan courts "where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;" and the mild seediness of the Jersey capital is, on the whole, less impressive than the awful solitudes of the palace of Xerxes.

Of the very oldest Jersey the reminiscences at Bergen, imperfect and fragmentary as they are, are thus the most complete that can be had, and even this degree of preservation they owe to the elevation and detachment of the old village and the power of inertia residing in its original inhabitants. They were not melancholy nor unfriended, like the tourist by their ancestral stream the lazy Scheldt, but they were remote and slow. The Jersey suburbs, which have lain more directly across the course of empire, have in their successive up-buildings pretty much destroyed the

traces of their earlier selves, insomuch that the building of Newark and the Oranges, beginning with a few sandstone churches too massive to be torn down and seldom dating beyond 1800, exhibits the various tendencies of domestic architecture since, from the white clapboarded Grecian temple, through the Downing and scroll-saw periods and the mansarded box, to the ultimate achievements of the cottage architecture named for Queen Anne, which would have so much surprised that sovereign. It is perhaps gratifying to reflect that an experienced actuary would still take one of the old stone houses as a more eligible "life" than any of its successors. Interspersed with these precarious monu-

ments of the American house-carpenter's varying tastes, there are houses and other buildings constructed at different dates by educated architects. These, however, need not detain us, because it happens that there is a settlement in which the very newest phase of American rural architecture is much more completely exemplified than the oldest is exemplified anywhere, and is the more striking for being unmixed with any remains of earlier periods. Sing, Muse, of Short Hills, New Jersey;



RESIDENCE, SHORT HILLS, NEW JERSEY.

begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the strings.

A very pleasant place Short Hills must have been even before it occurred to an enterprising merchant of New York to buy it and convert it into an artistic and unique suburb,—an undulating piece of ground on the farther slope of the Orange Mountains, where they decline into the "Short Hills," with a wide southwestward outlook and fine old trees scattered about it. A still pleasanter place it is now that it has

been transformed,—as everybody must agree. Pleasant, indeed, is not the precise adjective which everybody would select. The rustic Jerseyman, for example, if you ask him what kind of a place Short Hills is, will probably tell you, "Funniest place y' ever see," and he thus catches a shade of meaning that the other adjective misses, and conveys a sense of strangeness combined with entertainment which is, in fact, the impression that Short Hills makes upon a stranger. Other people have laid out

artistic suburbs. Llewellyn Park, in Orange, was what in the old days they would have described as "a proprietary colony." The distinction of Short Hills is that its colonization was coincident with the emancipation of American architecture, and the proprietor has invited a number of the bright young freedmen to design him each a house. These mansions, to the number, I should say, of fifteen or twenty, are perched picturesquely on the surrounding knolls, connected with each other and with the lower-lying station by well-kept and winding roads, and they make a group quite unique in this, or probably in any other, country.

It is characteristic of the modern spirit in which Short Hills has been conceived that a music hall was one of its earliest buildings, having at present attained the relative venerableness of five or six years, while a church is only now under construction. At Bergen, as we saw, the first communal building was a church and school-house. This reversal of the order of spiritual wants has not, one is glad to note, reacted upon the architecture of the church, which is not playful at all, being a decorous and well-behaved and almost conventional structure, and so exempt from the hilarious spirit of most of the other architecture of Short Hills that even our Jerseyman would not call it funny. It is well that the line should be drawn somewhere at Short Hills, as well as at Rum-ti-Foo:

The islanders of Rum-ti-Foo
Are well-conducted persons, who
Enjoy a joke as much as you,
And laugh at it as such;
But if they saw their bishop land,
His leg supported in his hand,
The joke they would not understand:
'Twould pain them very much.

A square stone house near the station, a solid and somewhat box-like mansion, with no effective relief to the hardness of its outline, is the only other piece of architecture in Short Hills which is in the least amenable to the charge of conventionality. Certainly nobody would think of bringing that charge against the Music Hall, which confronts you at the station and is the most important build-

ing of Short Hills thus far, and of which Mr. Stanford White is the architect.

Taking the designer's point of view, the Music Hall is a successful and effective composition. It stands on rather low ground, and is in plan a parallelogram, with very low walls, so that the great black-slatted roof seems almost to rest upon the ground. This roof is unbroken from end to end, and, if this were all, the building would be a mere barn. Its monotony, however, is very effectually relieved by a portly round tower attached to the building on the lower side and carried well clear of the roof, of rough stone up to the eaves of the main building, and above that covered with the same black slate with which the main building is roofed. The monotony of the tower itself is relieved by a chimney-stack of rough brick attached to it, and by the treatment of its own roof, which does not conform to its outline, but overlaps it in a square corner held up by a slatted bracket projecting from the tower. On the upper side the devices employed for breaking up the mass of the roof are much slighter, and much less successful, and the effect on that side is of a barn-like bareness. The treatment of the material throughout is rough and rustic,—rock-faced stone in the basement, rough brick in the openings and chimneys, and black slate in the roof and tower. So long as we do not ask any questions as to what it is about, it appeals to us as a clever and picturesque composition. Even for this purpose, however, we must, as has been intimated, take the architect's point of view, not only intellectually, but physically, and stand at the point from which the composition has been chiefly studied, and from which the chimneys and the tower and its bracketed roof "come in" as they were meant to do. Even from the most sympathetic point of view it is a misfortune that a building so bold and picturesque and romantic in general effect should have been designed early in the Queen Anne period, when the starveling and stringy classicized detail was in fashion which is so opposed to any ideas of boldness and freedom.

and romanticism in design. And when we have ascertained the purpose of the building it becomes evident that the devices which we have admired as expedients for promoting its picturesqueness are adjuncts irrelevant to any other purpose. In a stable, for example, the tower might be conceived to be a habitation, although its treatment would make this hypothesis difficult. But in a music hall it must be merely monumental; and a balloon-framed monument seems to involve a contradiction in terms. So with the tower-roof. The bracket by which a square roof is projected from the curving wall of a round tower makes a piquant break in the line of the tower, when one is at just the proper point of view. But when one moves the previous question why a round tower should be crowned with a square roof, the building does not yield an answer, and the roof begins to look very irrelevant to the tower which it crowns, and the tower to the building of which it relieves the monotony. It is an example of that kind of design in which the "effect" precedes the cause, and which must continually be compromising itself, no matter how cleverly it is done, when it comes to be adjusted to the actual requirements of a building instead of being developed out of those requirements, so that the impression it ultimately leaves is not so much architectural as scenic.

This is more or less the general impression of Short Hills. It is scene-painters' architecture in an opera village, as it were, where the houses have no further function than to look pretty and to possess "practical" doors out of which you momentarily expect a chorus of happy villagers to emerge with a view to dancing on the sward. The cottages, in spite of the rocky foundations on which most of them are planted, have an evanescent look that heightens this illusion, so that you would scarcely be surprised, if you turned away, to find

them vanished when you looked back. One ingenious designer, indeed, has, by means of a symphony in tertiary colors merging into each other, represented his edifice as in the act of transformation.

Nothing of this is stupidly or vulgarly done, and all of it is extremely jolly and amusing. There are many picturesque combinations, and some clever and refined detail. There is a distinct architectural motive almost always, and it is carried out with the utmost disregard of convention. One feels it almost as absurd to apply rational tests to these fantasies in shingles and paint as Charles Lamb declared it was to try the old English comedy by the rules of ethics. A country house allows great latitude, especially when it is in such fantastical company as the architecture of Short Hills, and freaks which might be offensive in a city street are here only entertaining. We see at Short Hills what the satirist meant when he declared that American humor had never found full expression except in architecture. One restraint there is: the architects have had the good sense to use a great deal of rough stone; and stone in cottage-architecture serves something the same purpose that the English bishop ascribed to cash, when he forbade his womankind to run up millinery-bills. "Ready money," said the good man, "is such a check upon the imagination." So is masonry. Unless you can afford profuse carving, you are bound to be comparatively sober in stone-work, and you cannot even seemingly defy gravitation. You certainly derive a distinct impression that all these places must be inhabited by very nice people, which is not a bad impression for a collection of country houses to make. And you must be of an unthankful spirit if when you leave Short Hills you do not invoke blessings upon its proprietor for having afforded you so much entertainment by building you this unique and delightful suburb.

AURORA.

CHAPTER I.

"AY DE MÍ, ALHAMA!"

A PRIL in Granada.

An atmosphere so limpid that the sky meets the earth in a pure cerulean line,—cerulean not only where it touches the grand Sierra, but over the green Vega, where the mountains sink low, like a crowd kneeling about the horizon before that dazzling white presence. Here are no earthly splendors of Italy, where dusky red and orange are fused in violet, none of the pallid silver into which the heavens faint downward to American mountain and plain. The sky descends in all its glory, and the earth in all its glory rises to meet it in a serene and perfect union.

A gentleman and three ladies were walking through the gardens of the Generalife. The gentleman was a friend encountered by chance by the wife of an American foreign minister, and was now acting as cicerone for her and her party. She walked at his right, and at her other hand was an elderly woman, who acted as dueña, the ambassadress, as she insisted on being called, being a young woman, and having come into Spain without the protection of her husband's company.

The three talked with great vivacity, questions, answers, and exclamations following each other in rapid succession.

The third lady loitered behind her companions, and was perfectly silent, and almost entirely inattentive to their talk. She was young, and was dressed in deep mourning, and all the life in her white face centred in the large languid eyes that saw everything without brightening. No smile stirred the lovely mouth; there was no quick movement of the head or of the deeply-fringed lids in answer to the exclamations of her companions. Yet it seemed that those eyes might have been vivacious, and there was a sparkle of life even in the

loosely-waving hair, that must have been steeped in gold before being covered with shadows, such sunny lights came and went in it. Neither did any tremulous sigh tell of a grief which shifts its burden uneasily this way and that. Quiet, pale, and languid, as if her heart were crushed beyond power of movement, she walked through that earthly paradise, neither murmuring nor rejoicing.

All the air was delicately fragrant. In a sunken garden the slender cypresses were clipped to ball-crowned columns as dark as serpentine, and almost as impervious to the light. Against one of them hung a cloud of rosy peach-blossoms, the very type of youth and joy. Up the high walls, and covering them, was a veil of rose-vines of such ardent growth that the foliage was a silken brown as yet, not having had time to become green, and the sheaths of the red bursting roses were brown too. The roses would not wait.

Steps went up and down from terrace to terrace of those lovely gardens, which were all up and down, from the cloistered hollow where you saw above you only a square of blue sky propped by roses and cypress-balls, to the Mirador, as high above it as the minaret is above the Mihrab, which gave to your eyes the cleft pomegranate from which Granada issues, the villa-strewn green Vega, the shining rivers, the circling mountains, and the thousand glittering angles of the crowned Sierra dominating all.

There were myrtle-hedges only high enough to bar an infant's passage, and there was water everywhere. The exquisite Moor was a fairy prince, and water was his Cinderella. Hissing with speed, the severed Darro rushed through the midst of the garden, bearing coolness and refreshment down to the Alhambra. It ran deep, swift, and shining through the flowers and the green. Hundreds of concealed jets lurked beneath the ground or under stairs, ready

at a touch to spring out and weave a sparkling web of crossing slender threads before your eyes. A tiny stream dimpled along the hollowed railing of the stair and formed a fairy pool at the landing-posts. You heard the waters, sweet and faint, as you smelt the myrtles, sweet and faint, all through the air. Theirs is the silver lyre which lulls the old magician nodding on his divan underneath the gate below. Theirs is the voice of the Gothic princess singing to the lyre, at sound of which the soldier guard nods at his post beneath the hand and key.

The slender modern cypresses are clipped; but no human hand has ever curbed the growth of those great ancient ones which spread their branches in the midst, mourning forever for that past when love was fiery and courageous and the arm of the warrior delayed no longer in clasping his chosen lady than in striking his opposing foe. The eldest of these trees, out of a thousand years of life, has kept but one memory green in its decaying trunk. Its ancient branches stretch themselves like protecting arms over the trysting-place where Zoraya met her warlike lover and died for love of him in those haunted, jealous shadows. "Sweet and terrible" was the lover's motto, and his device, a lion chained by a shepherd. It was the expression of the flower of Moorish character, sweet and terrible.

To and fro through leafy shade and bursts of light the strangers wandered, watching the Darro canal and timidly dipping their fingers into it, standing to let their slowly-moving glances climb from stream to golden-flowering plants, and up to boughs of waving green, and from green to glittering snow, and from the snow to a hot splendid blue. Then three of them went to take a last look at the pictures, and the loitering fourth waited for them beneath Zoraya's cypress. The gardener had been trimming the decayed twigs from this carefully-cherished tree, and there were tiny chips of its wood about, tinted and perfumed like cedar. She gathered two or three of them, one for herself, and the others

—to whom should she carry them? As the question shaped itself in her mind, her head dropped forward against the dark tree-bole, and a faint cry passed her lips: "Oh! mamma, mamma!"

Then in an instant she had put her grief down, and was looking about for distraction. "I must look at life," she murmured; "look up at life, not down at death: If I look down I am lost!"

It seemed as if some fairy voice from out the branches caught the words and gave them back, half echo and half answer: "Do not look down: look up at me. If you look down you fall. Keep up your courage. *La paura l'è fatta d'nen.*"

Her groping thought had touched a hidden spring, and a sweet, strong memory of the past looked out at her.

A faint tinge of red stole into her cheeks, and her head bowed itself slightly with a modest, stately courtesy, as though she found herself in the presence of some cavalier but slightly known though highly honored. "Signor Colonel d'Rubiera, your lesson has not lost its virtue," she said, and stood a moment so, seeing his image clear and vivid; and hearing his voice, then silently commanding them to leave her, and feeling them fade away.

The others appeared, and she stepped out of the shadows to meet them.

"See!" murmured Mrs. Lindsay to her companions. "She smiles!"

It was but a pallid smile, but it was the first they had caught on that face, —the first that had come there for a year.

"Dear contessina," the lady pursued, "did the portraits frighten you?—because they were so ugly, I mean."

"I felt as though something might shut the doors so that we should never escape," replied Aurora.

"There!" cried Mrs. Lindsay. "That is precisely the idea! I knew that something was the matter, and something was the matter at the Alhambra. Do you remember, Aunt Margaret, the lady-bug we found once shut up with my pearls in the casket? The little creature was half dead when I set it

out on a green leaf. Ah! my friends, we lady-bugs of the West would die shut up even in a nest of pearls."

"Unless your lovers were inside the walls with you," said Aunt Margaret. "Then, let the gates shut!"

"Oh, that is but an incident!" remarked the younger lady slightly. "I was thinking of life."

The gentleman quoted solemnly,—

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
"Tis woman's whole existence."

"Of course we concentrate ourselves if you shut us up," the ambassadress said rather tartly. "Who was that man who amused himself in prison for years with two pins? They saved his reason. So a man is frequently useful to save a woman from going mad in her cramped existence."

The gentleman sighed. If Miss Teresa Melville had been perfectly capable of defending herself with her tongue when she was but a girl out of office, how much more capable he found Mrs. Teresa Lindsay as the representative of her nation!

"See how your nest of pearls looks from the outside," he made haste to say, pointing across the ravine to the Alhambra. "Do you detect any sign of its delicate beauty from here?"

There was no sign of such beauty. The dark-red walls followed the rise and fall of the hill-top undulations, the towers frowned, the gates were defiant. Nothing visible in the stern exterior fortress told that a fair sultana might once have smiled across the ravine at you from a filigree jewel of a chamber beyond one of those small windows with its slender dividing column.

They went out of the villa and took their leisurely way to the Alhambra, where already in the tall English elms the nightingales were wooing the twilight in their songs. A stately artistically-draped personage in a broad-brimmed hat, red-fringed blue mantle, and leather leggings, smiled affably on them, and invited them to buy his photographs. Two half-naked urchins insisted on being allowed to dance be-

fore them for a piece of five centimos. A gypsy woman offered to tell them the most wondrous fortunes, and shrank away like an exorcised spirit on being harshly reproved by their escort, on whom her steady eyes were fixed till she disappeared. You felt that she would remember his face. And meantime the crystalline air was growing rosy with sunset. When they had passed under the shadow of the gate and reached the Court of Cisterns and the fragrant garden of the Vela, the sight of the wide landscape was like the sound of a soft full symphony. The far-stretching Vega wore a delicate blushing gold over its brilliant green; the sparkling rivers seemed to be tossing rubies and golden sands about in their transparent ripples; deep red-gold tints glowed and vanished along the shadowed mountains of the west and south; the houses of Granada shone like glad faces; a rock-cliff at the south stood up like a bonfire, and all the snowy Sierra veiled itself with saffron like an Eastern bride. Joyous, softly brilliant, harmonious as the nightingales now in full song below, the pageant melted into deepening shadows, flecked with tingling silver lights. Granada hid itself; the mountains slipped out of sight; life contracted and intensified itself; and all the world with all its worth was drawn into a focus in the Court of Lions, haunted with fairy lights and shadows, with a cornice of frosted silver where the moon looked in.

Temple of enchantment! If the mourner lingers there at night, silent as a moonbeam glides the peaceful spirit to his side, and murmurs, "I am forever near thee." If the lover dreams amid its fairy columns, the sigh his absent mistress breathes flutters o'er land and sea and finds him out, and the woman hears a whisper at her shoulder which tells her all her heart desires to know. Travellers from distant shores who wander up and down the earth in search of their lost wonder-land find it here, and, going, mourn as if their going were an exile.

Ay de mí, Alhama!

CHAPTER II.

SIDE-LIGHTS.

ITALY, the town of Sassovivo, and a company of servant-people in the great kitchen of the castle. Empty glasses and half-empty decanters on the great black table, and an effervescence of welcomes just over. Two former servants of the place have returned from a five years' visit to America, and been treated and laughed over and cried over and wondered over by their former companions in labor, Gian and Giovanna, the factotum and the cook of the establishment. Why, Mariù was handsomer than ever; and as to that little girl of hers, she was an angioletto right out of a picture. And Renzo—

"Well, I declare, Renzo, nobody would know that anything had ever happened to your face. The marks are all gone. To be sure, the nose, seen sideways—but, then, who ever looks at the side of a man's face?"

"Money makes the nose straight," said Renzo, boastfully slapping his pocket.

Gian and his wife gazed adoringly at their gilded visitors.

"But I wonder that you should go into service again."

"Do you suppose I'd be bothered with a house of my own?" exclaimed Renzo. "We've had to work hard enough in America, and now we mean to take our ease. Those Americans drive you as if you were a donkey and never got tired. They won't be still a moment, and they won't let you be still. I felt like grain in a hopper all the time I was there."

"They pay well," remarked Mariù tranquilly.

"And so I'm going to take the horses again," pursued Renzo; "and Mariù she irons and mends. We get more good out of the villa than the owners do."

"Già!" said Gian. "Now, the castle here, I wouldn't take the gift of it. We have all we want out of it without the trouble of owning. It is true that the padroni they can order us about—"

"Tush!" interrupted the wife. "Let them order. We do as we please."

"And then," Gian went on, "if they are too annoying we can plague their lives out, and if they send us away we can give them a bad character, and their enemies will take us in and pay us double."

"How do you like the new duchess?" Giovanna asked Mariù, in a low voice and with a keen glance.

"Oh, so much! She is so nice!" replied Mariù's lips, and her eyes responded to the keen glance; and then the two women sat a moment nodding at each other with their mouths puckered up.

"Very handsome!" said Giovanna.

"Oh, *bell' assai!*" echoed Mariù.

"So charitable!" said Giovanna.

"Always in good humor," retorted Mariù. "Laughs at everything."

Then they nodded at each other again, and compressed their lips, and each understood that the fragments into which they had torn the "new duchess" were smaller and more despicable than what remains of a pullet when a fox has had his will of it.

"I would have liked to stay with the Americans," Mariù said, changing the subject somewhat hastily; "but madama wanted to travel about a good deal, and she couldn't have the child with me. Besides, I wasn't what she wanted except in the country, and they don't have a country-house. Then she met the duke, and recommended me to him. I'd seen him before, when he was here that last year. And Renzo and I, we like him."

"And who wouldn't like him?" responded Giovanna; and this time there were no nods.

"I don't seem to have seen madama," said Gian. "When all was ready, she came out here and snatched away the contessina before you could wink."

"Poor signorina!" said Mariù, sighing. "Madama said that she was dying by inches, and it would be murder to leave her here."

"And so she was," exclaimed the other. "You should have seen her when her mother first died. Suor

Benedetta came, and could do nothing with her, and the wife of the sindaco, and a dozen others. She cried and cried and sobbed and sobbed day and night. She wouldn't go to bed nor eat. She would walk about, and if she rested a moment it was standing with her face against the wall. Sometimes she went down into the garden and cried, clinging to a tree-trunk. She seemed to want to cling to something strong that didn't move when she leaned against it. At night she went up to the terrace, crying, calling her mother, walking to and fro in such a wild way that Gian and I were afraid she'd jump over.—Weren't we, Gian?—They heard her sobbing from the olives below. And so she went on, till she was too faint to walk or stand or speak, and we had to feed her with a teaspoon, wine and broth. She couldn't help our putting it in her mouth; and she lay there on the sofa as if she were laid out. She didn't seem to hear what any one said to her but Fra Antonio. He came every day, and, when he sat beside her, she put her pale little hand in his and whispered, 'Hold my hand, or I shall go down.' I don't know what it was, but he always seemed to console her better than any one else, though he hardly said a word. He cried more than he talked. I have seen the tears roll down his face while he sat there by her. At last she got up, still and white, like a ghost, and so she stayed. I began to get afraid of her."

"We heard of it," Mariù said, wiping her eyes. "And madama said, 'Why doesn't somebody take her away from that place?' And then she said, 'I will go for her myself, if no one else does.' So when she made up her mind to go to Spain, she came after the signorina."

"And to think that the poor countess might have been in *her* place!" said Giovanna, nodding in the direction of the villa.

"Do tell me all about it," cried Mariù eagerly.

Gian and Renzo went out and left the

two women to their gossip, and Giovanna settled herself back complacently with the air of having a long story to tell and of being pleased to tell it.

"The duchess didn't live a great while after the child died," she began. "She just ate her heart out with anger and disappointment. When she died, she charged her husband to marry right away, and not even wait a year. He did wait a year, though, and two years. But before the second year was over he came here one day and asked to see the countess. It was the first time that he had asked for her alone, though he almost lived here, one might say. I thought strange, and they asked me if I were sure that he wanted only her, as if they thought strange too.

"Well, she went to him alone in the sala, and he shut the door. I thought that door would never open, and the signorina called me three times to ask if the duke had gone away, and finally grew alarmed, and said that there must be something the matter. Well, at last he went, running down the stairs and out before I could reach him to open the door. And when I went up-stairs, I thought it was the signorina who came to meet me, and it was the countess. I stood with my mouth open, without saying a word, and while I stood there staring, the signorina came out of her chamber, and she cried out, 'Why, mamma, what has happened? How beautiful you are!' And she was beautiful. You know, Mariù, the countess had always been dark, and sometimes a little yellow; but then she was as red and white as a girl, and her eyes—why, they looked like water in the sun, they were so soft and bright. I declare to you she was more beautiful than the signorina. Well, the story came out of itself after a while, for the duke was always here; and before it was announced that he was going to marry the countess, we all understood it. It is true, our first idea was that he meant to marry the signorina. But one day I just happened, you know, by accident like, to glance through a crack in the door, and I saw the duke

with his arm around the countess before the window there, and her head resting on his shoulder while they looked out over the campagna; and I saw how it was. But, oh, Mariù, there seem to be persons who are not destined to be happy in this world, or more than half happy. Just before the time set for their marriage, the countess took a cold that settled on her lungs, and there it stayed. She was always getting better, always going to be able to go out to-morrow, always sure to be over it in a few days. And all the time she went down, down. The duke came and stayed at the villa. He wanted her to marry him and go there; but she kept putting him off with to-morrow, to-morrow. He saw how it would be, but the signorina never dreamed of the truth till at the last moment, when they had to tell her. I shall never forget the look of her face when she knew that her mother was dying. It seemed to freeze.

"She, poor thing! was insisting on putting hot-water bottles to warm the feet of the dying woman. 'My child, my darling child,' said the duke, 'your dear mother will never be warm again.' She gave him a look that made me turn cold, then sank down all of a heap on the floor. It was half an hour before we could see that she really breathed."

The two women cried a little, then Giovanna resumed:

"Well, the poor duke died of fever only two months after. The signorina was with him at the villa. He was never separated from her while he lived, and he arranged her affairs with the new duke so that the castle here is hers for life to do what she will with."

While their wives talked and wiped their eyes in the kitchen, the two husbands went out into the court and held a caucus on the thrilling topic of money. Renzo told stories of America which made his listener's eyes stand out. Such wages! Such living! A dollar a day; two, three dollars a day. Why, that meant five, ten, or fifteen lire; and Gian was happy in having a lira a day, while his wife gained ten cents a day. A

cook no better than Giovanna to have a hundred lire a month! His brain whirled. What a wonderful land! What a wonderful people! Where could he find an American who would take him across the sea?

"How much would it cost, now, for Giovanna and me to go?" he asked anxiously, thinking of the two or three thousand lire they had laid aside.

"Stay where you are," responded Renzo in a sudden access of sincerity. "America isn't made for us, especially when we have reached a certain age and don't know the language. They laugh at us there, they despise us, they don't let us sleep at noon, they don't give us wine. Besides, they have certain ideas. Instead of going about his business like a gentleman, and leaving you to manage, an American has his nose in everything. He watches you closer than an administrator does here, and, if you take ever so little a thing, he calls it stealing. Besides, they call us liars. They say that we are all liars. And," returning to his strong point, "they don't give you any wine."

Gian turned sadly away. Money was sweet and dear, money was the chief good; but not to have wine, to be called a thief because he took his little just and natural tribute, and to be expected to tell the truth,—that was serious.

Renzo strolled out of the court, and down the path toward the villa. He was inebriated with delight at being again in Italy. Oh, soft, caressing air! Oh, tongue of music! Oh, dolce far next-thing-to-nothing! He had only what exercise he needed for his health, and his work pleased him. He had always liked to be with animals, especially with horses.

He crossed the garden, seeing no one, stood a moment under the palms, then went on slowly toward the campagna. The spring was in his blood. The old free, lawless life came up before his mind, filling it with longing. To lie on the grass under a spreading tree, he and a few chosen companions, with a flask of wine, a loaf of bread, and a roasted kid,

while the spring airs cooled them after some wild adventure, to plan expeditions which should give just enough sense of danger to stir the blood, but not enough to disturb the sleep afterward,—ah, that was life! He found a sort of zest even in the bitter days he had passed in the mountain-cave with Martello, now he looked back upon them. "What a fool I was!" he muttered, wandering on down the road to the campagna. "I might have had a lot of money out of that affair, if I hadn't lost time in shilly-shallying."

He had meant to go down beyond the olives to see the contadina Betta; but at the turn of the road he hesitated, then took the mountain-path. He had had enough of civilization for that day. He would go and see how the rocks looked.

They looked like old friends to him. They were sprinkled all over with flowers and the delicate shadows of early foliage. In a blind way he was fond of nature. He liked that space, the height of hills and mountains, and the turf under his feet.

Passing through the long ravine, recalling as he went other walks he had taken there stealthily by night, he came to the pozzolana cave. A pool of muddy water lay across its mouth. The April rains had been heavy, and were but just passed. It was impossible to enter, if he had wished, without going ankle-deep. He turned and climbed the steep rock to the top, and seated himself there on the Punto del Paradiso, drawing deep breaths, and looking about with a feeling of freedom long a stranger to him. He had lived five years of strict conventional propriety, and Mariù, though devoted, had held him with rather a tight rein. He liked Mariù, and meant to treat her well. He more than liked his little Rita, who adored him. But he loved freedom from restraint, and to him most laws were a restraint.

"I wonder where Martello is!" he thought as he sat there.

It was near sunset, and he was idly thinking that he might as well go down, when he saw the top of a man's bare

head appear over the western rocks, where a winding path descended to the campagna at the other side of the mountain.

"If it should be Martello!" exclaimed Renzo, and laughed.

It was Martello. He came slowly and painfully along, bareheaded, and holding his cap tightly against his body with both hands. As he came nearer, Renzo saw that the hands were bloody, that drops of blood fell down, and that his face was very pale.

"What's the matter with you?" Renzo asked, going to meet him.

Martello expressed no surprise at seeing him, but only stared at him with a certain wildness in his eyes. "Help me down, will you?" he said hoarsely.

Renzo pulled the tree aside, since the wounded man refused to wait there for help, and painfully and slowly assisted him down the rocky passage. He was quite well aware that the affair might have been give as well as take, and that his friend might have to go from a hospital to a prison.

The place was as Renzo had seen it five years before. He could almost believe that his long journey was but a day-dream, and that he and Martello were just returned from some pungent adventure. He helped his friend to the bed of leaves covered with a blanket.

Martello sank back faint and moaning. Renzo gave him a glass of wine, of which there was a full flask, and in a few minutes he revived.

"Let me bring a surgeon," said Renzo. "Perhaps old Marionelli will come, and tell nobody."

"Not to-night: it is too late," Martello replied, in a stronger voice. "I feel better. If he will come in the morning about sunrise, and say nothing, you may bring him."

Renzo sat beside the bed; and, since Martello did not speak again, he began to tell his own adventures. When he had ended, he took three bright five-franc pieces out of his pocket, and set them up in a row on the wall, over some withered roses that hung there.

Martello glanced at the money glim-

mering in the light of the lamp. "I once heard a priest tell in church," he said, "of a people who were marching through a desert place, and they had nothing to eat. And God dropped them down rolls of bread out of the sky, just like hail-stones. But he told them to take only what they wanted for the day, and not to keep any over, for if they did, it would spoil. And it did. While that priest talked, I stood thinking. And it seemed to me that we poor folks are like that; and that if we take more than enough for the day, the money spoils in some way. You'd better take back two of those pieces."

Presently he began to tell his own story, at Renzo's request. He had not only served out the six months' sentence of which Renzo knew, but was just out of the galleys after a four years' penalty.

"How did it happen?" Renzo asked curiously.

"It was Callalessa: you remember Callalessa?—'twas he swore against me the other time. I saw him in a trattoria in Rome when I had just got back, and I gave him traitor and ruffian to his face. I was staying at Bocca's house: you remember Bocca? Well, that night I'd been with some fellows to the osteria of the Three Sisters, outside of the Popolo, and when we came away we left each other, and one went one way and another went another. When I was just under the Madonnella I saw him coming toward me,—Callalessa. Oh! says I, what's the news? And he: I shall have to give you something to teach you to call names. What could I do? I just pulled out my knife and went at him. He warded with his arm, and when I tried again I slipped, and he came down on me, and hit me one that came within a hair of cutting my carotid. After a minute, I made out to get him under me, and then I up with my knife, and—enough! The blade went in so well that I couldn't get it out again. Well, I've had tribulation in jail and in the galleys, it's true; but nobody'll ever fill up that hole for Callalessa. We both fell down, he one way and I the other; and the blood—*per*

Bacco!—it was like the fountain of Trevi.

"After a little while I took courage and got up, and went to Bocca's, and he undressed me and put me to bed. And then says he, We must have a surgeon. And says I, Well, go and call one. So he brought a grave-digger, and the minute he saw me, says he, Halloo! This is an immortal cut. I won't touch it. Dress yourself and go to the hospital. Well, one must have patience, so I did as he told me. And when I was in San Gallicano, and they'd put me to bed, there was one who kept crying out, Oh, God! Oh, God! I'm dying! And says I to Moretto, the nurse,—you remember Moretto?—Who is that making such a noise? And says he, It's the one you've killed. Is he breathing yet? says I. And says he, It's about over with him. They've given him *olio santo*. Well, the officer came to question me, and says I, We punished each other, both of us, and that's all about it.

"Then when he died they carried him out, and I can see him yet, half naked like, with two men at his head and two at his feet, going close past my bed. And thinks I to myself, Poor devil! I'm sorry; but who catches it, catches it. And I've had tribulation and misery; and—would you believe it?—I seem always to feel the ring of that chain at my ankle. But what are you going to do when you get into a certain hobble?"

The last words were rather faint, and Martello closed his eyes and sank back. Renzo gave him wine again, set the flask beside him, trimmed the lamp, and went away, promising to bring a discreet surgeon in the morning.

He felt a chill at heart as he went down through the early twilight. The life he had almost longed for but a few hours before did not now attract him. He thought with pleasure of the wide bright kitchen at the villa, of Mariù, and of the soft arms of little Rita, soon to clasp his neck. "She's about right," he said to himself,—"*Mariù's* about right." And he smiled at sight of her form in an upper window looking out

for him, and at the little blotch of soft light lower down against her dark dress,—something like a rose seen in the distance against its foliage,—the face of his little one. He could see the mother's arm pointing him out, and knew that the child danced with impatience to be taken up, by the movement of that little blotch of light, which presently shone beside Mariù's shoulder, when the two remained as steadfast as a Madonna and Child in a niche, waiting for him.

"Poor Martello!" thought Renzo, and for the first time in his life he felt the full tranquil sweetness of security.

Meantime, the night descended upon Martello, lying there feverish and tormented, afraid to move, rent and torn like the horse of a picador when the toro has made a brief, swift charge under the lance.

In fact, the position of this man in the world had been much like that of the picador's horse. Set blindfolded in the arena, life and law had been to him more wild and savage than any great black toro of Utrera. With the lance of a mediæval cavalier pushed out along his shoulder, and the spurs of a mediæval cavalier in his sides, he was fated to fight and to die fighting. He never thought of questioning his fate, or of speculating on the differences in human lives. He shrugged his shoulders and accepted them.

"One must have patience," he muttered, as his lamp went out and left him in a darkness to which no sleep came. He lay and stared with open eyes into that darkness, that was like a blank wall, as he had stared open-eyed at life, which also was a dark wall before him. He wondered a little if he were going to die this time, after having lived through so many ups and downs. It did not seem likely. He wondered what would happen to the knowing part of him if he should die. He could not imagine. Probably the Madonna would take care of that. He had always been rather devout to the Madonna,—had seldom passed a shrine of hers without sticking a flower through the wires and lifting his hat to the image. In fact, as he lay there in the

dark, with a sound of water falling in drop after drop somewhere inside the rocks, he was conscious of a gentle melting of his heart toward the thought of an angelic woman in a red robe and a blue mantle, with a golden ring round her head. He could almost see her painted there against the blackness. He wished that he had not called that poor devil of a Callalessa ruffian and traitor and then left his knife in him. He was glad that yesterday's affair had been from no fault of his, and that his knife had not, apparently, gone too deep this time. He began to wonder if there were not some way of getting along without stabbing when one is angry. He was glad that Renzo had a little girl that he was fond of. Renzo had said that she looked like an angel, yet he did not seem afraid of her. Would angels come caressingly like children? The Madonna would see to all that, like a mother. Martello moaned, and turned his head a little toward the side where he fancied she might be. "Ave, Maria!" he said.

It was not the Ave of St. Bernard, who, after the reverent daily salutation of years as he passed by her image on the stairs, on one day of days saw the sweet lips part and heard the heavenly courteous response, "Ave, Bernardo!" but it brought a sense of sympathy and comfort in the speaking.

There was silence for a while in that dark place, silence but for the sound of faint and fitful breaths. Then Martello spoke again quickly, "*Ecco la speranza!*" as he was used to say when his lone sun-ray crept in at morning through a hole in the roof. Then the sound of breathing ceased.

But no sun-ray had entered visibly; for the night had scarcely turned toward morning. Only when Renzo came with his discreet surgeon, and they had waded through the muddy water of the lower cave and broken through the stones closing the lower door, did the bright creature steal along the cavernous air and hang there, as if waiting for a greeting that never came.

"Oh!" said Renzo, starting back,

"we are too late! What shall we do with him?"

The doctor busied himself professionally for a few minutes before speaking. Then he said, "Do as I advise. Leave him here, and say not a word to anybody. He is already under ground."

"But you shan't cut him up," said Renzo threateningly.

"I don't want to. I have seen all that interests me to know of him."

After a few minutes they went away as they had come, and left Martello lying there, with "La Speranza" hanging over him, and a bright five-franc

piece shining on the rock above his bed. Renzo had put the lamp and flask aside and laid the blanket decent and straight, and, having no object of devotion about him, had pulled down the withered flowers from the wall and shaped them into a cross on the cold breast, dropping a few tears over them as he performed this last act of compassion and respect.

And so they left him lying there, august and stern as any king turning to dust within his royal vault.

MARY AGNES TINCKER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JUNE DAYS.

WAVE on, delicious days of shower and shine,
Cool, cloudy morns, and noontides white and warm,
And eves that melt in azure hyaline,—
Wave to midsummer's long, Lethæan calm.

For all the woods are shrill with stress of song,
Where soft wings flutter down to new-built nests,
And turbulent sweet sounds are heard day-long,
As of innumerable marriage-feasts.

The flame of flowers is bright along the plain,
The hills are dim beneath pale, brooding skies;
And, like a kiss that thrills through every vein,
The warm wind, odor-laden, stirs and sighs,

Murmuring like music heard afar by night
From boats becalmed on star-illuminated streams,
Sad as the memory of a lost delight,
Sweet as the voices that are heard in dreams.

Wave, siren days, and break the spell that wrings
The burdened breast with undefined regret,
Wayward desires, and vain imaginings,
The nameless longing, and the idle fret.

Wave on! ye wake the love that tempts and flies;
And where love is, thence peace departs full soon;
But, ah, how sweet love is, e'en though it dies
With thy last roses, O enchantress June!

CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

THREE MONTHS IN CHILI.

A WITTY Venezuelan, the tutor of Bolivar, once said that Chili was so narrow that the Chilians were obliged to cling with their nails to the sides of the Andes to avoid falling into the sea. This is certainly what our maps suggest, and accounts perhaps for my surprise when I found a country—though seldom reaching a greater width than one hundred and fifty miles—half as large again as Italy, and stretching through thirty-five degrees of latitude, and within it vast tracts of impenetrable forests to the south, basin-like valleys in the centre, shut in between the main Cordillera and the coast range, a parched-up yet enormously rich region to the north, a soil singularly adapted to every kind of growth, a climate varying from a tropical heat to an almost glacial cold. No doubt this very peculiarity of configuration, climate, and soil has been the main cause of the thrift, prosperity, and well-ordered government that have made Chili the "model republic" of South America. It has freed her from the mongrel population, the seditions, and the militarism that the scorching suns, the wider range of country, and the greed and cruelty of the old Spanish adventurers have made so striking a feature in Peru. Chili had no attractions for the early colonists: from the first she was a neglected dependency,—a "training-ground where the more adventurous earned in obscure, toilsome, Araucanian raids a right to rest among the lazy luxuries of Peru." Her mineral wealth was not known; and, notwithstanding the fertility of the soil, the nature of the country only favored the hostility of the Indians upon whom the indolent Spaniards would have to depend for labor. Thus, thrown upon her own resources, free from the accidental sources of wealth, yet with splendid fields for industry, and with the white race and the creoles,—the wealthy land-owner and the peaceful, hardy

laborer,—she had all the conditions of stable growth.

One has but to visit their thriving cities, vineyards, mines, and observe the character of the people and the complete subordination to civil law and authority; in order to realize how thoroughly the Chilians deserve the title of "the English of South America." So great has been the progress of this little republic during the sixty years of her independence that she has now a foreign commerce of over one hundred millions of dollars, a million and a half acres of wheat- and grape-growing lands under cultivation, some of the most productive mines in the world, a well-established credit, an insignificant national debt, a creditable navy, well-organized judicial and administrative codes, and a population of two and a half millions of peaceful, sober-minded citizens. The Araucanians—the indigenous population—have ceased to be the terror that they were in Valdivia's time. Those that have remained behind as laborers on the farms or in the towns are becoming gradually absorbed into the creole population, or are fast disappearing through the mortality due to smallpox and the excessive use of alcoholic drinks.

A very remarkable feature in Chili is that within two or three days one may find one's self in three perfectly distinct zones,—among the dry, barren hills and plains of Northern Chili, where one rainy day in the year is a novelty, in the luxuriant valleys and fertile plains of the centre, watered by occasional rains during three months of the year and by the rivers and streams supplied by the Andine snows, and, lastly, in the wet fields and dripping forests of the south, where, as the saying goes, "it rains thirteen months of the year." So marked is this climatic difference between the north, centre, and south that these sections of the country are known respectively as the mining, the agri-

cultural, and the woody region. Of course the bulk of the population is to be found in the central zone. Santiago, with its one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants, lies at the head of a long series of busy, thriving towns that line the railroad running through the great central valley and connecting the capital with the south. Through one of the intersecting valleys of the coast range a railroad runs to the seaport, Valparaiso, which is the rendezvous of all foreign shipping and of steamers and vessels communicating with the different points along the coast; for, it must be borne in mind, coast roads are, from the nature of the country, an impossibility. The principal towns are situated at the mouths of rivers that run through the transverse valleys and afford the only direct means of communication with the interior.

It might be of some interest to tell more in detail of a country whose domestic commerce amounts to more than \$60,000,000, whose coasting-trade shows an aggregate tonnage of eight million tons, whose deserts yield copper, nitrate, and guano yearly to the value of \$46,000,000, and whose agricultural products exceed \$10,000,000; of a country whose revenue last year amounted to \$36,000,000, that has one thousand miles of railway, over five thousand miles of telegraph, one thousand three hundred and eighty-six schools, besides a university, and agricultural, industrial, art, military, and naval institutions.

During a three months' voyage I had morbidly labored over my Spanish grammar. I arrived at Valparaiso to find English spoken everywhere; and had I been a German, Frenchman, or Italian, it seems as if I should have been equally fortunate. Here, as in other industrial and commercial centres of the country, the foreign element is very strong, and constitutes more than one-fourth of the population. It is found throughout Chili, wherever capital, intelligence, enterprise, and skill have developed the mines, steam-communication, and trade. The Chilian is on the best of terms with the foreigner everywhere, except in the

south, where the strength of the German element has aroused a national mistrust. The Frenchman rules the fashions and tastes of the upper classes. The Englishman, though recognized as an invaluable factor in the prosperous development of the country, is still looked upon as a foreigner. The people nickname him *Gringo*. Except in cases where he has married a Chilian girl, he has often not interest enough in the country to learn the language. His engrossing desire is to make a fortune and "be off."

With the exception of Valparaiso, the towns of Chili are all pretty much of a kind,—checker-board collections of one-story tile-roofed houses lining rectangular, ill-paved streets. There is the never-failing market, and the plaza, with its fountain and flowers, on which the cathedral and most of the public buildings face, and where a band of music brings the townspeople together of an evening. Nor are there wanting monuments and relics in every prominent place to record the valor, the heroic pride, and the patriotism of the Chilians. Police in ill-fitting uniforms stroll lazily to and fro, shrilly whistling out the hours, with the satisfied air of so many school-boys. There are but few vehicles, and such as are seen would seem to be relics of a past age. The cabmen, however, pride themselves on speed, and once see them driving their three or four horses abreast over the cobble-stones you would think that man, beast, and team are gone never to return. Everybody rides. The panner takes the place of the cart. Now one sees the *huaso* in his Panama and gaudy poncho; now the *peon*, with his milk-cans, his hog's-bladders of butter, or his skins of lard, wine, fruits, or vegetables, slung across his horse's back. You will see droves of turkeys at an early hour about the streets, alfalfa-laden horses mounted by the little dealer in grass, bamboo-bodied ox-carts stocked with market-produce or sheltering a little family that have come in to make their purchases or perhaps to have a tooth extracted. Dosing has evidently become second nature with the peasant, to judge from the thriving

business of apothecaries on opposite corners of a little town of not more than two thousand people. Theatres, or places of amusement of any kind, are found only in Valparaiso and Santiago. The National Theatre, in the latter city, the Chilians take pride in telling you is the largest in the world. It would be well if it were divided up and distributed among some of the smaller towns. Fire-brigades are becoming fashionable institutions for the "heroic" young men of the cities. The voluntary organizations started some years ago by the English at Valparaiso have been followed up by German, French, Italian, and Chilian brigades, and no doubt an additional strength has been given to their force by the law that exempts firemen from military service. In the capital and the seaport the fire-department seems inferior to ours only in its system of alarms.

Such is the general character of the towns. Yet to see these is only to take a pin-hole view of the people as a nation. They are but fibres of a web, owing their origin and support, one might say, to the capital that sits spider-like in the centre. Santiago is the rich man's home, the mainspring of the political, social, and religious life of the country. It embraces all that makes life worth living to the Chilian. "See Santiago and die," I seemed to hear ringing in my ears whenever and wherever I talked with a friend. The whole character of the city is a continual reminder of the wide line of division between the rich and poor in Chili: on one side, beautiful palaces, gorgeous finery, sumptuous carriages, shops, theatres, drives,—everything, in fact, adapted to the wants and habits of a luxurious people; on the other side, a low, ignorant, degraded population, living in filth and wretchedness, with no ambition above a mere animal existence, nor even with the opportunities for recreative amusement or self-improvement. "Numerous churches," says a former resident of the capital, "and long, low, white convent-walls, the absence of bustle, the concentration of all trade and shopping in a

few central thoroughfares, all combine to make one ask one's self if this be not the residence of some dreamy, quiet, orthodox, luxurious court, rather than the centre of a small, stirring, democratic State." We must know something of these two classes—the landowners, or *hacendados*, and the great mass of servile peasantry, the *inquilinos*, *peones*, and *rotos*—in order to understand the condition of things in Chili.

The owners of these beautiful houses in Santiago are for the most part absentee proprietors of *haciendas*, or estates, varying from five hundred to twenty thousand acres in extent. Their political interests arising from their wealth and social position, their aristocratic notions, their love of ease and luxury, do not allow them to give much attention to their farms. These are managed by a *major-domo*, or steward, while the owner and his family or friends will put in an appearance during perhaps a few weeks of the summer. There are, however, some proprietors who live almost altogether on the *hacienda*; and the rapid development of the vineyards, particularly, throughout the country, is due to the capital, enterprise, and care of such men.

The *hacendado's* city house is a costly "petit-hôtel" kind of dwelling, generally of stuccoed brick, and of one story, and enclosing a large quadrangular court into which the several rooms open,—a style of architecture especially adapted to this earthquake region. Some of the façades are elaborate, some disgustingly tawdry, and, as if to add to the lavish expenditure on the exterior, the windows are covered with iron grating of fancifully-wrought tracery. In their interiors, too, the Santiaguians aim at elegance and display rather than comfort. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, is there more wealth displayed in one's personal surroundings. More than eight millions of dollars have been spent in house-building within four years, some of the houses costing as much as two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and in one year there were twelve hundred and eighty-four carriage-licenses taken

out. A strong French spirit pervades everything. Government sends some of the promising young artists to the studios of Paris. The manners, dress, habits, and ideas of the people are French. French literature is about the only kind read. The houses are furnished *à la Française*. The pride of the wealthy young men is to have been to Paris. No doubt it is this Paris-bred influence that has helped to give the artificial tone to society and to encourage the rampant luxury and extravagance. Gambling is very common in Santiago, as it is in all the cities of Chili, and the "green tables" are the favorite appendage of *cafés*, clubs, and hotels. I heard of one prominent man who lost twenty-five thousand dollars at one sitting. The prevalence of this vice, however, is but the natural outcome of rapidly-accumulated wealth, the nothing sort of life that most of the upper classes lead, and the general lack of interest in educational and social matters. Few of the better families claim Spanish descent. Most of them trace their ancestry to the old Basque emigrants who rebuilt and repopulated the town after it had been destroyed by the great earthquake of 1730. Still, their character, and much of their social and religious life, are tinctured with the conservatism, the prejudices, and the exclusiveness of the old Spaniards. They rise late; the women go to church, the men to their club or to the fashionable promenade; then, toward noon, when mass is over, the streets, shops, and drives are gay with life. After this comes the formidable Chilian breakfast, or *déjeuner*, which will occupy one to two hours of the day. The *cazuela* invariably begins the bill of fare. It is a kind of soup, properly of chicken, but oftener of mutton and vegetables. Nothing is more delicious than the little *pejerreyes*—trout-like fish—that are so commonly served up here; but our Irish stew seems preferable to the mixture of boiled beef and heaped-up vegetables that Chilians choose to call *puchero*. You will find hash here, too, and still with as ill-sounding a name,—*charquican*:

when concealed beneath little turn-overs it becomes *empanar*. To the Chilians the most attractive part of a meal are the sweetmeats, cakes, and all kinds of sugared mixtures. They make a dessert of sweet potatoes preserved in sugar, and they are especially fond of *azúcar con leche*,—sugar and milk boiled to the consistency of blanc-mange. No country of its size consumes so much sugar as Chili. The import amounts to nearly four millions of dollars annually, which is equivalent to one dollar and seventy-five cents for each inhabitant. This fact may account for the bad teeth and the toothache and headache so common among the people. No breakfast or dinner-table is without wine, and a meal is very often finished off with a thimble of cognac. However, I have seldom seen any of the upper classes drinking at unseasonable hours, nor have I ever known them to drink to the disagreeable excess so common among the English of their cities.

Life must be a dreary monotony with the young woman of society, tied down as she is by the strict rules of a social code which deprives her of independence of thought and action. She plays the piano, sings, dances, reads French novels, and flirts whenever she can get a chance. Her manners are pleasing, her movements graceful. There are few, if any, places where one meets so many beautiful, winning faces; and an additional charm is given by the *manta* that hangs in such graceful folds about the head and shoulders. It is in this,—their church dress,—and with their gayly-embroidered *alfombras*, or knee-carpets, that the Chilian women are to be seen in such numbers of an early forenoon. The afternoon finds them, in their richest dresses and splendid turn-outs, at the Park or along the Alameda,—the Rotten Row of Santiago. In the evening they are at home to receive calls. These are the most informal feature in society here. The houses seldom have bells: you simply walk in and present yourself unbidden. A half-hour of refreshment and conversation, between nine and ten o'clock, serves as an introduction to the

music and dancing that will probably take up the rest of the evening. Certainly some kind of exercise is needed where people have such an aversion to fires, and where one would otherwise have to sit and shiver with one's overcoat on, so chilly are the nights throughout the winter months. In conversation the women seldom rise above the level of commonplace gossip; but the pleasing modulation of voice and the charming little interrogatory turn that they give to every sentence are quite enough to make one forget all shortcomings. In the summer they are at the hacienda, or at some watering-place,—Viña del Mar, or the Baths of Cauquenes, the Carlsbad of Chili. With the approach of winter, which is not unlike our Indian summer, they drive, go to church, and probably sit counting the days that will bring the season of operas and balls. Only quite recently have young girls been allowed to go out in pairs. Such a thing would once have been regarded as monstrous, as it still is for a girl to be seen in the streets quite alone. The low estimate put upon woman everywhere in Chili is very striking. She serves for little else than ornament, and so lacks the character and self-assertion that our women possess. Gallantry is little known among the Chilians. Where we would put ourselves out to aid or be agreeable to a lady, they are thoroughly indifferent. In the streets I have seen men make room for their fellows and actually force the women off the sidewalk; and it is seldom that a man will give place to a lady in the horse-car. I ought to mention here a novel experiment that was being tried during my stay in Santiago. It will show the difference between the women of the upper and lower classes, and at the same time illustrate the common estimate in which woman in general is held. Women-conductors were being introduced on the horse-cars. Of course the prettiest were selected, and I am sure it was a lucky hit for the company. To see picturesquely-clad girls standing on the platforms, waiting on dirty peons and surrounded by all the disagreeablenesses

that a horse-car conductor alone understands, is certainly not romantic. They were solemn almost to melancholy, notwithstanding the talkative young men that at intervals of every five minutes boarded the cars, apparently to keep a tally of the goings-out and comings-in, and despite the sly glances of rival admirers, the drivers. This experiment, however, is not likely to meet with the success that has attended the employment of women in the telegraph-offices through the country.

The Chilians are certainly the most hospitable people I ever met. They will put all they have at your disposal, and take a patriotic pride in impressing you with all that their country can boast of. One must attribute the lack of hotels, it would seem, to this genuine spirit of hospitality. In the country towns one is always a welcome guest at the governor's house; and at the mines, or on the hacienda, a ready cheer is found at the *casa grande*,—a large, club-like "establishment," so called, where the superintendent and his immediate assistants eat, sleep, and find amusement to relieve the dull monotony of outside surroundings. It would seem that to know one Santiaguian is to know and enjoy the kindness of all his friends, and to have been a guest at the *establecimiento* is to have learned pages of Chilian character and Chilian institutions. Next to their amiability and hospitality, the patriotism of the people stands out in bold relief. You have but to cast your eye down any one of the streets, and the long array of flag-staffs that stick out like barbers' poles from every house are an evidence of this spirit. The streets are named after the heroes in the recent and early wars of the republic. The battered boilers and turrets of the captured Huascar have been carried high up on the hill of Santa Lucia as a standing reminder of Chilian heroism and daring. The civil holidays are almost as numerous as the religious. Three days of celebration are set apart to commemorate Chili's "Fourth of July," and the national tricolor is waving before every door for

fully two-thirds of the year. The soldiers are fit representatives of the remarkable pluck, the undaunted perseverance, and the intense patriotism of the people. The story of the late war fully illustrates this. Some of the incidents in that war can hardly be surpassed for bravery and daring. The Chilian soldier bears the impress of French influence in his whole dress and carriage, but he has that unmistakable *sang-froid* of the creole which would lead one to imagine that he was thoroughly discontented with his profession.

The Roman Catholic Church still finds government support, though the tendency toward separation is gaining strength every day among the educated classes, and the policy of the present administration is decidedly anti-clerical. One reform has quite recently been secured by the passing of the Civil Cemeteries Bill, which deprives the Church of the heavy tax to which she has always laid claim for every interment. The clergy are much above the average. They are clean, well dressed, pleasing in their manners, intelligent, and good workers. Still, they retain the bigotry of the old Spanish priest and the craft and subtlety of the Jesuit; and their self-satisfied air and domineering look suggest an independence that would disregard all civil law. It is upon the poorer classes and upon the women that the priesthood depends for support. Though one very seldom sees the men at church, they are careful to close their stores on Sundays and on the numerous *fête-days* of the Church calendar. Santiago might well compare with some of the Italian cities in the number of churches; but to see one is to see all,—the dread of earthquakes having confined them, as it has the private dwellings, to one style of architecture, while, with but one exception, no distinguishing effect is noticeable in interior decoration.

The Chilians seem averse to out-door exercise. I was surprised, in the capital particularly, to find myself alone in so many charming spots. Rising up out of the heart of the city is the little hill

of Santa Lucia,—the acropolis of Santiago. Here, almost three centuries and a half ago, Valdivia unfurled his standard. Until comparatively recent times the hill has remained a fort, guarding the great central valley that stretches to the south, and the Quillota Pass; that here communicates with the sea. Now it has been turned into a kind of pleasure-ground, with spiral drives and walks, miniature embattlements, cascades, and grottos. Some of the boulders, still left in their original position, seem ready to go crashing below. There are some charming places of lookout at every thread of the spiral ascent. Upon the summit Religion has here, as upon all the hills adjoining Chilian towns, planted her standard, and a cross and the little chapel of Santa Lucia look down over the city. The view from this height is delightful. I do not remember anything in my experience to equal those two hours spent under a clear, sunny sky, a deliciously balmy air, and a genial sun smiling over a lovely city, majestic snow-peaks rising to almost twice the height of Mont Blanc, and a garden-like plain, luxuriant with vegetation. The Chilians are proud of Santa Lucia,—and well they may be; but from this, as from the Consiño Park and from the beautiful grounds of the Quinta Normal Agricultural College, the poor are shut out by the absurd entrance-fee. Their only recreation-ground is the central walk of the Alameda, or long, wide avenue of towering poplars, the monotony of which is broken only by occasional flower-beds, by statues of Chili's great men, and by the encampments of melon-dealers. There is no movement about the place. Everything is quiet, everybody as solemn as if in expectation of an earthquake. Still, wherever one turns, nature seems to wear a perpetual smile. Flowers, trees, and shrubbery are growing everywhere, and then there is a climate surpassingly beautiful, and seldom varying in temperature more than twelve degrees throughout the whole year. One might imagine this the healthiest spot in the world; and I don't know but that it is. The aston-

ishing amount of sickness and the small-pox that continues to make its yearly devastations must be put down to the habits of the people and the outrageous neglect of sanitary provisions. The drains are more or less open, and run under the houses, through the back-yards, and along the principal streets, aided in their course, it may be, by streams let in from the neighboring canals. When, indeed, one sees the people ignorant of or indifferent to the simplest rules of health, and a great wealthy class taking little or no interest in the material well-being of those about them, it is no surprise to find old people so scarce and infant-mortality so great.

The shops of Santiago, mostly in the hands of French and Germans, are quite in keeping with the extravagance of their customers, and this, along with the fact that almost every article is imported, makes things very dear. One must pay four dollars for a shirt, eight or nine dollars for a hat, ten dollars and upward for boots, and so on. The hotels give you but two meals a day, and charge from three to five dollars. The only cheap conveniences are the cabs and horse-cars: the one will take you at a tearing rate from one end of the city to the other for fifteen cents, reserving only the right to fill up with passengers and baggage as chance offers; the other will carry you over a distance of three or four miles in any direction for five cents below and half-price on top.

Earthquakes in Chili come with the frequency of our fires, and the commotion they spread is not unlike what one may see at an engine-house upon the sounding of an alarm. After experiencing a smart shock that came with the ominous roll of a drum, and that made the walls and ceilings crack, the chandeliers sway, and even the dishes upon the table dance about, I was quite ready to understand why the people should live in such constant dread, why they should build their houses of one story and have a harbor of refuge in the court-yard, why they should always leave the doors of their rooms open and should train their senses to

detect so keenly the approach of an earthquake. Apparently, it does not please the natives to see any one indifferent at such a moment. "Look at the heretic! he will not even get out of his bed," was once said of an Englishman who had slept through a rather violent shock. The coast-elevation, the changed course of rivers, and a few old ruins tell of the work that earthquakes have done in this region.

If now we take a rapid glance over the country, we shall see the character of the lands that make agriculture one of the chief sources of Chili's wealth. We shall see the fine grazing-lands of the south, the wheat-fields of the great alluvial basin of the centre, and the vineyards of the fertile valleys that supply an outlet to the waters of the Andine snows. These are the estates comprised within the domains of about thirty thousand proprietors, and known under such names as *quinta*, *chacra*, and *hacienda*. The *quinta* is a kind of villa or country-seat, not unlike what one may see in the neighborhood of Italian cities. In the midst of fruit- and ornamental trees, lawns, and flower-beds nestles a charming, yet for the most part unoccupied, cottage, and in immediate vicinity are the vineyards and wine-presses. The *chacra* is but a *quinta* on a larger scale, and will probably have, in addition to its vineyard and garden, arable and grazing lands, often better cultivated and yielding more in proportion than the still larger *hacienda*, which is the immense stock-raising, wine-producing, and wheat-growing estate, resembling in general character the *fazenda* of Brazil and the *estancia* of the Pampas.

It is to the *hacienda* that one must go to know the Chilean peasant,—the *inquilino* and the *peon*. The former is a sort of resident sub-farmer, occupying a house and a little patch of ground, rent-free, in return for his services when needed. The *peon*, on the other hand, is a kind of tramp, with no settled home, and wandering from this place to that as better wages are offered. His usual pay is forty cents a day. If, as in some cases, the *inquilino's* land is profitable,

the latter will employ peon labor rather than do his master's extra work himself, for which, under the conditions of his contract, he will only receive twenty-five cents a day. The condition of the inquilino seems to vary greatly with the nature of the soil and the character of the hacienda; but in any case it is by no means an enviable one, even among the better class of this resident peasantry. He is kept in a condition of hopelessness and helplessness, having nothing that he can call his own, no link between him and the land that he tills. The Russian serf was in one respect better off than he, in that he enjoyed the benefits of common property and joint-husbandry. In fact, "the inquilino," says an English diplomatist, "is but a kind of rural domestic or servant, rendering a portion of his service against a given amount of food and lodging." Some of the inquilinos have houses of adobe,—a sun-dried mixture of clay, mud, and straw, with thatched roofs, and only the door to admit light and air. Others live in filthy hovels or ranches of wattle-reeds, not unlike the "lines" of Ceylon that shelter the gangs of hired coolies at harvest-time. What is true of the inquilino is true of the peon as regards the moral and physical character. He is ignorant, dirty, without ambition. One of his most marked traits is his thorough disregard of human life. He will ride with the most apparent recklessness, he will fight with extraordinary daring, he will show a sardonic laugh over a corpse; nor would he hesitate to take a man's life, even upon a slight provocation. In him we see the unmistakable stamp of Indian physiognomy and temperament,—copper-colored complexion, black hair, prominent cheekbones, and the care-for-nothing, apathetic expression so characteristic of the Araucanian. He shows little or no emotion, no buoyancy of spirit, no hearty merry-making such as one sees among the French or Italian peasantry. Apparently his only social festivity is the *zamacueca*, when young men and women dance a sort of Highland reel to the music of the guitar, and the señorita showers

forth little improvised bits upon her favorites in the audience. The Chilean peasant can live and work all day long on an astonishingly small amount of food. Beans are to him what the potato is to the Irishman, and with a dish of these and a roll or two of unleavened bread he will be quite content; but, as a rule, the variety of good things "to be had for the picking" gives him a choice which he does not fail to take advantage of. He brings crabs and kelp from the sea-shore. The roasted nut of a plum-like tree—the *avellano*—and the boiled *piñones*, or nuts of the Araucanian pine, come in their season. With the peasant, the *valdiviano* oftener takes the place of the *cazuela*. It is a boiled mixture of sliced onions, potatoes, and *charqui*, which is a convenient form of jerked or sun-dried beef, having the advantage of keeping for any length of time and folding up into a pocketable size. The women are very fond of sweetened tea made from the plant *yerba maté*. But a few years ago it was pretty extensively used among all classes, and some of the *maté*-bowls were of extravagant workmanship. You can now seldom enter a rancho without seeing an old hag sucking up the tea through her *bombadilla*, or tube, and quite as absorbed over the *maté*-bowl as a smoker over his pipe. Very favorite drinks also are *chacoli*, the unfermented juice of the grape, and *chicha*, a kind of cider made from apples or by boiling *chacoli*. The *aguardiente*, or whiskey, which the peons drink in such quantities, is sometimes made by distilling the skins, pulp, and seed left from *chicha* with a portion of *chacoli*; but the greater portion is made from wheat, barley, and potatoes. We have little idea of the excess to which the peasants drink. It would seem as if their animal-like way of working and living was but to enable them to enjoy one-third of the week in riot at the *despacho*. Of course one notices this more at the mines and at the ports. They drink their *chicha*, wine, and oftener *aguardiente*, as so much water. I can only attribute the loss of voice so common among them to the excessive

use of undiluted spirits; and this, too, may help to explain the short life of the peon and the general depraved condition of the peasant class. They know nothing of home comforts or home ties. In the presence of their superiors they will show the utmost humility, almost always approaching uncovered,—a feeling of inequality which is the necessary consequence of an aristocracy of wealth.

We perhaps best know the Chilean peasant as the *huaso*, and so associate him with his horse, as we should the Chinaman with his queue. It is as natural for the *huaso* to ride as to eat. He seems a part of his animal; in fact, off the horse his legs are as unwieldy as a sea-bird's on land. They are bowed to the shape of his horse's body, and so on tiptoe he moves awkwardly along with the click-click of his huge spurs and the flaunting of his broad hat and flowing poncho. Once on his horse, he wears an unmistakable look of superiority. His costume is almost as picturesque as that of the gaucho of the Pampas. He wears a large, coarse Panama, a gaudily-striped poncho,—a sort of blanket with a hole in the centre for the head to pass through,—covering a white jacket and undervest. Into a pair of rough hide boots are tucked his leather-legged trousers, held in place by a broad red scarf about the loins. His spurs are his great pride. Some of them are as much as six inches in diameter, with as many as thirty or forty large, blunt points, that can be used either as a mere touch or as an instrument of extreme torture. His stirrups are of carved wood, very large and heavy, and of many shapes. The *montura* is the *huaso's* saddle, bed, and covering. It is a kind of wooden frame, covered over with a great heap of sheep, deer, llama, and guanaco skins of different colors. To the side hangs his lasso of cowhide, and the long braided *ramal* or leathern thong with which his bridle terminates forms an ornament as well as a goad. Little pockets and rings on his *montura* provide him a place for all his necessities, and it is astonishing to

see how equal the *huaso's* equipment is to every emergency.

The Chilean horse is small, but has the remarkable strength and power of endurance of the Andalusian stock from which he is descended. His training is thoroughly adapted to the nature of the country and the mode of life. In breaking him he is first made to associate the will of the rider with the feel of the rein, and then he is ridden with the iron bit and solid ring. The rein is held gently between the thumb and forefinger: its slightest motion to the right or left guides the animal; and a little rise of the body, or a particular movement of the legs, will start him off with a dash; and yet he is so gentle that one may dismount and leave him anywhere without hitching. His intelligence is well seen in a sport quite common among the *huasos*. A horse noted for his power of withstanding a shock stands with his rider, guarding a passage. As he hears the *huasos* approaching, he immediately braces himself for the attack, and will often hold his own against three or four horses rushing upon him at full speed. Everybody in the country moves about on horseback, and of course there are many good riders; but one must see a *rodeo* to form any idea of Chilean horsemanship. This is the *huaso's* gala-season. It is the time when the animals are gathered into the *corral*, counted, sorted, and marked, and when the *huaso* takes the utmost pride in his horse and trappings. Upon one occasion when I was present, a prize offered by the major-domo to the one that would lasso a certain wild horse brought half a score of the best riders on the hacienda to a miniature *rodeo*. The animal seemed at once to know that they were singling him out, and started off over the fields on a full run, some of the *huasos* rushing wildly after him, swinging their lassos and uttering the most fiendish cries, others preparing to head the frightened creature off. Now he would make a sudden turn, almost throwing himself upon his pursuer; then he would dash furiously to the hedge and wheel instantly around. This

was the time to note the huaso's skill. "In Chili," says Darwin, "a horse is not considered broken till he can be brought up standing in the midst of his full speed on any particular spot." As the horse wheeled about, the huaso's animal turned like a pivot on his hind legs, and an extraordinary back-hand throw of the lasso caught the wild creature round the nose. But the work was not at an end. The end of the lasso was fastened to the huaso's saddle, so that great skill was required in checking the speed of his victim and keeping the lasso free from his own horse's body, for once entangled in this his case would be fatal. Holding up the lasso in his hand as he gradually slackened his speed, he brought his victim stumbling frantically to the ground. The thrilling interest in the rodeo is, however, in catching the wild cattle; and a huaso will take pride in showing you how skilfully he can lasso a bull by the tail or horns, or guard himself against the wild freaks of his victim. Our rodeo ended with a few marvellous feats of horsemanship, in which one of the huasos wheeled at full speed round a post that he could all the while touch with one hand, another horse dashed violently toward a stone wall, and suddenly, drawing all fours together, wheeled about so as actually to scrape the wall with his fore-feet, and a third huaso picked up his hat from the ground while his horse carried him along at full speed. It costs but little to buy or keep a horse here. Thirty to forty dollars will purchase a first-rate roadster, that can travel all day, week after week. When harnessed, the Chilean horse is guided by an off-horse hitched to his saddle-girth and mounted by a huaso. It seems to require an extraordinary amount of yelling and poking to carry goods in this way, and so out of proportion is the load in most cases to the strength of the poor beasts that I have seen them ready to drop down from sheer exhaustion. The usual teams to be seen in the country are the rudely-constructed ox-carts, with wheels, axle-tree, and frame of wood, a box-like top

of matted cane, and fastenings of hide. Such a cart can be bought for one dollar and a half, and lines of from fifty to one hundred of these may be seen—yes, and heard half a mile off—creaking along, each with its half-ton load of wine, grain, and every kind of farm-produce. A peon with his long stick is seen poking the oxen yoked by the horns, and often, when the hill is too steep, making a brake of his spare yoke by hitching them on behind.

The farms upon which we find these *inquilinos* and peons have a good many points in common: one seldom fails to find the "establishment" or manor-house in the centre of a series of fields, separated by the gaunt, closely-planted poplars and by lines of adobe walls, groups of peasant-huts and farm-buildings of the same material, and dusty streets,—all in striking contrast with the rich green of vineyards, alfalfa-fields, and fruit-trees and the wide stretches of wheat-land. There are as yet but few of the modern agricultural implements in use. One still sees the primitive plough,—a rough, pointed piece of wood, with a crooked handle which the peon holds in one hand while he goads his oxen with the long stick that he holds in the other. He piles his grain and beans up in heaps, and sends his horses galloping round the ring until the necessary thrashing is completed. He winnows by throwing forkfuls of the grain into the air on a windy day. And yet the land yields abundantly. Last year Chili exported agricultural produce to the amount of ten million dollars. Her vineyards produced nearly ten million bottles of wine. Everything grows in Chili to unusual size and with remarkable rapidity. Corn reaches the height of ten or twelve feet; strawberries are seen almost as large as hens' eggs; apples and pears are twice as large as ours. Watermelons make up in number what they may lack in size. They are found in huge piles along the Alameda at Santiago, and might well be tempting to other than the peons who are so commonly seen making their mid-day meal there. There are, indeed, few

countries with a better variety of good and cheap fruit than one will find in Chili.

But now let us picture the peon as we see him at the ports and mines. He is short, thick-set, of strong muscular *physique*, and with extraordinary powers of endurance. So long as he is at work, he is the ablest and most laborious workman I ever saw. One will see lines of these bare-footed and bare-headed peons running with goods that often require two or three men to lift to the shoulders. They are for the most part paid by the job; and some of them are known to earn as much as five dollars a day. They are singularly improvident, however, and can never be induced to work until drink, gambling, and debauch have emptied their pockets. Few of them are really married. The agreement that they make in early life with some girl is liable to be broken at any time. Their children would seem innumerable. In a single street of a mining village in the south I counted eight hundred and fifty. Statistics would lead us to believe, however, that seventy-five per cent. of these will die before they have reached their tenth year. This dreadful mortality among children, and the terrible ravages of smallpox, still cause an alarming drain on the population. "Were it not," says a Chilean writer, "for this constant drain, Chili would have a population of five or six millions,—that is to say, double or treble its present number."

The young peasant-girl is much superior in intelligence and general character to the man. She is bright, lively, talkative as her little pet-parrot, and not bashful by any means. As with the Swiss and Tyrolese, her attractiveness, however, disappears with the approach of womanhood. She is generally seen with bare head, her hair hanging down her back in two long braids, and a bright-colored shawl ending in a graceful fold over her left shoulder. While the man

can show no skill or originality in any kind of handicraft, I have seen some very creditable specimens of lace, straw, and embroidered work done by women, even in that semi-barbarous region of Chili, the island of Chiloe.

From what has been said the reader may form some idea of the degraded condition in which the lower classes are kept. Only a very small proportion can read and write. They are careless, thriftless, utterly indifferent to any attempt at bettering their moral or social condition. The *hacendados*, of whom we should expect a remedy for this state of things, either take little interest or are discouraged with the corrosive action that their schools have already had upon the farm-hands, especially in the development of the *roto*,—a worthless sort of vagabond, who is ever ready to head organized bands of outlaws, and who will shrink from nothing but hard work in order to fill his pockets. Under the condition of things, it is hard to say whether it is an evil that the great body of the people have no share in the political government of the country. There are but one hundred thousand registered voting citizens, and a small knot of wealthy aristocrats, at the head of a united, indivisible, powerfully-centralized republic. The state is absorbed in the national government. The governors of the departments and provinces are appointed by the President, whose sanction must accompany even the administration of details. And so to the liberal tendencies of the Chief Executive we must look for a policy that will help to improve the material well-being of the lower classes. Undoubtedly it is the moral side of the peasant's nature that first needs to be dealt with, and this can only come with a change in the condition of land-tenure, proper sanitary measures, and a livelier interest among the wealthy in social and educational matters.

JAMES S. WHITMAN.

RECOLLECTIONS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

IT was in July, 1855, that I first walked up the nave of Concord, and, though I have visited many old-land cathedrals, from the queen of minsters at Lincoln to the sturdy temple at Chester, including York, Peterborough, Ely, and many minor ones in England and France, around whose every stone and rafter, from crypt to belfry, murmured heroic and pathetic memories, not one ever impressed me more than this sanctuary of thought and learning, with its broad aisle of arching elms, its teeming memories of New-World history, and its thousand associations with the evangelists of our new religion of humanity. The scene itself was beautiful. The vaulted roof of green, nearly half a mile in length, belittled any temple of mere masonry. The comfortable New-England homes on either side, with their gardens of flowers in front and their peeps of orchards behind, seemed to incarnate the spirit of the apostle of the place.

Here I met Emerson, and, being from a land of which he had formed many good opinions, he treated me perhaps with a larger measure of graciousness than was his wont with strangers. At all events, shortly after my introduction, he invited me to accompany him in his afternoon rambles through the woods and fields, which I learned was a most distinguished honor, rarely, if ever, accorded to any one, and for which I might thank my nationality. On the occasion of our first tramp,—I think it was the first, but the spoon of time has so stirred up the pudding of my brain that the ingredients are tolerably mixed; but the time is not of the remotest consequence—on one occasion he took me to Walden Pond, to which Thoreau gave renown. It appeared to be an extinct gravel-pit, filled with the most exquisitely pure water, and was often used by himself and a few others as a bath. I think he claimed that its

purity and coldness gave it special tonic properties for this purpose. He asked me if I would not like to take a plunge.

"But we have no towels," I suggested.

"Oh," he replied, "that is of no consequence: we can dry ourselves in the sun. I rarely trouble myself about towels."

But I, not being familiar with the rare dryness of the American climate, and recalling some damp recollections of having once or twice, as a boy, tried a similar experiment in England, which resulted in my shivering on the bank for some time after my swim and then with much difficulty dragging my wet body into my clothes and going home in great discomfort, did not dare to venture, and so missed an opportunity of something akin to baptism at the hands of the prophet.

Near this pond he showed me a few acres of shrubbery he had planted as an investment for the benefit of his son, and he considered it the most profitable one he could make. The saplings were then about the thickness of a man's wrist, and he calculated that by the time his son reached the age of twenty-one the timber would be of considerable value. His son was then, I think, about nine years of age. It would at least, he thought, pay better than railway-shares, in which he had invested some money, but from which, up to that time, he had received no dividends.

On our way home he plucked a pod of the milk-weed, and broke it open to show me the shining silver-fish inside, and told me a good deal, which I have forgotten, about the plant. He had a reverential sympathy for everything that was nature, and a great admiration for the man who helped to remove the obstacles in the way of the perfect development of any of its forms. He often spoke with enthusiasm of Mr. Ball, who had developed the Concord

grape. He took great pride in his own roses. He loved beauty in a woman : it mattered not, he thought, about her intellect. He was passionately fond of children, and was wont to entertain them in large numbers at garden-parties at his own place, on which occasions all classes were invited. I remember once a swarm of little ones holding high jinks in his barn and amusing themselves with little dolls made of corn-cobs, and Emerson was one of the children, and enjoyed it more than any of the rest. He loved health and strength in men, and health in all things.

As illustrating his appreciation of the robust qualities in the male, a remark he made to me about his son struck me forcibly. We were talking about phrenology, and at the same time about the talent and character of his son Eddy, to whom I had been giving some lessons in drawing, when I said that I thought he had a well-developed organ of combativeness.

Emerson replied, "I hope so ; though I have been afraid that he was rather deficient in that respect. However, he is doing better now : he has been fighting the street-boys a good deal lately."

I noticed in our walks that he was exceedingly respectful to all the weeds and insects : nothing was insignificant to him. He spoke almost with reverence of the pumpkin, saying that it had done a great deal for the settlers in early days, who would doubtless have starved without it, and that New England owed a great deal to the pumpkin. Once, when I had the temerity to question the status of the American apple, he knocked me down with a monster brought from his own garden, which was, I think, the most beautiful member of the family I have ever seen. On another occasion, when I was speaking admiringly of some model barns and out-buildings erected by a Mr. Samuel G. Wheeler on his estate near the village, he waved the subject gently aside with, "Oh, yes, the buildings are without doubt most excellent of their kind ; but Mr. Wheeler has conferred a far greater benefit than that on Concord,—he has planted two rows of

elms on the highway all along the front of his property. Those trees will be a boon to countless generations to come." To him the barns and stables were very good things in their way ; but his mind was on the growth of the trees. The barns, I believe, have been burned down, but the trees now form a stately avenue and one of the great ornaments of Concord.

Returning from our rambles one day, we were overtaken by a thunder-storm when within about a furlong of Mr. Emerson's house. For a few minutes we took refuge under the eaves of a hay-stack ; but, this protection being only partial, and there seeming to be a Hebridean prospect of our gradually getting soaked to the skin in that position, Mr. Emerson begged me to remain where I was, while he ran up to the house and sent back his man with an umbrella. I, however, being young and of robust instincts, did not dread a wetting, and thought I could stand it at least as well as he, and so protested against this arrangement. Still he persisted, and started off for the house. As I saw him, with his hat pulled down over his eyes, his collar drawn up round his ears, his black raiment and long legs, skipping over the wet grass, somehow a vision of Sir Roger de Coverley, Uncle Toby, Colonel Newcome, Dobbin, Don Quixote, and all the other gentle spirits we cherish, flitted before me, with the Sage of Concord bringing up the rear, bent on his mission of kindness. I followed, and we reached the shelter of his porch almost simultaneously, with every stitch of our clothing as full of water as it could possibly be. He seemed nearly vexed that I had been so stupid as to thwart his amiable plan. I assured him that I had not the slightest objection to a drenching, but, on the contrary, rather enjoyed it. But he, having passed that period of life when a man sees fun in being soaked, treated my honest asseverations as merely wordy complaisance, and forthwith insisted on my changing my clothes for a suit of his own dry ones. At first I resolutely resisted, representing that my own house

was only a mile off, and I could easily walk up there and make the necessary change when the rain abated. He would listen to nothing of the kind, and persisted with such force and firmness—thrusting me into his bedroom, dragging from wardrobes, bureaus, and other places of concealment coats, socks, cravats, boots, shirts, everything, and insisting that I should put them on then and there—that I felt my resolution waver; and when he laid violent hands on me—as violent as courtesy and his gentle nature would permit—in order to precipitate my unrobing, I at last, for the sake of peace, was fain to submit to the change. When the storm was over and I walked up the main street of Concord attired in a complete suit of black, of which a swallow-tailed coat with a very high collar was a conspicuous feature, I could not help thinking of a certain popular fable wherein a lion's skin figures very prominently. On reaching home my family did not at first recognize me, and, when it did, every member thereof was seized with violent hysteria, and I received such an ovation as would have made any negro minstrel in the land a proud and happy man. When it is borne in mind that Mr. Emerson was a philosopher and I a caricaturist, he fifty, I twenty-five, that we were differently built, and that his attire was that of a Puritan divine, while I was a bit of a dandy, my transmogrification and general appearance must have fully justified the merriment which greeted me.

Emerson was at this time correcting the proofs of "English Traits." He told me that "No brochure ever cost so much trouble, so much correcting, revising, and mending. These are the fourth set of proofs," he said, "which I am now going to send to the printers, and I hope they are the last." Apropos of this he quoted some author whose maxim was, "Write with fury and correct with phlegm." He asked me to give him my idea of the salient trait in the English character. I reflected for some time, and then said that the more I thought of it the more it seemed to me to have every trait.

"Ah!" replied he quickly, "you must catch it on the wing, catch it on the wing." He had a habit of repeating the last word or two of his sentences when he wished to emphasize them.

Thoreau said he thought the keynote of the English character was some variation of the quality of firmness or obstinacy, and I am inclined to think that Emerson was of the same opinion. Emerson was a decided admirer of the English on the whole, but he was greatly shocked when the news reached us, about that time, of the ovation which had been given to Louis Napoleon by the people on the occasion of his visit to England. He seemed really distressed that he must lose so much of the good opinion he had entertained of a great people. He told me how when he first went to London, a simple student, little known to the world, but recognized by a few thinkers, it so happened that a member of the Athenæum Club had just died, thus leaving a vacancy for the election of a new member. Two names were proposed,—those of Guizot and himself. Now, though Guizot, to be sure, was in exile, he *had* been prime minister of France, was one of the foremost statesmen of Europe, and a man of the highest social position, while Emerson was but a country dominie from a little-esteemed land across the ocean. But, when it came to the vote, the members elected the plain New-England schoolmaster to the high honor they had at their disposal. This he considered grand, as indicating a people too independent to be influenced by rank, reputation, or wealth. But their truckling to this Judas Napoleon, who had sold liberty for a crown, simply because he had achieved success, aroused his benign nature to wrath and contempt.

He had a great relish for humor, and enjoyed the grotesque phases of character. I remember his telling of some young Englishman who was one of his fellow-passengers on the steamer coming to this country, and who amused them all, with his endless pranks. Emerson admired his exuberant vitality and ani-

malism, from which all his fun and spirits were generated. On the voyage the two became very good friends, and Emerson had many complaisant things to say to his young companion about his country, but he only told him pleasant things, for it was not according to his creed or his nature to act the censor in social intercourse. Some time after they had landed, Emerson delivered a lecture on England. Here on the rostrum, of course, his position was far different from that he had occupied on the deck of a steamer. He was here to report truthfully and criticise impartially; consequently he had many things to say that were not complimentary of the subject of his discourse. The young Englishman had never before heard these harsher criticisms from Emerson, and was greatly astonished: however, he soon came to the conclusion that it was all a piece of clap-trap on the part of the lecturer, to tickle his American audience; for on meeting Emerson after the lecture he slapped him on the back, and, with a hearty laugh of self-complacency, said,—

"Didn't you humbug those fellows nicely the other night?"

Emerson enjoyed telling this story very much, as an illustration of English character. He said,—

"It was utterly impossible for this young man to comprehend the complaisance which would restrain me, in our social intercourse, from using the dissecting-knife."

Emerson's library was a workshop, in which all the tools were intended for use, and not for show. If he loved the beautiful, he did not choose to sacrifice effectiveness at its shrine. The rude simplicity of the book-shelves, and the threadbare exterior of many of the books, often jostling others in new and gaudy livery, were a frequent matter of comment among his friends, and, I suspect, of occasional gentle protest from some of the more æsthetic members of his household. He once lent me one of these precious volumes, a copy of the "Cid." When I returned it, after reading it, I made some remark about the

mixture of myth and history in the book making it difficult to know what portion of it to believe. He laughed heartily, saying, "You remind me of the man who, after reading 'Gulliver's Travels,' said to the friend who had lent him the book that the work was one of great interest, but that there were some statements in it to which he could hardly give credence."

I once met Hawthorne at Emerson's house. I had been invited to a little tea-entertainment, and Hawthorne, not knowing that any visitors were expected, had dropped in to make a casual visit. When I arrived, Emerson told me that Hawthorne was there. "But I will not tell him that you are here, or he would run away at once; and I want to introduce you." Presently Hawthorne sauntered round the corner of the house, and was upon us before he suspected his danger. There was no help for it then, so we were introduced. Just at that moment some ladies came out of the house and distracted our attention for a few seconds. When we turned round, Hawthorne was gone.

"There," said Emerson, "I knew how it would be: he has slipped off. The sight of a stranger frightens him away at once."

Thoreau was often at Emerson's house, and some others who followed, more or less, the same line of thought. Of one gentleman, whose name I cannot recall, though it is well known in Boston, Emerson frequently spoke. This gentleman, though a scholar and a student, preferred earning his living by manual labor; but he ignored money; he would not touch it, taking in payment only his food and lodging, or whatever else he required, in kind, for his absolute necessities. Once, when walking along some road in a part of the country strange to him, he came to a bridge where they demanded a toll of two cents. He told them that he never used money, and received the assurance that under those circumstances he could not go across. "I will work for you if you will let me use your bridge," proposed the philosopher, and he did work half a day in the

hay-field, and then quietly walked over, and went on his way contented. At one time he worked for his board in Emerson's garden. The hired Irishman, who was employed in the same way, took him to be some kind of tramp, and was disposed to be familiar; but his astonishment was unbounded, when the dinner-hour arrived, to see him walk into the dining-room and sit down with the family.

Thoreau, as we all know, did somewhat the same sort of thing, but *he* took money in payment for his labor. When he found himself in need of a few dollars he would seek a job of work,—whitewashing a house, or splitting wood,—and when he had earned the required sum would go back to his books.

Emerson often expressed surprise at the fact that most people in making for themselves a home seemed to think last of that of which they ought to think first. "They will build their houses with infinite care, seeing to the heating, lighting, supply of water, postal, railway, school, and church facilities; but of their society, their companionship, the very thing they should think of first, they never think at all."

He believed that old people were often mischievous and generally childish, and that they should be restrained like children. Quoting some one else, he used to say, "When I grow old, rule me."

As I said before, his mind was most hospitable to humor. I remember his delight with Sydney Smith's memoirs, and the gusto with which he would repeat many of the witticisms in the book. He was not of that cool-blooded class who affect to think that a story once told should never be alluded to again, that it should be cast out into utter darkness, never more to touch the tongue or ring the ear again: no, when a story was good he grew to love it, and liked to fondle it and enjoy its company again and again. Dull men acting on this principle are liable to become bores, but Emerson was too strong to fear anything of that sort.

One day, when I was calling upon Emerson, he drew my attention to an

unbound volume of poems he had just received from New York, over which he was in raptures. It was called "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman. "I have just written off post-haste to thank him," he said. "It is really a most wonderful production, and gives promise of the greatest things, and if, as he says, it is his first writing, seems almost incredible. He must have taken a long run to make such a jump as this."

He read me some passages, raising his eyebrows here and there, remarking that it was hardly a book for the seminary or parlor table. Shortly after this I went off to the Wachusett Mountain, where I remained two months. On my return to Concord I again met Emerson, who was still enthusiastic over "Leaves of Grass." "I wrote at once," he said, "a letter to the author, congratulating him."

"Yes," I replied, "I read it."

"How? when? Have you been to New York?"

"No; I read it in the New York 'Tribune.'"

"In the New York 'Tribune'? No, no! impossible! he cannot have published it!" he exclaimed, with much surprise. I assured him that I had read it a few weeks before in that paper.

"Dear! dear!" he muttered, "that was very wrong, very wrong indeed. That was merely a private letter of congratulation. Had I intended it for publication I should have enlarged the *but* very much,—enlarged the *but*," repeating "enlarged the *but*" twice and biting the "*but*" off with his lips, and for a moment looking thoughtfully out of the window. Then he continued his talk about the book, the impression it had made on men's minds, the future of the author, etc. This led him to speak of a little incident which occurred to him in Boston. He was calling at a friend's house where there were a number of ladies present, when a staid and dignified divine was announced. After the first greetings, the reverend gentleman approached the centre-table and took up a book which was lying on it. This proved to be "Leaves of Grass."

"Ah!" exclaimed the gentleman,

"'Leaves of Grass'! I have heard this often spoken of, but never before met with a copy." And he forthwith began declaiming passages from it in a loud and sonorous voice, yet with all the ingenuous simplicity of a Bishop Heber,—awful, horrific things, fit only to be whispered in the most secret recesses of the cloister or the closet. Hints were of no avail, and the situation became most embarrassing before they could convince him that "Leaves of Grass" was not a book to read aloud before a party of ladies.

Emerson had a most benign manner, and a most sweet, wholesome nature. His instincts helped his principles, and his principles helped his instincts, to make him a good man in the best sense of the word. Still, I fancy he was capable of being stern, and even petulant, at times; but on these points I have no positive evidence, and only base my conjecture on an occasional look or gesture I observed in his demeanor toward men.

FRANK BELLEW.

AT THE PRINCESS IDA'S.

"IT'S of no use, Mr. Marshall," said Mrs. Jervis, as she sat with her court around her at five-o'clock tea. "Bab Harley is a perfect little—what shall I say?—misogamist, or misanthropist."

"Perfect enough, and little enough," said the young man addressed, one of the "feeble folk," pausing to taste his stick awhile. "As for the big word, I give it up," he continued, when he had enough of the stick. "But she hates men, you know, and she denounces marriage—"

"Denounces marriage!" said Colonel Bodine severely.

"Cold shoulder, contumelious lip, you know, and all that."

"Most young women have something of the sort to say, I observe," said the colonel, with contemptuous dismissal.

"Remembering their mothers," laughed Mrs. Jervis.

"But in the end they gravitate to their destiny," he said, "as two water-drops roll into one. And it would be a weak husband who could not put a stop to the thing then," with profound scorn in his cold voice.

"I don't know why it is," said Mrs. Jervis, "but you always make me remember, Colonel Bodine, that in a part

of the Russian marriage-service a knout is given to the bridegroom."

"Possibly because I should use it,—on occasion," said the colonel.

"He had best not let Bab Harley hear him, Mr. Julian?" asked Mrs. Jervis, settling her cushions. But that gentleman, catching sight, at the moment, of his attitude in the Psyche glass, was too absorbed to answer.

"I don't know why not," said the colonel proudly. "I must have the courage of my convictions. And I should decline to marry the woman who refused me absolute mastery."

Perhaps he said it the more boldly that he suspected the balance of Bab Harley's affections was just inclining his way.

"I haven't any such courage," said young Marshall. "There's too much risk for so precious a parcel."

"Item, two brown eyes like moons," said Mr. Julian. "Olivia herself had no better. Item, a rosy blush; item, a mouth like a cleft cherry—"

"Item, a half-million dollars," interpolated the sardonic colonel.

"By George, you know," said young Marshall, "money is all very well, you know. But, as it's among friends, and no secret anyway, I don't mind saying

I wish Bab Harley wasn't worth a cent,—that is, if I had anything to take care of her with, you know. She might do better for herself, but she'd never have another husband love her half so well!"

Mrs. Jervis laughed at the implied plurality of husbands, while the colonel measured him with his disdainful glance. It was, however, not disagreeable to Colonel Bodine that his future wife should be something desirable and unattainable, so far as others were concerned; and that Bab Harley, with her half-million, was to be his future wife, did not admit a doubt. Not that the half-million counted especially; yet two half-millions, put together, very comfortably swelled one's income and enlarged one's style of living. As he glanced up, he met Julian's eye fixed with a smile which spoke distinctly of the idle folly that presumed Bab Harley would look at any other than the possessor of such a mould as Julian's,—perfect in outline and tint, a manly beauty that men turned to see again, while women long remembered the darkness of the drooping-lidded eye, and the smile melancholy as if with past passion.

"By George, you know," said Marshall, "if she didn't despise men so, a fellow might have a chance. But there,—bless my heart! I have an idea!"

"You?" said the colonel. "An idea?" And at that moment Mr. Jervis joined them.

"Just in time!" cried that gay and gallant gentleman. "My love, what do you say to a theatre-party? My party. And I invite the girls. My girls."

"Then I hope," cried a clear voice, as the *portière* lifted, "that Bab Harley is one of them!" And a ray of sunshine seemed to have fallen over the dim room, as she fluttered in with all her pretty colors.

"Bab Harley first of all," answered Mr. Jervis. "Should we have tea without toast,—the reigning toast? And then Kate Macaulay, and Amy Emmons, and—"

"Oh, don't mind me," said Mrs.

Jervis, with a laugh, but snapping her fan together so that one heard it. "At any rate, there is safety in a multitude of counsel." But she kissed Bab heartily; they understood each other.

"But you know," said Bab, finishing her greetings of those she saw, "I can't go anywhere without Aunt and Uncle Wardell. They are down in the carriage now. It's abominable! Because I'm a woman, and a little woman, and so must be taken care of! I ask them if they think anybody wants to eat me."

"And Uncle Wardell replies, I am sure, that you look good enough to eat," said Mr. Jervis.

"How did you know that?" she said, laughing and blushing again. "However, Uncle Wardell has just invented a new sauce, and his head is too full of it to let him go anywhere. Ah! how do you do, Mr. Marshall?"

Poor Mr. Marshall, who had seen a faint opportunity for a joke in the juxtaposition of the head and the sauce, and was striving to work it out in what answered for his mind, was so overcome by the recognition that he could only stammer and repeat his own name, and then retire equally overcome with vexation to think he could have died for this radiant being and yet could not say good-afternoon to her properly.

"The very thing," said Mr. Jervis. "He's to make his sauce here, after the play, and he has stipulated for canvas-back and terrapin, and he is to bring round some mushrooms raised in his own cellar—"

"Wasn't there some cardinal or other who came to an untimely end from eating them? If Uncle Wardell should, one day, I could put my head outdoors without a couple of chaperons," she said mischievously.

"Bab Harley! You naughty girl!" cried Mrs. Jervis.

"Yes, I know it's naughty,—but it's nice," said the spoiled beauty. "Oh, I suppose the chaperonage is all well enough,—when it stays downstairs in the carriage," with a gay glance about her. "Yet you know it isn't American! But, dear Mrs. Jervis, when

one hears of nothing but new dishes and fault-finding because one doesn't care about them, and lectures on one's unseemly behavior generally—" And she shrugged her shoulders and arched her eyebrows like a little actress. "If dear Uncle Wardell should—eat too many mushrooms, I should join the first travelling Woman's Rights Company that I fell in with! No, I can't sit down: they told me not to."

"It's a comfort, Bab, that you never mean half you say," said Mrs. Jervis.

"No; I suppose I do love the dear old soul, you know, after all. Of course I do! I ought to. I'm so much trouble to him!"

"One forgives a great deal to the speech that falls from ruby lips," said Colonel Bodine gravely, taking the roses from her hand.

"No, no," she said, as his fingers were selecting one from the group, "those are Mrs. Jervis's. If you want a flower, this will have to do." And she unpinned the bunch of violets at her throat.

"Are you so open-handed with all?" he said, in that tone of his which never went beyond the ear it was meant for. "I like to ask for my flowers." The violets fell to the floor: it was Mr. Marshall who picked them up and pressed them to his lips unseen and hid them in his breast. But Colonel Bodine had his rose.

"It seems to me," she said, "that you like to take without asking!—And when is the play to be, Mr. Jervis?"

"Thursday night, shall it be, my love?" answered Mr. Jervis, turning to his wife.

"Oh, don't ask me," said the lady. "It is entirely your own affair, you know. I shall be gratified if I am included."

"Very well, then; Thursday night. You dine here, of course,—the colonel, Julian, Mr. Marshall, all of us."

There was a doubtful murmur of thanks in the room, as if each man would have liked it better had the others been left out. And then a maid came to light the candles.

"We all ought to go now, at any rate," said Julian; and, turning to the piano, he sang the lovely air, "When day is fading," using his own for the forgotten words. "The Princess Ida, I suppose it is?" he said, rising. "Well, that is the flavor of it."

"The play?" said Mr. Jervis. "Oh, the Princess Ida, to be sure. Really, Julian, you do that sort of thing well. I suppose a poet always does that sort of thing well. Different atmosphere, you poets and men of music walk in, from that which Marshall and I have to put up with. Yes, the Princess."

"Oh, how delightful!" exclaimed Bab. "'The Princess'—Tennyson's 'Princess'—is the one book of my love! I have it in white vellum. I should like it in a binding of precious stones!"

Colonel Bodine looked about him a moment, as if satisfied that he was the only man there who could give her such a copy.

"And how ennobling, how inspiring it must be set to music!" she cried.

"Was that air from it, Mr. Julian, did you say? It is charming. You must bring the music and let us practise it together. You must love the 'Princess' as much as I do,—or more, because you might have written it yourself if Tennyson hadn't! What a play it must be!" she ran on, before he could make his protest heard. "Can't you see it now, —the garden, where one hears the chimes of clocks like silver hammers on silver anvils, answering one another; the stir of fountains showering up and down, you remember, in meshes of the jasmine and the rose; the pealing nightingale, 'rapt in her song, and careless of the snare,'—the music all in it beforehand, and just waiting to be brought out?"

"There's the book on the table beside you, Bab," said Mrs. Jervis.

"Is it? Ah, now," as she opened it, "see the scenes we shall have, Mr. Julian. There is the hall, with the cold white statues,—the live women struck to stone:

'She
That taught the Sabine how to rule, and she,
The foundress of the Babylonian wall,
The Carian Artemisia, strong in war,

The Rhodope that built the pyramid,
Clelia, Cornelia, with the Palmyrene
That fought Aurelian, and the Roman brows
Of Agrippina."

read Bab. "Or that chapel-scene," she
went on, fluttering the leaves,—

"Six hundred maidens, clad in purest white,
Before two streams of light from wall to wall,
While the great organ almost burst his pipes
Groaning for power, and rolling through the
court

A low, melodious thunder to the sound
Of solemn psalms and silver litanies,
The work of Ida, to call down from heaven
A blessing on her labors for the world,—

more music made to one's hand. Then
that later scene of fright and tumult,
where

'From the illumined hall
Long lanes of splendor slanted o'er a press
Of snowy shoulders, thick as herded ewes,
And rainbow robes, and gems, and gem-like
eyes,
And gold, and golden beads; they to and fro
Fluctuated as flowers in storm:

... High above them stood
The placid marble Muses, looking peace,—

that hall where afterward the descending
day shot a flying glory out of brass and
steel. You recollect?—

'That o'er the statues leaped from head to
head,
Now fired an angry Pallas on the helm,
Now set a wrathful Dian's moon on flame.'

And the tourney, too," continued Bab,
as she still turned the leaves, "on that
field just under the palace front,—

'Alive with fluttering scarfs and ladies' eyes;
And highest among the statues, statue-like,
Between a cymballed Miriam and a Jael
With Psyche's babe, was Ida watching us,
A single band of gold about her hair,
Like a saint's glory up in heaven.'

And the people with it, too," Bab went
on, as they listened, rather amazed, yet
pleased by her enthusiasm,—it was Bab's
enthusiasm that won her half her lovers,
—"the violet-hooded doctors, Psyche
with the starry babe, Melissa in her
college gown that 'clad her like an
April daffodilly.'"

"Fancy," said Mr. Julian, "a yellow
silk academic robe, a whole robe of
yellow,—that color of all light and lux-
ury!

'And all her thoughts as fair within her eyes,
As bottom agates seem to rise and float
In crystal currents of clear morning seas.'

I have seen such eyes!" And he was
looking at hers.

"Then, too, the brothers," said Bab,
not heeding, "like the three stars, it
says, in Orion's belt,—

'That glitter, burnished by the frosty dark;
And as the fiery Sirius alters hue,
And bickers into red and emerald, shone
Their morions, washed with morning;'

and then the little king, with his smile
that

'Like a wrinkling wind
On glassy water drave his cheek in lines;'

and the princess herself, great white
soul! with her tame leopard-cats,—

'Where she sat
High in the hall; above her drooped a lamp,
And made the single jewel on her brow
Burn like the mystic fire on a mast-head
Prophet of storm; a handmaid on each side
Bowed toward her, combing out her long black
hair,

Damp from the river; and close behind her
stood
Eight daughters of the plough, stronger than
men,
Huge women, blowzed with health, and wind,
and rain,
And labor.'

And the lesson of it all!" cried Bab,
—"the lesson that

'The woman's cause is man's; they rise or
sink
Together, dwarfed or god-like, bond or free.'"

And she turned another leaf:

"Either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal nor unequal,"

And see what it all means for woman,—
the learning, the lifting,—

'Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.

* * * * *
Then reign the world's great brideals, chaste and
calm,
Then springs the crowning race of human
kind!"

And she shut the book triumphantly.
"Oh, Mr. Jervis!" she cried, "how
perfectly lovely of you to take us to this
play! Uncle and Aunt Wardell never

go to the play unless they're invited, with a supper afterward, everybody knows. And how lovely," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "how too utterly lovely of those men of genius to make a play that shall attract millions, with music and color and wit, and do so much to help women into freedom,—the greater part of them still making 'bricks in Egypt'! Well, here is one woman, you see, who has made quite an address. I know you don't approve of it, Colonel Bodine, by your face. There, I must run along.—I want you all to bear witness that I haven't sat down.—Are you going to see me to the carriage, Mr. Jervis? Full dress, I suppose? Oh, it is just bliss!"

"The poor little enthusiast!" said Mrs. Jervis, as they still heard her gay voice. "She is so about everything. And she has no idea it is a burlesque."

"It would as soon occur to her to burlesque my 'Ode to Morning,' or any sacred thing," said Mr. Julian.

"We should have told her," said little Marshall. "It will be too disappointing."

"It will be a healthy disillusion," said Colonel Bodine. "It will do her good. She will have to laugh at her high-flown folly. By the way, Marshall, I thought you had an idea—"

"So I had," said the other, impervious to sarcasm. "But Mr. Jervis anticipated me. It was for this theatre-party. But I never would have done it if I had thought it was going to give a moment's pain to her."

"We lose our ideals soon enough," said Mrs. Jervis, perhaps with some meaning in her tone.

And then Mr. Jervis came back, and the house rose.

"It seems to me, Barbara," said her aunt, a night or two afterward, as they made ready in the drawing-room for the customary game of cards with her uncle, before he came in from his conference with the cook,—the pumpkins that had come from New Orleans packed in ice not having pleased him at all,—"it seems to me that unless you flirt disgracefully when you are out of my sight,—and I'm

sure I try to prevent your being out of my sight, your uncle makes such a fuss about it, and I couldn't climb all those stairs at Mrs. Jervis's the other day, and for you, after staying so long, for you to come down to the carriage with Mr. Jervis,—a married man!" And here the good lady paused to take breath and find out where she was. "Oh!" she said, gathering herself. "It seems to me that unless you flirt openly you never could have had three proposals for your hand made to your uncle in one day."

"Three!" said Bab, with interest. "Who are they, the proposers? If any one of them should be one with whom I could take refuge from eternal chaperonage and— All Uncle Wardell's talk is table-talk, isn't it?"

"You should be ashamed, Bab," said her aunt, with a contradictory smile. "And now tell me what you mean. There is little Mr. Marshall writes your uncle a distracted letter: he hasn't a cent to bless himself with, and says so—"

"Poor soul! But he is so good-natured. His wife—providing she could be his wife—would have her own way. But you detest uxorious husbands, you know," looking in the glass a moment, and thinking which was really worse, that sort or Uncle Wardell's sort.

"Then there's that Mr. Julian," resumed the dowager. "I can't think how he dares presume—"

"That superb creature! Why, I never dreamed— But he admires himself so; how can he admire another? He *is* magnificent,—but, oh, a man of genius! I can't deserve that! I couldn't live up to it, you know."

"Pshaw! You put me out of patience, Bab. Well, however that may be, your uncle is furious. He says it is shameless coquetry, and he allows you twenty-four hours to decide which one you will have, for he won't be pestered by any more of your lovers; and I'm sure he wears my life out about it, anyway. These men,—the creatures!" said Aunt Wardell, brightening with

her brightening indignation,—"what have they to offer in exchange for the youth, beauty, virtue, health, wealth, culture, they ask? Little Marshall,—an inanity; Mr. Julian,—an empty name; Colonel Bodine,—a *jeunesse épuisée*. Yes; Colonel Bodine. What do you say to that?"

"I don't know," the color spreading over her sweet, foolish face, "that I say anything." But the color stayed and grew deeper. "Do you think, auntie, it would be quite—delicate—for me to go to the theatre-party to-morrow with these—these people?" she said. And before her aunt could say "Pshaw!" again, that deepening color drove Bab from the room. But why should this young aspirant for the freedom of a sex have quickened her heart-beats and reddened her cheeks because she found herself beloved by a man who believed in her natural inferiority and was a tyrant to the last fibre of his nature?

There never was a lovelier vision than Bab Harley, as she floated along the aisle with Mr. Jervis and his party the next night, the pale blush of rpsy silk stiff with embroidery of gold and the enveloping softness of swans'-down about her, and her face radiant with expectation. A hundred opera-glasses were levelled at her, and she stood the fire well in her unconsciousness. Colonel Bodine, looking at her and at the house, felt his dark face grow darker with pride.

"Glad," said Uncle Wardell, at her side, "that the overture's not to be too long, and hope there'll be no encores. I am mightily afraid those canvas-backs of Jervis's will be overdone. His cook is an idiot. And of course your aunt had to forget to send round the mushrooms,—she'd forget her head—"

"Hush, hush, dear," whispered Bab, trembling with the excitement that flushed her cheek and fired her lustrous eyes.

"Miss Harley," murmured Tom Marshall, leaning forward from his seat behind her, at one side of Mrs. Jervis, for they were not in a box, "I think you ought to know,—I hope you won't be

disappointed, but—if you only read the papers you would know that this is to be a burlesque of your Princess."

"Oh, but you know it is music; and music lifts everything so, lifts everything into the ideal," she said sweetly.

"Not all music," said Colonel Bodine at her other side.

"Not all," said Bab. "Comic music is the degradation of music."

"Delirious recitative and tipsy tune," said Mr. Julian, who sat on the other side of Mrs. Jervis.

"But you generalize too much, and too imperfectly," the colonel said to her in his low tone. "You forget Mozart's musical jokes and Beethoven's tune-fooleries. It is a fault you have, this jumping at conclusions."

Bab knew he ought not to be aware of any fault she had. She turned on him half reproachfully her great, beautiful eyes like liquid stars. "Was ever woman in this humor wooed?" she said to herself. And she forgot herself momentarily, wondering why it was so pleasant to her that this man should have observed her enough to see her faults, to care to correct them. Was she one of that contemptible kind, she asked, that love a master and caress the hand that holds a rod over them?

There was not enough to arrest her in the overture and hinder her from thinking; nor much, either, in the prologue, the one or two instants of resentment which it gave her being balanced by her satisfaction in the confession that, although Arac and his brothers were masculine in sex, they were not intelligent; and she could not imagine why she felt so uncomfortable and dared not look at Uncle Wardell during the song of the "Disagreeable Man." It was only at Gama's description of the university, where "all the animals she owns are 'hers,'" that the nature of the thing fully dawned upon her, to be forgotten for the moment presently in the trio's bit of melody. "You are quite right," she said, turning round to Mr. Marshall, when the curtain fell. "It is so trivial,—after all my heroics the other day. One feels sadly bored." And she fell to studying

her fan in the midst of the hum of talk and amusement, and only heard Colonel Bodine's murmured words for a while, as one hears the pleasant wind that soothes one in a dream.

But when the curtain rose again Bab had more to interest her. She found herself smarting at the satire, followed by the laughter of the audience,—

For all we know and all we guess
We mutually impart,—

although a softer emotion came with the aria of the Princess herself, and its pretty scene of youthful fervor, and she was still enjoying that, after it was over, as Sordello's Veronese enjoyed their hate,—

Letting the silent luxury trickle slow
About the hollows where a heart should be,—

when her ear was caught by the climax of Ida's threatening prophecy,—

And you yourselves
At inconvenient moments come undone;

and, not half so vexed with the foolish play as with the people who were pleased by it, she was on fire with indignation, which, mounting higher at Cyril's

Repudiate the tyrant
Known as man—known as man;
They mock at him and flout him,
For they do not care about him,
And they mean to do without him,
If they can—if they can!—

made her grasp her fan tightly enough to break it, and wish to heaven they could!

It was with an angry shame that she looked and listened as the scene went on with the induing of the academic robes, the dance that made her all the angrier for some beauty in its travesty of women's dancing, the hoodwinking of the Princess, until with the delicious quartette, "The world is but a broken toy," she could have cried from sorrow and from vexation that people could throng here to applaud and laugh at what, according to her ideas, insulted every woman in the place. "How very little it takes to make men laugh!" she said. "They have been laughing at these impudent jokes ever since I was born. I should think some of them had

mothers or sisters or lady-loves!" And she did not care who heard her. But with the Lady Psyche's song of the "Ape and the Lady," discretion ceased to be a virtue, and Bab made a quick motion to rise, but found her draperies so fast in Colonel Bodine's chair that it was useless, and she remained, although quite pale with anger. Yet presently, when Melissa's hand was making free with Florian's chin, she turned to her uncle, saying,—

"It is too disgusting!—simply disgusting! I will not stay another moment and be obliged to hear such stuff!"

To her amazement, the man who believed so in chaperonage and espionage was shaking like a mould of jelly with his cachinnation. "My child! My child!" he gurgled. "It—it is capital! capital! Don't make a fool of yourself, Bab! Listen, and you'll learn something!"

"There is a charming dance and duet between Melissa and Lady Blanche coming now," Mr. Julian leaned over to murmur, seeing her discomfiture.

"If you wish to leave, Miss Harley," whispered Mr. Marshall, "I shall be only too happy—"

But Bab braced herself to bear it, and in her consciousness of outrage saw nothing whatever to laugh at for some time, except a half-drowned prince and princess coming out of the water perfectly dry; and her thoughts went wandering far from the play, only to be recalled by the sweetness of the concluding air of the act,—

Yet I will die before I call
Myself his wife,—

and, as she caught the words, she echoed them in her determination, quite resolved on her own course of action.

"It seems to disturb you somewhat," said the imperious Colonel Bodine, as the orchestra left their seats. "Would it do so if it were not faithful to fact, if it did not mock the action of those who contradict the statement that

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions,
Matched with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water
unto wine?"

And she suffered him to talk on till the music began again, and the thirsty young gentlemen of the audience returned to disturb, in coming, the row they had disturbed in going.

But if Bab had been insulted and angry before, judge of her wrath now, as the pretty Amazons, in their glittering armor, began to confess their fear, with, "Please you do not hurt us." She maintained silence, however, till the lady surgeon refused to cut off real live arms and legs, and the band-mistress pleaded that the band felt poorly and could not come out to-day. "How stupid of Gilbert and Sullivan," she said then, "to miss such a point as a mouse running across the scene! Uncle," she continued, with misleading softness, "there have been so many encores that I am sure that cook will burn those birds to a cinder. If you will take me out—I really don't feel able to stay—I will drop you at the Jervises' door, and go on home. And if you don't, I shall go alone, for stay here another moment I shan't and won't!" And she gave her cloak a ruinous rip as she brought it round her shoulders, rising to her feet, and whispered a quick good-by to Mrs. Jervis, hugging her fetters, bowed to Colonel Bodine, and, before any one could help or hinder, was in the open air, with a policeman bawling for the carriage, quite oblivious of Uncle Wardell, with his hat held high in the air in one fat hand, and his coats over his arm, still struggling past the people whom he was displacing with muttered "Pardons" on his side and ill-tempered "Not-at-alls" on theirs. There were occasions when Uncle Wardell had to obey.

"It is perfectly disgraceful!" she cried, when in the carriage, and before her uncle could get a chance to explode himself. "It is the old argument, that because women can't take part in war they shall remain slaves! Do the women at home who care for men's families in their absence at camp, the women in hospitals, the women holding up men's hands, take no part in war? When women risk their lives bringing

people into the world, shall they risk them again putting people out? If women can't be free because they can't go to war, then don't have war!"

"What sort of a young girl are you?" groaned Uncle Wardell in horror.

"A commonplace young girl,
A matter-of-fact young girl,
Perhaps reprehensible,
Certainly sensible,
Modern—"

"Stop! stop! stop!" exclaimed her uncle, "or the police will stop you!"

"There can't anything stop me!" said Bab. "I looked round on all of you sitting there, you husbands,—at Mr. Jervis, who makes love to half a dozen girls at once, his wife so wretched that she amuses herself with half a dozen youths; at you,—you, Uncle Wardell, you who talk of nothing but eating and drinking till you make your wife's life a burden to her!" She stopped then, it being high time, and threw her arms round his neck and kissed him, and held him in such an embrace, for an instant, that he struggled to get free, quite purple in the face. "I love you just the same, you know," she cried. "And now for those lovers of mine that you said I must answer in twenty-four hours! I will answer now! Mr. Marshall, who would adore me, and let me rule so thoroughly that I should despise him. Mr. Julian,—and have such a rival in his love for himself. No, thank you, gentlemen! And Colonel Bodine,—a man who despises women! He is a tyrant; he would have us all back in veils, and cramped feet, and harems; he has—"

"He has half a million dollars," said Uncle Wardell meekly.

"Let him keep them! He shan't have me! I wouldn't marry him to save his soul!—if he has one. I never will marry any man till he sees this thing the way I do, and I will give all my income to educate girls in the Harvard annex! Ah, here we are! Good-night, you dear old tormented uncle. I hope the ducks will be all right, and just enough garlic in the salad. What a glorious starlight night!—how can

any one think of ducks and things under such a frosty heaven! But I will send Thomas round with the mushrooms, if you wish," said the consistent damsel, fast developing into a small tyrant herself. "You shall take aunt

to see Booth play in 'Katharine and Petruchio' some night, and I will cook you a nice little supper myself."

"You cook a supper!" was all the reply she had.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

TWO MILES OF THE SHENANDOAH.

THERE is an old likeness between poems and rivers. Both flow on musically through shadow and shine, lively ripple and still deep bay, confined by fixed limits of turf or metre, carrying more or less of story with them, and picturing with more or less exactness the current of human life. Some are in the lyric vein, wild and rushing, some mighty and majestic, as epics; others gloomy and "dour," as dirges, bright and sparkling with myriads of side-lights, as in *vers de société*, or prim, priggish, dreary, and didactic. That there are no long poems is a modern saying generally accepted as true,—the idea being that the long ones are made up of a series of short bursts connected by stagnant stretches wherein the poetry or the poet disappears only to be recognized on emergence. To keep up the analogy, rivers too must be defined as being a chain of waters that requires to be cut up into its constituent links. This is a convenient way of treating them, and one we here propose to pursue. At the same time, it is not consonant with fact, nothing being more continuous, from its mountain source to the sea-end of its estuary, than a great river. It is, however, more manageable to the navigator and the student of history and landscape when cut up into segments. The normal length of these is determined by the extent of a town, the front of an army, the visual angle of a sketcher, the space of a reach between two fords, the breadth of a

mountain's instep, or the rural home-walk of a great man. These dimensions will be found, roughly speaking, to fit well with each other and with the section we have selected.

We might have added to the above-mentioned gauges of water-front the elbow-room of an angler. It has a remarkable coincidence with them all. The range is just about that which he will allow himself. Not that he will use it all, only he may. Ordinarily, he selects a fixed spot, all the piscatory resources of which he has weighed and studied. Outside of this he reserves others, with secondary claims, but possibly, according to the time and season, capable of rising into the front rank. We are in his company at present. He and the farmer have become joint and undisputed proprietors of the little domain.

This autumn morning three of us are rolling down a model turnpike toward Berry's Ferry, on the Shenandoah; black bass the attractive force. One of the party is a scientific fisherman or nothing. To him, a fish that is not caught *secundum artem* is not caught at all. Snells, reels, double gut, gray hackles, helgramites, and the like mysteries are at his fingers' ends, around his hat, and in his pocket. Results, you would say, are of less moment and concern to him than means. He bestows much more time upon the busking of his flies, the twisting of his silk and horse-hair lines, and the catching of his

live bait than he does upon the river-side work for which all this is preparatory. Sometimes, with all his forethought and provision, he will be caught unprepared. One frosty morning, he tells you, he had started for this very place, at the uncanny hour of three in the morning, in company with a gallant soldier parson who, twenty years ago, had been accustomed, when campaigning on the Rappahannock, to break the ice in Mine Run and hook a luxurious breakfast. Bait had been forgotten, or nearly so, and they stopped at a stream just out of town and plunged in to catch crawfish. The damp drive of thirteen miles was not balked of its reward. The crawfish did their work well. At another time he was strolling alone along the bank of the Great Cacapon. It was spring, and the birds and blossoms were at their best. But he thought not of them. His eye was fixed on the stream below. The puzzling lights of a dancing ripple bade him pause. A common mortal would have seen nothing there; but X— made out distinctly a "fall-fish," or dace, of stupendous proportions. Rod and line were in his hand; but where was the one and only bait without which it were the merest fatuity to attempt the capture of the colossus? Nothing but a large grub of a particular kind, white of body and black of head, would even be sniffed at. To hunt up the habitat of this attractive insect, in an unknown region, was hopeless in the time allowed. One of the inspirations of genius descended upon X—. Turning upon a velvet toe, he went quickly back to the nearest farm-house. Begging an inch of bacon-fat, he whittled it into a cylindrical form and toasted one end. This elegant substitute he dropped artistically in front of the nose of the big fish, which had accommodately kept in or near the same spot. The bait was instantly seized, and our friend, as he landed the twenty-two-incher, had the satisfaction of realizing that he had added one more fact to the lore of the fisherman.

Our other comrade, Y—, was,

though equally ardent and successful, more practical and matter-of-fact in his methods. He cared nothing for fly-fishing or landing-nets. He used ground-bait, and when he caught a fish lifted him straight out of the water. His tackle almost always held. He made it to hold. Number three knows nothing about the art. He does not want to know, preferring the unadulterated surprise and joy of landing a wholly unexpected fish.

As we approached the Shenandoah, the sun had lifted himself well clear of the Blue Ridge directly in front, and was looking down on a scene well worthy his attention. Autumn was at high noon, all ablaze in color, rich with a glow that was not glare. The early yellow of the walnut and hickory was dying away, and the deeper tones had away. The scarlet of the sumach, the red oak, and the Virginia creeper stood out from the white oak's mass of sober russet, and here and there a cooler shadow was supplied by the imperial purple of the ash. The rolling fields were irregularly checkered with fine sward and with red clay upon which the young wheat was beginning to suggest its presence. Their surface was occasionally broken by seams of French-gray limestone, and these ledges often afforded a refuge from the plough to shrubbery of every tint, and less frequently to large locust-trees densely clad with a foliage not their own,—transformed by the creeper into blood-red columns and candelabra. The fields, each larger than an average Massachusetts farm, fell from the eye over slope beyond slope down to the line of vast white-armed sycamores that marked the course of the river and admitted little glints of its waters. Immediately beyond swelled the mountain, rising to the height of fifteen hundred feet, in a garb of unbroken forest that reflected, on a greatly multiplied scale, but with a toning of ultramarine, the tints of the foreground.

A bevy of partridges, the old birds still distinguishable by superior size from their numerous progeny, would

now and then cross the road in front of us, in no great hurry, as though knowing us to be dogless and gunless, but rising, some of them, into an impatient flutter in passing the lower rails of the fence and diving into the stubble. They did not startle the loitering bluebird that called to his departed comrades from the vine-clad post; but the little goldfinch rose from a cloud of thistle-down and undulated away through the hazy sunshine. It was lazy-time with the farmer, if he ever knows such a luxury; and the cosy homesteads seemed asleep. Some of them had been disturbed, however, for there came along a short procession, dusky but not aboriginal.

"Get out de way!" shouted a white-headed African teamster to the helmsman of an ox-cart that sluggishly blocked the single track, the long fodder drooping high over both wains; "get out'n de way wid yo' dam cows!"

"Disenchantment!" grumbled X—.

"Nature," said Y—.

"Infusion of human interest into the scene," explained Z—.

"I say, uncle," queried Y—, "isn't it rather early to be hauling in fodder?"

"I ain't no uncle o' yourn," was the response from the Palinurus of the horse-team.

"Disowned, Y—!" shouted his comrades; and he went by that title for the rest of the excursion.

"A thousand pardons, my venerable friend: I forgot that none of us have colored uncles now. They all died twenty years ago."

"Yezza, maybe, sa. Dis ye' fodder, ye see, is mos' green, de corn is offen it, and de boss am gwine to put it in a hilo."

"Shet up, you fool nigga," interposed his bucolic mate; "you means de silo. Wha' highlow you talkin' 'bout?"

"All same; we cuts it up and mashes it down, like de Dutch does sourkrout. It am a improvement in farmin'."

"More science, Disowned. Let's drive on and see how it works with the bass."

In a very few minutes the substitu-

tion under the wheels of the vehicle of smooth round cobble-stones for the compactly-cemented floor of macadamized limestone over which it had till now been careering announced the proximity of Berry's Ferry. The water was low, but the ferryman's occupation was not gone. A timid minority of horsemen and a large majority of passengers on wheels still patronized him. The institution was at work as it had been for a century and more, to all appearance the same large flat, guided by the same rope, hung from the same gigantic trees, and propelled by the identical Charon.

"Not the same man, however," objected one of the party, on another's making a remark to that effect. "I recollect at least one predecessor of the present incumbent,—the veteran who poled me across with a wagon-load of ladies in August, 1870. One short month after, the place that knew him knew him no more forever. The place itself, in fact, went with him. The unexampled flood of that year drove him to the top of his house and carried him off with it. The thing happened at dead of night: an awful mittimus!"

"Fancy a freshet in the Styx, and Charon swept off! A situation, that, full of dramatic capabilities. One wonders the Greek poets never took hold of it. The darkness of Erebus intensified, broken by fitful flashes of supernal lightning that revealed the furious torrent tawny and roaring like a Gehenna of lions; a fast-accumulating crowd of the sheeted dead dammed up on the shore, silent but horrible and horrified, waiting for a conveyance,—an anticlimax to the supreme climax of death. Fate even, which, according to the classic creed, settled all things, brought to a nonplus."

"The reign of law stopped by rain; mythologic machinery broken down, as inventions of that sort are apt to break down sooner or later."

"The idea reminds me of a band I saw twenty years ago passing the river at this identical spot, on their way literally—many of them—to the dim Plutonian shore. Their leader, Turner

Ashby, died in battle at Cross Keys ten months later. His face seemed to be clouded already by the shadows of the future, like that of Edgar of Ravenswood on his way to the Kelpie's Flood. The river was low, and the regiment forded it. It was a hot July day; the land was possessed with drought; the horses loitered in the refreshing bath; and the straggling groups of variously armed and dressed soldiers in and out of the water would have supplied Wouvernans with no end of studies. But that is all over. Low tide has come again. All is peaceful. The great colonial sycamores bend above the stream as quietly as though they had nothing to remember. Each year has written in their cores its circular signature, but nothing more. Theirs is the baldest of autograph-albums."

"Shall we blow the horn that hangs from one of them and summon the Charon of the day,—the one that has not yet been washed off?"

"No; let us drive along this bank up to the Swift Shoal Mill. Plenty of boats there, and plenty of shade all the way; the road a dead level and pure sand,—wet and hard just now, but a severe pull when dry."

The bottoms, or alluvial flats, along this part of the Shenandoah's course are not so desirable to the farmer as such lands usually are. They are deposits of sand, subject to almost annual overflow; and the tiller of the soil is never sure of his crops, or even of the fences which protect them. He constantly sees his bread upon the waters, with next to no prospect of ever getting it back. Yet these meadows are fair to look upon, whether viewed from the bluff that skirts them a quarter of a mile back, where the farm-houses are seated, or from our path among the pawpaws, beneath the mighty elms and sycamores and mossy-cup oaks. To the left, we look down upon the tops of the red willows, or kinnakinnick, where the water gleams through a tangle of grape-vines, clematis, wild pink, and an infinity of tall grasses. The cows which we frequently overhaul have made paths

through the greenery, and become invisible in ten steps after surrendering the road. Indeed, they cannot diverge more than ten steps without plunging into the water,—a conclusion they like to reach in a less abrupt way, being notoriously fond of baths and of thickets.

All along this reach there are points where the bass will bite. Fishing from the shore is the practice of the *oi polloi*. The aristocracy of the rod descend into the stream and meet their finny quarry half-way. Boats, even, are eschewed by the *crème de la crème* of Waltonians,—the water being in the best condition for fly-fishing when it is best for wading, when, after drought enough to leave it clear, the depth is almost everywhere from three to four and a half feet, and one can wade for miles without getting deeper, unless one steps incautiously among the slippery cobble-stones of all sizes that pave the bottom. An average width of four hundred feet gives ample room for whipping and playing, even where this breadth is split by islands. Badly as the Shenandoah is shaped for navigation, it seems to have been especially cut out for angling. At the points where, on one side or the other, it impinges against a bluff, it hollows its bed into deep holes, highly attractive to the fish in sultry and in freezing weather. These summer- and winter-resorts of the scaly folk are mostly under the eastern bank, where for two hundred miles and more the river rubs against the buttresses of the Blue Ridge in search of the egress the Potomac has aided it in forcing at Harper's Ferry. We are bound for one of them,—a famous locality known as the White Horse; whether so named from the fancied form of the overhanging rock or from a plunge over the same performed in days gone by by some equine athlete the records of the region have failed to state.

Leaving the team on the hither shore, comfortably bestowed at the old mill, we enter a crazy flat-bottomed boat with some inches of water in the bottom. This difficulty, we are assured by the

proprietor, will diminish when we get into the stream,—why, we do not understand, nor is it necessary to do so, the mystery resembling that of Charles II.'s philosophers in regard to the fish that would not when placed in a full vessel cause it to overflow. The merry monarch questioned the fact, with the same success as in our case. However, pushing out from beneath the crumbling timbers of the ruin, we skirt the long ripple of the Swift Shoal, and land at the outlet of a fussy little rivulet that hurries down from the recesses of the mountain, without suffering shipwreck or foundering. Craft of which the normal condition is waterlogging are independent of marine insurance.

It is quite a scramble into the saddle of the White Horse, as well as to reach his stirrup, and the stirrup-cup is appealed to for a little succor,—that is, by the two members of the party who think there is special virtue in assistance of that sort; the third, whom we need not name, holding a modified theory on the subject. At their feet the water lies,—or almost lies, so slight is the current,—deep and dark, clear olive in color, without the brown of peat or the yellow of clay. It never has the tinge of the swamp, like the streams of the Alleghanies and tide-water, and time enough has elapsed since the last heavy rain for the orange tawny to pass off. The water looks placidly up at us with a sort of lazy welcome, as if tacitly inquiring what it can do for us, and as quietly offering whatever treasures it may possess. These treasures, at the same time, are completely veiled. We see nothing of them. There must be plenty of life below, but it does not manifest itself. No? Yes! Yonder is an eloquent little momentary splash, not far from the opposite bank of the divided stream, and its rings on this side are widening toward us with their message in manifold. More expressive still is a nearer demonstration. The apparently meditative but keen eye has been, while sparing a corner for the whole surface of the stream, fixed upon a bit of shelving rock close under foot, where

the depth for a little distance is from one to three feet only. Certain shapes, at first barely visible to the eye of faith, soon become indubitable realities. The discoverer points them out, not without difficulty, to his friends. The bass, he says, are looking along shore for the latest flies of the season. To him everything is a fly, from a grasshopper to a June-bug. He is convinced that the weakness of the fish for that diet has not died away with the summer. On the contrary, he holds that it has grown keener with scarcity. He will, accordingly, see what he can do to gratify this laudable taste. The water is quite warm. Science shall have another chance, if the last for the season. Without waiting to see the result of more than the first efforts—which are no results—of his companions in the line of ground-bait, he grasps his unopened rod and plunges into the thicket on his return to the lower end of the rapids. We decline plunging with him,—the dry side of the White Horse being everyway more comfortable than the wet side of anywhere. So now a pair of minnows, and now a pair of crawfish, anon one of each, descend side by side on their mission of deceit. Then mussels, a good supply of which we found in the bottom of the canoe, the bequest of an unknown predecessor, are employed, although with little confidence, and with no effect to justify that little. A frog of tender years, captured on the way, has his turn. He, too, has only failure to report after revisiting his native element. Yet the abstract, if not the concrete and tangible, signs are favorable. The fish are certainly here,—a little scattered, perhaps, and languid and indifferent for the time. An epidemic of biting may at any moment break out among them and spread with violence and rapidity. So it did, not as early as might have been desirable, but with a vigor that amply compensated for the delay. Y——'s line suddenly shot out with a long wake behind it, the drops glistening as they fell from the thicker part of it, and the nine-foot leader only perceptible by the mark it made in entering the water. The wake

passes into a graceful curve, and that into others of all forms and degrees of abruptness. The gentleman below has abundance of room, and the one above need not be chary of letting him have it. There is nothing to cut the line. Our scaly friend has the largest liberty in the way of darting, diving, and springing. Let us not deprive him of his share of his fun.

"A three-pounder at least," says Y—. "We must make him the concession of a landing-net. To lift him twenty feet with the hook were a tempting of Providence. I shall not expose him to the peril of falling so far. He might hurt himself. He has made the great mistake of his life. Let us deal gently with the erring."

Steadily, but not without occasional balks and other signs of "ugliness," the victim is coaxed within reach of the long-handled landing-net and transferred to terra firma.

"A fine fellow, Y—: deep from chine to brisket, true black in his markings, and game from his front teeth to the last spine of his back fin. Two pounds three ounces; not what your fancy painted him in respect of avoir-dupois, but a highly reasonable fish. If we can class him as an average when we have done to-day, we shall be fortunate. Which reminds me that there are critical symptoms at the far end of my own line."

Critical symptoms don't last long when the bass are in the humor. It is touch and go with them, and the strongest kind of a touch. The fish feeds like Dr. Johnson, as though it were his last morsel. His mind once made up, he pauses only to poise, darts at his prey, and in an instant all is over, —with it certainly, and usually with himself. In nine cases out of ten he is self-hooked; so that if you can only get him to bite, you are master of the situation. Only in the spirit wherewith he springs at the bait, the frequently fierce but hardly adroit struggle he makes when fast, and his habit at times of rising to the fly, can he be termed a game fish. He haunts broad and deep waters, and

the prolonged agony of chasing a trout through the hemlock- and alder-hung intricacies of a mountain-brook is not reflected in bass-fishing. Trout themselves, indeed, may be taken sometimes from the larger streams of the mountains with the commonest ground-bait as tamely as suckers. We have often taken the two species side by side from the Youghiogheny, the one with little more of the sensational than the other.

Given, therefore, the proper mood and disposition in the fish, it is no great wonder or merit that the two of us got eighteen fair fish before noon, and were able with a good conscience to knock off during the warm and lazy hours when nothing could be done. We recrossed to the point where our transportation and commissariat had been left. There we found our scientific comrade fast asleep, the noisy tail-race sounding his requiem. A judicious tickling of his nose with a snood brought him back to the land of consciousness; whereupon he came down with great force on the folly of fly-fishing in October. The bass, he said, had had a glut of grasshoppers, and were unsocial in the extreme. He had done his best to overcome their bashfulness and develop their appetite, all in vain, and he meant to stick to bottom-fishing for the rest of the season. He had, however, succeeded in creating an appetite of his own, and would do himself the honor and his fellows the favor of showing how to barbecue bass.

The process was simple enough. The materials were abundant at hand,—or under foot. A fire of dry sticks and bits of fence-rail, some large cobblestones on top of it, and the fish wrapped separately in corn-blades and covered in the ashes among the stones, made the whole of it. The sauce was simplicity itself,—black pepper, salt, and butter. The proposition of a squeeze of lemon was hooted at by the artist. Fish that needed sauce, he pointed out, was not fish at all,—only its effete simulacrum. He had eaten planked shad at the fishing-shores of Albemarle Sound, and hobnobbed with the barefooted beachmen

of the same Old North State on hog-fish that had barely ceased to grunt. Earth had nothing more to show him in that line. Far ahead of the Rev. Sydney in independence, he had not the smallest objection to being twelve miles from a lemon.

X——'s culinary powers were brilliantly vindicated. It was unanimously conceded that, whatever failures he might occasionally make as an angler, his power of manipulating fish after other people had caught them was beyond challenge. What with the meal, the smoke, and the siesta, there was very little left of the afternoon, and the impossibility of utilizing that remnant was made apparent by "the big drops, one by one," that heralded a heavy rain from the darkened west. To make an evening of it, and after that a night of it, under the warped but still firm rafters of the old mill, was clearly on the cards.

"Not a bad outlook, either," said Y——. "Nobody will rest to-night in a grander chamber than we. If loftiness of ceiling can make a hall stately, what hall statelier than ours? In some places it runs up to the comb of the roof, above the fourth floor. Then for width, we have the whole breadth of the building, say fifty feet. The length is less unbroken, but it can be traversed without any ceremonial of door-opening or lifting of *portières*. For columns, what marble more massive than these mighty beams of native oak, bearing the axe-marks of the woodsmen of a past generation? Ventilation perfect,—all ventilation, in fact, the draughts from all quarters neutralizing each other. Sundry piles of straw and broom-corn offer a not uninviting couch. The tall chimney, though slightly canted, is still in working order, and the fireplace will do for the matutinal coffee. Do we need a breakfast-table? There are four of them in a row, as round as Arthur's, all of carven stone, ranged as they were in the busy period of their existence before the flood, and looking out through the stripped walls as though waiting for the wheels that rest in the swift water-

way below to put life and mettle in them. Rather, there are eight, the upper and nether millstones being all in place. It reminds one of the Pompeian baker-shops."

"No, asses—not even Roman asses, whether of copper or of flesh and blood—could turn these."

"Perhaps not, X——. A man who wades the river for fly-fishing in October ought to know what an ass can do."

"Hit him again," says Z——.

"No; his fish-frying covers all shortcomings in his fly-fishing. We'll give him a receipt in full in return for his recipe."

"Like that exacted by Colonel O'Donnell from Fritz Leybrandt. Fritz, you know, has the credit of being inexact in his accounts when the error is rather against his customers than against himself. The colonel, after paying several bills which he thought he had settled already, exacted a final receipt in these terms: 'Received thirty dollars in full of all claims from the birth of Adam to the death of the d—l.' Fritz solemnly signed it."

"Many stories are told of Fritz,—some of the best of them war-stories, though he never figured as a warrior. His services as an undertaker were enlisted by the friends of a Northern officer who fell in the Valley. He was to send the remains North, and, among the means of identifying them, he was told that the soldier had lost one arm. A body so marked was selected by Fritz and duly shipped. By an early mail came a missive of somewhat oburgatory character, explaining that a mistake had been made, this man having the wrong arm missing. Fritz's reply was prompt and positive. It was the right corpse, he insisted. As to its having the right arm cut off instead of the left, that amounted to nothing. Left was right, and right left, according to whether you viewed the body from the head down or from the foot up! I never heard if this ingenious explanation proved satisfactory or not, but think it likely that the little Teuton made a bad bill that time. He was more lucky in another

speculation, equally creditable to his fertility of resource. On occasion of Banks's hurried retreat, a neat spring-wagon and team were left standing on the street in front of Fritz's establishment. The Confederates were close behind, but their foremost files found the latter at the heads of the horses, swearing that 'te tam Yankees was te most ungrateful peoples; tey would not, after trivin' his wagon all aroundt, take te trouble to put it in te stable.' And he actually got the Confeds, keen set as they were for plunder, to help him in removing the captured property to his own premises."

"That beats Major Monsoon. Fritz should have been commissioned quartermaster."

"The inscription on yonder cuddy, closet, or counter, 'Cash for Flour,' may perhaps date from those times, when the quartermasters and commissaries of both sides were anxious inquirers for such commodities, and not always strict in paying for them even in promises to pay."

"No, that may be half a century old, and was meant for the benefit of retail customers, neighbors, whom the miller and his men were very fond of, but not trustingly so."

"The circular barrel-stencilling by its side, 'B. Ashby & Sons,'—what firm was that?"

"The last one, I believe. The property had a number of successive owners, and in its latter days was valuable chiefly to the lawyers and the other court-house gentry who live upon fees and costs. There was no end of decrees, trusts, and commissionerships. It was offered at public sale oftener than you can count on both hands. The nearest approach to a settlement was when the flood came along and washed the effective part of the concern away. But the flood didn't wash away the attorneys. They still have a grip on it. Their grist never stops. The miller's house, and a share in the mill, were bought lately by the purchaser of the adjacent farm, and I suppose he is justified for his faith in his title; but the

rest is in the hands of the court yet. As to Buck Ashby, he and his household were the only representatives of the family in this vicinity. The name was a noted one in colonial times. The depression in the mountain immediately above us, traversed by one of George Washington's lottery-built turnpikes, is named Ashby's Gap, after John—better known in tradition as Jack—Ashby, a noted Indian-fighter in the Old French War. The incident that gave his name to the gap, however, was connected with agriculture rather than war. Getting impatient one day with the slow progress down the mountain-side of one of his wagons, he took himself the seat of the driver and put the team to his mettle. The horses ran off, and, as he picked himself ruefully out of the *débris* at the foot of the descent, he exclaimed that it was "a confounded poor team that couldn't outrun the wagon." Possibly the name was clinched by another and more successful exploit of the same man. He was one of the early settlers of the Valley, coming over about the same time with Fairfax, and establishing himself in the immediate neighborhood of Greenway Court, six or seven miles from here, where his descendants still live. He was a favorite with Fairfax, thanks to his hard riding and certain piquancies of character. One autumn night in 1756 a party was collected at the court, solacing themselves with talk and backgammon after a long day in the hunting-field. Midnight had passed, and the group was about breaking up, when a courier was announced from the westward with news of an Indian raid. Fairfax at once said that the governor at Williamsburg must be called on for aid, and asked who would carry a despatch to him forthwith. Ashby instantly volunteered, and in thirty minutes was in the saddle. At eleven o'clock on the night of the same day he galloped, on his seventh horse, along the sandy streets of Williamsburg, two hundred and ten miles distant, dismounted at the 'Palace,' and delivered his despatches into Dinwiddie's hands. The first words of that official, after opening

the missive, were, 'His lordship has made a mistake. The date is of to-day.' 'They were written this morning, sir,' was Ashby's reply. Such courier-work was unexampled at that period, even in the mother-country, where there were beginning to be fine roads; and Ashby's route was through a wilderness, with the additional obstacle of having to pick up his relays as he could happen to find them, often with a strong hand. He was as active on foot as in the saddle, and owed his life to that circumstance on at least one occasion. He was returning from a solitary scout to a block-house on Patterson's Creek, when several Indians sprang from an ambuscade that beset the fort and dashed after their 'most intimate enemy.' It was a half-mile stretch of good turf, with an excited and yelling audience in the rival colors of white and red.

"Run, Jack Ashby, run!" shouted the reds, to whom he was well known. As he leaped over the last obstruction into safety he called back in answer, 'You fools, do you think I run booty?' (in boots).

"John's brother Stephen joined Boone in Kentucky, where he also distinguished himself at the expense of the red man. He was captured, with his family, near the mouth of the Guyandotte, and several of his children murdered before his eyes. The heart of his eldest son was handed him by the savages, and he laid his neck across the gunwale of the boat and begged them to strike. But they reserved him for torture. He effected his escape, however, and his wife and remaining children rejoined him after some years of captivity. His career wound up in the pulpit, whence the worn warrior proclaimed the gospel of peace."

"And ever after lived happily." Time hath stood still for your recital, but it now reminds us of repose. Luckier

than Fairfax, may we rest undisturbed by alarms!"

This hope was disappointed. The murmur of the rapids had just got well into harmony with a sternutatory accompaniment from the otherwise silent mill, when two of the party were awakened by a succession of shouts that might have come from a whole tribe of Indians. Where was number three? He, X——, to wit, was soon discovered to be the author of the telling impromptu. He was found in a state of suspense between two sills at a spot where the flooring had disappeared. One was under his left armpit, while the other was firmly grasped by his right hand. His feet were reaching for the torrent, thirty feet below. He was soon rescued, after some gingerly stepping in the darkness on the part of his friends, who were as ignorant as he of the topography. He had wandered from his couch, more than half unconsciously, and had brought up—or down—in this predicament.

"The bass nearly had you this time, X——. Revenge it is sweet, as the Rev. S. T. C. hath it. You'll take yours in the morning."

"Not I. The fates are against me this bout."

Sure enough, the man of science arose in the morning cured of his enthusiasm. A damper was cast over the party by the more serious one that had so nearly befallen him. His comrades were content to do little more than listen sadly to his tales of former triumphs. They were even disposed to doubt his statement—perfectly truthful—of having, with one other rod, taken eighty-three fine fish at the White Horse one morning in three hours and a half. At least it did not induce them to return to the scene of that miraculous draught. Westward ho, and homeward, was the cry, and their horses joined in it, nothing loath. EDWARD C. BRUCE.

DICK.

IT was in Shanghai one autumn morning that a short, thick-set, good-natured-looking Englishman of about thirty years of age, with light complexion and sandy whiskers, walked impatiently up and down the broad piazza of his residence, now looking over the extended plain of a flat, uninteresting country, and then into the little compound connected with the house, the dreariness of which he had managed to relieve by a small grass-plot, a few shrubs, and a carefully-trained vine of morning-glories, which covered somewhat the ferocity of the dragons and other hobgoblins that ornamented the sides of his front gate-way.

This was the quiet home of our bachelor friend Dick, of which the presiding genius was an almond-eyed adventurer from Canton, named Tim. Dick was just then struggling between anger and amazement at the lack of response to his repeated calls. At length he made another effort to arouse attention, and in a voice still more imperative, as if resolved to wait no longer, roared out, "Ti-i-m!"

"What ting, master? you have callee my?"

"Callee you! of course my callee you. What for you no come first time my talkee? Throat inside all same flute, so long my have shoutee 'Tim.'" (Meaning that his windpipe was all perforated like a flute with calling him.)

"No b'long my, master. Me no heeree," said Tim. "B'long one piecee thief, night-time have come steallee one blottle blandy. Have ketchee he. Bringee he big mandaleen. Too muchee bob'ry" (very angry). "Say, 'foreign master no can have so fashion stealum he blandy.' Have bamboo he thief."

The sum and substance of this explanation was that a thief had stolen a bottle of Dick's brandy during the night, and that Tim had captured him,

brought him before a magistrate, and had him bamboosed.

"Well, maskee" (never mind), said his master. "You go bottom side, ketchee hot water, chop-chop" (quick). "My wanchee shave."

Tim departed, and soon reappeared with the shaving-water. He was a bright specimen of his countrymen, standing five feet four inches in his satin shoes with stiff paper soles turned up in front. His hair was shaved off almost to the crown, and a stiff little cap, barely covering the top of his head, aided in giving undue prominence to the forehead and clean round face, and imparted to his almond-shaped eyes an indescribably serio-comic expression. His long hair, plaited in a massive queue, hung down behind over a loose robe of cream-colored pongee. He was perhaps twenty years old, and had been recommended to Dick by a zealous follower of Confucius.

Dick had been to the club the night before, which fact may have had something to do with the disappearance of the brandy. It always happened that one or more articles were missing the day after a club dinner, and Tim was usually occupied the following morning in having a thief bamboosed at the *yamun* (court), getting instruction upon some doubtful point of propriety from his security (a conspicuous expounder of the doctrine of the Perfect Man), or delivering a reprimandatory lecture to some dishonest tradesman who had been trying to take an unfair advantage of his master.

This morning it was the brandy. Dick listened with interest to Tim's account of his tussle with the thief, which was given in graphic "pidgin" and with many eloquent gestures. Tim proved that the thief could only have swallowed a small portion of the liquor, because he had knocked the bottom out of the bottle with a bamboo while the

miscreant was holding it up to his mouth. He even offered to illustrate how it was done by getting another bottle and a bamboo. Dick did not consider this necessary, and, when he was assured that the pleasure of even the little the thief had managed to dispose of was destroyed by his subsequent flogging, he readily believed his property secure, and concluded to add one more to the long list of services rendered him by Tim. It would be a fine thing, he thought, to speak of at the next club dinner, and would come in opportunely to remove the extraordinary scepticism of a new member in reference to Tim's value.

This worthy Celestial was then despatched for a little nervine. On his return, conversation was resumed. "You have seen any ship walkee in?" asked Dick.

"Me no see. 'Cause why, have thief come stealum brandy."

"Bother you and the brandy!" was Dick's impatient reply. "You go look see. Take big bleiscope; can make eye look far out. Must wanchee find three piecee bamboo, number one large."

That is, he was to take the spy-glass down to the river and look for a three-masted ship. The Orient, from London, with a number of lady missionaries on board, was expected, and Dick, with a pardonable weakness for the fair sex, was anxious to get a refreshing sight once more of a blooming English maiden.

Tim did as directed, and came back not long after, somewhat excited, and exclaiming, "Have walkee in! Have walkee in! Too muchee curio! One piecee foreign missee all same Chinees!"

This was welcome news to Dick. Continuing to question Tim, he asked, "Ship have walkee in 'longside bund?" (wharf.)

"Have walkee in. Three piecee bamboo,—all ploppe. One piecee foreign missee all same Chinees! Iyaah! Iyaah! Too muchee curio!"

"Never mind piecee missee!" said Dick sharply, as Tim evinced such amusement at the sight of an English

lady in Chinese clothing. "Who man have see?"

"Too muchee man,—three, four, five, six. One piecee foreign missee all same Chinees!"

"Confound you and your foreign missee! Where makee go?" asked Dick.

"All go one sanpan" (boat) "inside. Makee lo" (row) "up live!" (river). "All same go joss-man's house."

The coming of the party on board the Orient had long been a topic of conversation at Shanghai, and the occasion of much merriment at the club. Additional interest was lent to the event by the report that they were to put on native dresses and conform to native customs. Shanghai was not often threatened with such an invasion of ladies, and the club boys were planning a love-campaign. But before Cupid could have a chance to draw his arrows from the quiver, the birds had flown up-country.

Dick understood from Tim's explanation that the party had gone in a row-boat to Rev. Mr. Shepherd's place, or, as Tim put it, "to the joss-man's house." Mr. Shepherd lived a few miles up the river, where it curves round outside the west walls of the city. The foreign settlement lay outside the walls on the other side, the native city, with its busy life and exclusiveness, occupying the intervening space. The foreigners saw little of Mr. Shepherd, except when he occasionally came down to preach to them or to read the burial-service over such as had fallen. Dick had been thinking of making him a visit. Here was an incentive. He bade Tim get his house-boat in order, saying he intended to be absent a few days. Proceeding far enough up the river, he anchored his boat in a little creek near Mr. Shepherd's residence. He had merely dropped in, he said, to see them on his way up-country for a little recreation. But he was urged to stay.

Mr. Shepherd, a gentleman of culture, was connected with the Church Missionary Society, and, with his wife, held here an important outpost. They had known

Dick in days gone by, and had often tried to keep him reminded of his early home-teachings in England. They had a flourishing native congregation, and their home was characterized by an atmosphere of quiet refinement which was in itself a missionary influence.

Dick met here one of the new arrivals, Miss Emily Blanchard. She had not yet assumed the native dress. Mr. Shepherd had extended to her the hospitality of his roof while arrangements were being completed for her at a station farther inland. The other members of the party remained on the river, in boats hired for the purpose.

Miss Blanchard's gentle manners and pleasing countenance at once fascinated Dick. Her slender frame and delicate features seemed ill adapted for the life before her, and her deep-blue eyes, shaded by long sweeping lashes, appealed, Dick thought, to him for protection in this strange land, with its rude surroundings, in which she looked so out of place. He was horrified at the idea of one so lovely adopting the Chinese costume and imperilling her health by attempting to subsist on Chinese food and to live in miserable dwellings with bare floors, hard seats, and an utter absence of every comfort and convenience. Then for that beautiful hair to be glued up to represent butterflies' wings, or tortured into the incongruous shape of a teapot-handle, seemed to him like a profanation.

His frank, open face and genial ways, as well as kindly interest, won Miss Blanchard's regard, but his remonstrances were unavailing. Nothing could frighten or allure her from the path upon which she had entered, or shake her confidence in the ultimate success of the work to which she had devoted her life.

Dick found himself unconsciously becoming more and more interested, and busied himself in every little matter that he fancied pertained to her welfare. He even offered to escort her to any station in the interior to which she might be assigned. With the aid of Tim he felt sure that she could be saved from much annoyance and discomfort. Miss Emily

declined with a bright smile his eager offers of assistance, but by many kind expressions on parting conveyed to Dick's mind the impression that he had gained a place in her remembrance.

"I have a strange errand to perform to-day," said Mr. Shepherd, as they walked along the narrow path through the fields to the river-bank.

"Indeed!" was Dick's reply. "Some act of goodness, no doubt; but that is nothing strange with you."

Without noticing the compliment, Mr. Shepherd continued, "I have Miss Blanchard's watch for sale."

"Miss Blanchard's watch!" exclaimed Dick. "Is she in want of funds? Pray do not allow this. Give her back the watch, and draw on me for whatever she may need."

"It is not a question of funds," said Mr. Shepherd, smiling. "It is rather a question of religious scruples."

At this Dick's countenance assumed a somewhat puzzled expression. He was unable to comprehend the connection between a religious scruple and a watch.

"You remember," continued Mr. Shepherd, "the conversation last evening on St. Paul's teaching in reference to the wearing of golden ornaments?"

"Yes, I do," said Dick musingly, a hint of the true state of things flashing across his mind.

"It appears Miss Blanchard had been thinking of the matter very seriously for some time. She had struggled against the conviction that her watch came within the prohibited category, but deferred parting with it, thinking that additional light might lead her to change her mind. She at length confided the secret to my wife, saying she could no longer conscientiously wear the watch, and, instead of putting it away to lie idle, had decided to sell it for the benefit of the mission. We could not induce her to see that this was too literal an interpretation of St. Paul, and I have been intrusted with its disposal to a Chinese jeweller in the city."

"No, no! it must not be!" said Dick, breaking forth from his abstraction on

hearing the words "Chinese jeweller," as if the thought was revolting to him.

Mr. Shepherd added, "I thought that instead of making this disposition of it I would mention the matter to you."

"Of course; that was the proper thing to do," said Dick, much pleased. "Here's a purchaser for you. Let me have it. On no account must it fall into the hands of those long-tailed Ching Chongs."

"This would also be my own wish," said Mr. Shepherd; "for it is evidently the gift of a dear friend. She values it highly, and doubtless parted with it only after much mental pain and questioning."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Dick, "what an odd girl!"

Dick carried the little treasure home and placed it on his dressing-table. Its gentle ticking introduced a new and seemingly important element into the masculine surroundings. Tim's quick eye soon discovered this novel acquisition. He took it up many times in Dick's absence and examined it curiously, with a knowing inclination of the head, and once in his presence ventured so far as to comment on its beauties and ask in an insinuating voice, "B'long one piecee foreign missee?" He did not, however, wait for an answer, but beat a hasty retreat through the half-open door, which, happily, closed upon him in time to receive the boot-jack which Dick intended for his head. It is perhaps needless to say that Tim never repeated the question.

The little timepiece ticked on, and as Dick smoked and listened he built many castles in the air, over which the fair owner presided; and these same musings urged him to make frequent trips "up-river" to Mrs. Shepherd's, for tidings of Emily. He did not always return in the most amiable frame of mind. Tim, realizing the consequences of being in the way at such times, was invariably absent, getting instruction on some doubtful point of propriety.

One morning the little settlement was all astir. Here and there groups of foreigners were to be seen engaged in an

exciting discussion. The natives were also interested. Tea-halls were thronged and waiters kept unusually busy passing round among the various tables to replenish teacups from the boiling caldrons, the steam from which, issuing forth in thick jets, seemed quite in keeping with the expanding spirits of the numerous patrons.

"*Laou hui au*," said one to a demure old follower of the Four Books and the Five Classics, expounder of the twenty-one constant observances and eight cardinal virtues, who stood with a long pipe in his mouth, apparently endeavoring to apply to the present disturbed state of things the all-calming precepts of the Ying and the Yang,—" *Laou hui au, chay-ko shim-o shih?*" ("My elder brother, what is the matter?")

The person thus addressed replied in the same flowery tongue, "Tim, Tim,—ah! Tim has run away from his master; a sum of money is missing, and a gold watch. My iniquities are full! My iniquities are full!" He proceeded to enlarge upon the nature of the responsibility of the scholar to the people, the Doctrine of the Mean, and the proper course of the Perfect Man, by which he was at once recognized as Tim's security.

Tim had gone. Yes, it was too true; though it took twenty-four hours for the fact to be fully realized by the foreigners, who, unwilling to believe the rumor and distrusting information at second hand, repaired to Dick's ever-hospitable bungalow to hear directly from his lips the correct version. Many found it hard to believe that any improper motive actuated Tim in absenting himself, preferring to assume that in a short time he would return and make a satisfactory explanation. They recalled numerous disinterested acts of his which had laid them under obligation to think well of him. One told how, when up-country on a short shooting-expedition, he had imbibed too freely of *samshoo* (native wine), and Tim had come to the rescue and seen him safely carried on board the boat and put to bed, and had

reluctantly accepted a present of five dollars the next morning; another insisted that but for Tim's good offices their party would have been arrested as pirates and decapitated without further ceremony on the occasion of their sailing by the inland customs-station in defiance of an order to stop for examination; while a third pointed with satisfaction to the reform Tim had instituted in the laundry system by having a washerman summoned before the *che hsien* (magistrate) and bamboosed for wearing his foreign customer's under-garments, since which time no such offence had been committed. The natives, in turn, decided that there was nothing in the doctrine of the Le or the Mau to encourage Tim to run away; that these precepts had been daily exemplified before his eyes; that he, therefore, could not have run away. It did not accord with *taou-ki* (true doctrine). Possibly he had gone to bury a relative or to mourn for some one of his deceased friends.

But in spite of these reasonings the stubborn fact remained,—Tim had gone, had gone without permission, and three thousand dollars and a gold watch had gone with him. Had Tim taken them?

The circumstantial evidence against him was strong: still, there was no direct proof. It was decided that the first duty in the premises was to endeavor to recover from the security. Accordingly, this worthy individual was arrested, although vigorously declaring to his admiring native body-guard that such conduct was *puh san, puh sz* (neither three, nor yet four), and on his way to the court quoting long passages from the Four Books to show what ought to be the conduct of the Perfect Man under such circumstances.

Dick was duly sensible of his loss; and, while from motives of duty toward his countrymen determined to prosecute the security, he felt most deeply the abstraction of the little timepiece, and for its return would willingly have overlooked the theft of the money. This feeling was all the stronger because he must conceal it. He could not help

mourning constantly that the watch was gone,—gone, too, into the infidel hands from which he had so many times rejoiced that he had rescued it.

The sun rose cheerily on the following morning. The thoughts of the settlement seemed to centre in the trial of the security. It was a test-case. To what extent a security could be held responsible for the acts of another was a matter of great moment. To the Chinese mind it assumed one aspect, to the foreigners an aspect entirely different. The theory of crime according to Chinese conception is that it must be the result of failure of duty on the part of those who ought to be exemplars and instructors of the people. So in the trial of this case the natives were interested in knowing how far they were to be held morally accountable for each other, while the concern of the foreigners lay in determining how much value pecuniarily could be placed in the securities for their Chinese servants.

The magistrate's *yamun* was crowded with spectators. At nine o'clock precisely the great man entered the hall of justice, his coming being heralded by the herd of understrappers—scribes, insignia-bearers, umbrella-bearers, constables, etc.—composing his retinue, who caused the ancient edifice to reverberate with the cry, repeated all along the line, "*Laou yay tau chay!*" ("The venerable father has arrived: beware of levity in his presence.") He approached his chair with stately tread, and as he sat down, arrayed in silk cape and cone-shaped official hat terminating in a button at the apex, a long, thin, black moustache rendering more conspicuous the stolidness of a face in which not a trace of his inner thoughts could be discerned, he looked the very embodiment of magisterial sternness, before whom the guilty might well stand in awe. At his right sat the English consul, who always appeared whenever a case involving the interest of any of her majesty's subjects was to be heard. He kindly interpreted for Dick, as the whole proceedings were conducted in Chinese.

The security was placed on bended knees in front of the magistrate, in the place railed off for culprits to occupy. Down upon these unhappy victims the magistrate could conveniently look, and the lictors administer without embarrassment blows of the long or the short bamboo whenever directed by the great venerable father. After the follower of Confucius had by striking his head several times against the earth exhibited to the native lookers-on the proper demeanor for the Perfect Man under trying circumstances, the magistrate asked what the charge against the disciple of the great Kung-Footse (Confucius) was: wherein had he violated filial piety or comported himself unworthily of his literary rank?

Dick, stepping forward, said, "Honored sir, he is security for a servant of mine who has run away, taking with him, as I have every reason to believe, a large sum of money and some valuables."

"Is that all?" inquired the magistrate.

"That is the case," replied Dick.

"Then," continued the magistrate, "he has not countenanced false doctrine or neglected the sacrifice at the ancestral tomb?" (Dick admitted that he was not aware of his having been remiss in these respects.) "How then can he be guilty of wrong-doing, or be justly punished, when he has been reverently cultivating virtue?"

(Here the Chinese element appeared exultant, and declared that the decision of the magistrate was "clear white," and that his "stomach" was "centrally illumined.")

The English consul insisted that such a summary disregard of circumstantial evidence and the plain responsibility of the security was unworthy of a magistrate of justice. According to English law, a security financially solvent is held responsible in such cases. But the magistrate found no such teaching in the Four Books or the Great Learning, nor yet in the Doctrine of the Mean, and proceeded to lay down the law applicable to this case.

"All within the 'Four Seas,'" said

he, "are controlled by filial piety. A teacher should set a good example to the people; else how could they be expected to learn propriety? If it could be shown that the demeanor of the accused was such as to exert a bad influence over the people, then the severest punishment should be visited upon him, and his responsibility for whatever evil thing prompted Tim's flight is clear. But if he has reverently observed the strict course of the Perfect Man, and cherished the doctrines of the *Le* and the *Mau*, thinking constantly on the nine precepts and the three superior preferences, he has discharged his entire duty, and cannot be arraigned for evilly influencing the people. The master has said, 'If the people be led by virtue and propriety, they will have a sense of shame and learn good. If you lead on the people with correctness, who will dare not to be correct?'"

With this highly moral sentiment, the magistrate dismissed the case, despite the vigorous but unavailing protests of the consul and the foreigners against so barbarous a perversion of justice.

Dick walked home with a sense of having discharged his duty. He, however, grieved for the watch, and secretly sought some way of procuring its recovery. He knew the potency of money among the Celestials, and resolved to try its efficacy in this direction. He sought out Chang, Tim's intimate friend, who was conceded to rank next to the security as a lucid exponent of the duties of the Perfect Man.

After consuming many cups of tea in the preliminary skirmish, and placing a bank-check for two hundred dollars quietly in his palm to help to extend this good work of enlightening the people, he obtained from Chang a promise to aid him in recovering the watch. Chang, quoting many parallel instances in the lives of the Sages, said it was the duty of the Perfect Man to bend his energies steadily in the direction of serving the people. He even hinted that he had already begun the investigation of this distressing occurrence, and was able to assign as the cause of

Tim's absence his zeal in pursuing the real culprit who had stolen the property. He had reason to believe that Tim had rescued the watch; but, owing to rumors having reached him of his honesty having been called in question, it was doubtful whether he would return.

"The Perfect Man, under such circumstances," said Chang, "seeks seclusion, endeavoring to rectify his heart in solitude, with the view of finding out what particular bias or departure from the 'straight road' has brought about this unjust suspicion." Tim would no doubt send back the watch. But the money, he feared, the thieves had made away with before their arrest.

"Why should thieves come upon us here?" said Chang. "It is the duty of the Perfect Man to ascertain the causes, and, having ascertained the causes, he can assign the reason, and, having assigned the reason, he can provide the remedy. Ah! great was the wisdom of Kung-Footse!"

In the mean while, friendly but earnest differences of opinion had arisen among the members of the new mission in regard to the advisability of wearing the native dress, resulting in the withdrawal of a few who had become convinced that it would be a hindrance rather than a help. Among these was Emily. This accorded with Dick's wishes. In fact, he had long since, in one of his philosophic smokes, reasoned out that she would ultimately "do it" and come to reside in Shanghai. It might have been so but for an opposing fate,—some streak of ill luck that Dick insisted was always overtaking him, and which made him believe so far in the Chinese superstition as to think his *fung shui* was not good.

Emily wrote to Dick that she was soon to return to England, and expressed a great desire to see him before leaving and thank him for his many kindnesses. She also wished his assistance in procuring her a passage home. This letter, passing through the clumsy Chinese post-office, was not delivered for over two weeks. Dick, on its receipt, rushed to Mrs. Shepherd, and learned, to his

horror, that Emily had already gone, and had deeply regretted not having had an opportunity to bid him good-by. The steamer was to start that day, and Emily had gone on board. It was thought possible for Dick yet to reach her. But no; his utmost despatch only succeeded in securing for him a glimpse of the noble vessel, now reduced to a speck on the horizon, fading out of view and carrying Emily off.

Dick uttered a sweeping malediction on the Chinese post-office, and went back to his room to take another philosophic smoke, in the course of which he concluded that things would never be right till either England annexed China and extended her postal service there, or Tim returned, which would be much the same thing, as Tim was better than any postman. He was recalled from his revery by a visit from Chang, the benign gentleman who had undertaken to investigate the distressing case. His face was radiant with smiles. He had good news to communicate. The watch was found.

"There," said Chang, handing it to him, "the Perfect Man bends his energies in the direction of the straight road."

Tim, he explained, had been instructed in the *chung daou* (true doctrine), "hitting the centre exactly in the middle;" and he could not do wrong. But he was "rectifying his heart in solitude." He had captured the thief and forwarded the watch; but till Dick recanted all suspicions so unjustly entertained against him, he could not return. Besides, he had been at great personal loss; but Chang, anticipating this, had sent him remittances from time to time out of the money Dick had given him for benevolent purposes.

Dick was overjoyed, and instructed Chang to invite Tim's immediate return, assuring him that he still possessed his full confidence, at the same time writing a check for a respectable amount to defray current expenses. Chang, after remarking on the high plane from which the Perfect Man views with equanimity knotty occurrences in life, bowed him-

self out of the room, and proceeded to join the security in a neighboring opium-palace to discuss with him the Doctrine of the Mean.

Dick went to the club that night feeling easy. He announced, greatly to the consternation of its members, that important business required his immediate presence in England. He hinted that the cotton-market had something to do with it. At all events, he could not help himself; he must go. There was quite a set-up, and the following mail-steamer carried with it the genial, hearty Dick.

Upon reaching England, Dick found that there was indeed trouble in the cotton-market, or, as his club-friends put it, in the "calico-market." It was greater than Dick had expected. Emily was about to be married. She had reached England a month ahead of him. That was a fatal month. Dick's failure to meet her before her departure, or to send any word of explanation, had, it must be admitted, somewhat influenced her in accepting the offer again renewed of an old lover. Strange as it may seem, Dick had made an impression, and this unlooked-for visit, his explanation of the delayed letter, his return of the watch, and the story he had invented about it to try and disarm suspicion, threw a slight cloud over the happiness

of her approaching wedding. She half suspected his business in England, although he assured her that there was a complication in the cotton-market which needed his presence to settle, and that he had seized the opportunity of running over to see her and restore the watch which she had parted with so long ago. It was hard for Dick to leave, Emily had so many suggestions to make to detain him. But all to no purpose. He had no alternative but to take the next mail out.

"Never mind, Dick, my boy," said his aunt, to whom he confided his trouble; "these girls are always crazy about clergymen. Stay a little, and I'll find you the prettiest girl in all England."

"No, aunt, I must go. It was my own fault. She misunderstood me,—thought my attentions were meant merely as acts of friendship and kindness. I gave her back the watch. She wept over it. She regretted she had not seen me before leaving Shanghai, in such a way as leads me to think she wished things otherwise. It's just my luck: my *fung shui* is not good,—Tim told me so. He is all that is left to me now."

Dick took the next steamer outward bound, to resume his old and long-established methods of living in China.

FREDERICK CARMAN.

OFF SAN SALVADOR.

IT lay to westward,—as of old,
An emerald bar across the gold
Of sunset, whence a vision grand
First beckoned to the stranger-land.

And on our deck, uncoffined, lay
A child, whose spirit, far away,
The wafture of an angel hand
Late welcomed to a stranger-land.

JOHN B. TABB.

LIFE IN A RUSSIAN PROVINCE.

TWO PAPERS.—I.

WITH the name of Russia we usually associate little else besides vague visions of splendid St. Petersburg and proud Moscow, and perhaps a shuddering dream of the horrors of Siberia. In fact, however, this vast empire embraces such a diversity of climate, soil, and races that a brief description of a two years' sojourn in a comparatively obscure province, Russian in name, yet alien in nearly all essential features, may not be wholly without interest at the present juncture. A terrible crisis—political, financial, and social—seems imminent. Startling events have already heralded the apparently-impending catastrophe; loud notes of preparation have been sounded; but the surest indications of swift-coming decadence are to be found, not in sudden, convulsive outbreaks, but in the steady, silent working of causes long and deeply seated in the inner social life of a nation. In the course of the following sketches, written with no political aim, dealing merely with every-day facts, manners, and customs as they appeared to an English resident, some of these inner causes may become apparent.

Courland, the subject of these papers, is the chief of a group of provinces lying on the shores of the Baltic, and, with its neighbors, is said to form one of the brightest gems in the imperial diadem. It was annexed to the Russian crown a century or more ago, and contains within its borders four distinct races,—viz., the Courlanders proper,—subdivided into a majority of Teutonic, a minority of Scandinavian origin,—Jews, and Letts. The last are the oldest-known dwellers in these provinces, and are of a totally distinct race from their neighbors. Their language, varying slightly according to the locality in which it is spoken, bears no relationship to the Slavonian, Scandinavian, or German

dialects, although words and phrases from the latter tongue have been freely imported into the Lettish vernacular.

The origin of these Letts seems involved in obscurity, and I was never able to gather any really trustworthy information on the subject. It is possible that they may be descended from a few stragglers who, after the great break-up of the Roman Empire, and at the time of the general overflow of barbarian tribes, settled near the Baltic, while their more enterprising companions pushed southward to take possession of the richer and more favored portions of the European continent. Be this as it may, the indolent and unambitious nature of the Letts subjected them to centuries of serfdom, from which they were emancipated by Alexander II., "the emperor with the mild eyes," who loved his people but had not learned the ardently-desired secret of making them prosperous and happy. "Twice in fourteen months!" was his melancholy, wondering cry, as he paced the apartments of his palace hour after hour, day by day, so long ago as the winter of 1868-9. The sudden horror, the mortal pang, of that Sunday in March, 1881, was for him no unforeseen catastrophe, no thunderbolt crashing through a cloudless, summer sky: its grim, prophetic shadow had haunted him by day and night through many a long year of splendid misery. Yet the great mass of his subjects would have given their lives for his; and, until the fatal revelation of a great personal transgression, the peasants at least were firm in their belief that the Divine Power would overrule and avert every traitorous attempt. After this revelation, they loved their emperor still, but their faith in a special divine protection was gone.

The Courlanders, strictly so called, preserve all the characteristics of their

original nationality. German is their ordinary language, though French does duty on ceremonious occasions, and their religion is Lutheran. They cling tenaciously to their ancient traditions, and their habits and customs are far more German than Russian.

It was a lovely evening in August when I set out from Berlin upon my Russian expedition, and on the afternoon of the next day I passed the last Prussian station and entered the Russian dominions. At Wirballen, the frontier-station, my fellow-passengers and I alighted, and our passports and baggage were at once seized upon. Having an hour to wait, I found plenty of occupation in looking around and in noting the sudden contrast to all that I had left behind me. The scene was a novel one. The spacious station-house, built chiefly of wood, was crowded with people in all kinds of costumes. The railway officials themselves were clad in tight, dark-green uniforms faced with dingy red, and low round caps, broad at the crown and sloping down to fit the head. The luggage was carried into the receiving-room by Russian soldiers, who eke out their scanty pay by services of this kind and eagerly compete for the modest recompense of a few kopecks. A kopeck is the hundredth part of a rouble, which latter coin ought to be equivalent in value to about three shillings English, but at present is only equal to one and tenpence halfpenny. These soldiers presented the most abject, poverty-stricken appearance, with their dirty, tattered uniforms, and squalid, dejected-looking faces. Many of them had bare feet. The custom-house barrier, behind which the luggage was sorted for inspection, was crowded with people of many nationalities. Next to me stood a Polish lady dressed in delicate blue silk, beneath which was visible a richly-embroidered under-skirt; diamonds, gorgeous gems of price, flashed and sparkled on her fingers, at her ears and throat. Nor was she at all singular in her elegance. But she was in her turn jostled and elbowed by tall, swarthy Jews of her own nationality, — dark-eyed, black-

bearded, wearing the well-known flat cap and long, black caftan. The custom-house officers looked very fierce, with their quick-glancing eyes and heavy moustaches, but I do not think that they were so in reality; for the official who inspected my property, an attenuated, terrier-faced old gentleman, took from one of my trunks a book (books are contraband, of course, in those regions), gravely inspected it, then looked at me with a severe air, and shook his head. I replied with a look of non-comprehending inquiry, innocent and unembarrassed, whereupon he smiled, replaced the volume, — it was Thackeray's "Humorists," — closed the box, and handed me the key.

My business thus satisfactorily despatched, I went in quest of refreshment. I was hungry, for I had lost my chance of a meal at the last stopping-place, some hours before, not caring to engage in the desperate struggle for food which had then taken place, in which women and children had been forced to give way before the mighty bulk and determined elbows of the nobler sex. But who could describe the horrors of that *refreshment-room*, fallaciously so called? Long tables covered with cloths bearing the marks of many a hasty meal supported greasy dishes containing the remains of strange-looking food, — doubtful ragoûts, messes of caviare, strips of raw fish, and plates of butter which too evidently betrayed the scarcity of knives. Turning away in disgust, I contented myself with a large piece of barley-bread, which I saw cut from the loaf, and a cup of tea. The tea, a weak, colorless, tepid fluid, was served out from a large *samovar*, but was conveyed to me in a cup that revealed by obvious external signs how greatly it had been in request. Milk there was none, sugar frugally dealt out, and hardly counteracting the intense acid of the slice of lemon floating on the top of the uninviting beverage.

My delicious repast swallowed, I sallied forth to look for my train and to ask a few needful questions concerning it. But, lo! to my carefully-enunciated,

grammatically-expressed queries the officials seemed deaf. One after another passed me by, ignoring my painfully-correct German. The minutes were rapidly passing, and where was my train? In despair I seized one of these stolid functionaries,—how sadly contrasting with their civil, obliging *confrères* but ten minutes distant over the Prussian border!—and, in fierce and energetic pantomime, made known my determination to be attended to. The next minute I was safely seated in a carriage reserved for ladies. It was not until some time after that I solved the mystery of this official deafness. It appeared that the railway-company, in common with other government officials (all the railways are under the government), were suffering under an access of patriotism, and could only understand Russian for the nonce.

This ladies' carriage, or *Damen-coupé*, was one of the least comfortable vehicles in which it has ever been my lot to travel. Nor did its profession of exclusiveness secure its occupants from the intrusion of the other sex; for we had not proceeded far on our way when two gigantic Poles, in indescribably filthy caftans, entered the carriage. The coupé was narrow; every place was occupied. Murmurs arose; references to the exclusive privilege were uttered. Unabashed, these imperturbable heroes placed themselves back to back, and, bending their tall forms, they leaned upon the open windows, thus forming a most unsavory barrier, or wall of partition, to the extreme inconvenience of the lawful passengers. And so they remained for several stages of the journey.

The scenery through which we passed was, for the most part, uninteresting in the extreme, and gave a stranger the impression of bleak, barren desolation. Scrubby moorland, sun-baked and withered, a few wind-blighted, dismal pine forests, such was the general impression conveyed. I afterward learned that much of this wretchedness was due to the cutting down of the Polish forests, whereby the border provinces were deprived of shelter from the sweeping, scattering east winds. A few huts, here

and there, told of a miserable, impoverished peasant population.

Riga is a picturesque town; but, as I only remained there four hours, I do not feel myself competent to describe it. Mitau, the capital of Courland, reached by *diligence*, was my next stage, and there I remained for the night, at the house of a lady of high rank, who had invited me to rest there before proceeding to my final destination.

The countess herself was absent on a foreign tour. I was therefore received by her housekeeper, a lively, dark-eyed, pleasant-looking young woman, who lost no time in conducting me to the rooms prepared for me, and in serving supper. The countess's own suite of apartments, including boudoir, small drawing-room, dining-room, and greater and lesser saloon, were magnificent; the furniture, if scanty, solid and costly; the rooms themselves enriched with marble, gilding, and polished inlaid floors. The ordinary rooms were dismal enough, if spacious and lofty; the furniture shabby, the floors plain and carpetless. The bedroom I occupied was one usually allotted to members of the countess's family when on a visit to her; but I question if a West-End London maid-servant would not have grumbled at its dull and comfortless appearance.

Supper was served on solid silver, and consisted of weak soup, bread made of a mixture of wheat and barley, hard-boiled eggs, small potatoes boiled in their skins, a dish of raw ham, and another of raw smoked salmon,—the last a delicacy worthy of any table. Tea was also served, but, alas! it reminded me too forcibly of the nectar imbibed at Wirballen. In Russia proper it would certainly have been prepared in perfection; why must these Courlanders invariably follow the German usage with regard to the fragrant herb? My first cup of tea in Mitau certainly had one negative virtue: it in no way interfered with the sound, dreamless slumber, induced by long and tedious travelling, that fortified me for the half-day's journey which yet lay between me and my ultimate destination.

At noon next day a rather shaky carriage, drawn by a pair of lean horses, stood at the countess's door, and the driver, a tall-hatted, long-coated, belted, and bearded individual, took charge of myself and my goods. The horses started at a brisk trot, and the posting-bells jangled merrily. No posting-carriage is allowed to travel without this noisy accompaniment, which in the course of a long drive becomes rather a nuisance.

During the earlier part of the day several light showers of rain had fallen, rendering the bright and varied tints more vivid, and diffusing a fresh fragrance of flowers and moist, mossy earth. We drove for many miles along a broad, unlevel road, through an undulating country,—an endless alternation of corn, pasture, and moorland, the monotony broken now and then by one of those glorious forests which are the pride and beauty of Courland. Who shall describe the splendors of a Courland forest?—the noble fir-trees, with their gracefully-drooping boughs and feathery branches, interspersed with silver-barked birches, swaying in their slender elegance to every breath of wind that stirs among them, while here and there a sturdy oak rears its majestic head above its compeers. Then the dark, mysterious glades and tangled pathways, penetrating far into the dim forest depths, and the short turf which, in the first delicious days of early summer, is dotted over with cowslips, "swallows' eyes," anemones, sweet violets, and other spring flowers. Those grand forests!—how I have learned to love them, especially as I have seen them since, in the still solemnity of their winter garb, each tree daintily frosted with the glancing snow, while the dazzling whiteness that overspreads the earth gives back a reflection that makes even the leaden canopy above gleam with a silvery lustre. The country then looks dreary and ghost-like; the sledges glide noiselessly through the forest-paths and over the almost trackless wastes,—trackless but for the spectral-looking posts, painted in grim spirals of black and white divided by a thin streak of dusky red, and planted at intervals on

each side of what in summer would be perfectly discernible as the Russian idea of a high-road. Toward sunset, the thick curtain will probably roll up; then what a gorgeous *coup-d'œil*! The whole face of nature will be lighted up by a rosy smile, and the brown stems of the pine-trees will blush a magnificent dark red. This phase of loveliness will be quickly followed by the enchanting spectacle of the clear, star-spangled sky of a Northern winter, and the snowy carpet will catch a faint glimmer from the twinkling orbs which there shine with a radiance unknown to more temperate climes. The gray, still day is beautiful, with its morning or evening tints of pearly pink or glow of crimson. But what so splendid as the blinding brilliance of a sunny day in winter, when the cloudless sky is of a deep, Italian blue, and the snow too bright to look upon!

As we proceeded on our journey, I was struck with the total absence of boundary-walls, fences, or hedges, the lines of road being everywhere marked out by a deep trench on either side; and this same species of landmark serves to divide field from field, moor from plantation. At intervals, these trenches intersect the road itself; and then they are spanned by half a dozen planks laid across. It frequently happens that one or more of these planks are worn away, so as to leave a large hole, perhaps right in the middle of the primitive bridge. Surely Courland horses must be endowed with supernatural sagacity, otherwise they would infallibly break their legs in these traps.

Here and there on the route were to be seen groups of wretched dwellings huddled together, constructed with a few uprights and cross-beams, the crevices patched up with mud and turf, and the roofs thatched with blackened straw. Such are the habitations of the peasants that labor on the estate of some wealthy count or baron, whose substantial, red-tiled mansion, approached by an avenue of birches or chestnuts, might be descried in the distance, with its jalousied windows and shady veranda, its well-

stocked orchard and severely utilitarian garden, where cabbages and other indispensable but homely vegetables occupy the place of honor, driving the few rose-bushes and flowering shrubs to take refuge beneath the windows of the countess's boudoir or the count's smoking-apartment. Close to the mansion, or *schloss*, are stables, barns, a forge, a carpenter's shop, the *herberge*, or *annexe*, a building occupied as the abode of the bailiff, or *intendant*, the store-keeper, and the chief servants of *monseigneur's* household. Not far off are sure to be seen a windmill, a hostelry, looking like a long barn with a few small windows in it, and a Lutheran church, with squat tower, slated roof, and severely white-washed walls. Very near to the church is usually the *pastorat*, or presbytery, surrounded by well-tilled and productive fields, for the Courland clergy farm their own glebes and generally excel in the practice of agriculture. A school-house is the frequent but not invariable appendage to a wealthy nobleman's estate. The whole scene presents somewhat the appearance of a feudal settlement in the Middle Ages,—the lordly castle in the centre, the dwellings, workshops, and smithy of the dependants grouped around. A modern village has no representative in Courland.

As we passed groups of laborers at work in the fields, no jocund laugh or merry whistle saluted the ear. I never heard a Courland peasant sing, except in church; and when we met a countryman, clothed in a belted sheep-skin tunic, with boots reaching to the knee and bound with the same hairy material, toiling along on foot, or rattling over the ground in his *telega*, a small, springless cart of primitive structure, drawn by a dwarfed, ill-shapen horse, he would just doff his round cap, scarcely removing the huge-bowled pipe, his inseparable companion, to murmur, "Good-day," or "God help you," with a sullen, downcast air. If a Jew peddler happened to pass, we received a more cordial greeting: his dark eyes would light up and his heavily-moustached visage break into a roguish, in-

sinuating smile as he offered to display his wares there and then by the roadside for inspection.

The soft, balmy twilight had fallen when we clattered over a bridge which lay across a small, dry moat, drove through a gateless gate-way, and in two more minutes drew up before the *peron* of a massive and extremely ugly building, square, weather-stained, many-windowed. The great door possessed neither knocker nor bell; but it was nevertheless soon opened by a stately individual in rusty black, who ushered me into a tolerably spacious vestibule, and from thence, through white-painted folding doors, into an anteroom furnished with a table, two cane-bottomed chairs, many pegs for the accommodation of out-door garments, and a tall pier-glass. Here I was met by a buxom maiden, clad in a well-worn gingham gown, and contrasting forcibly in dress and mien with the smart, brisk *femme-de-chambre* familiar to British ideas, who invited me to lay aside my travelling-wraps and prepared to conduct me to the *speisesaal*, where the family were then at supper. But before I had completed my hasty and inconvenient toilet, the young Countess K—— herself appeared, and with outstretched hand bade me welcome to G-A—. It is considered the proper thing by these worthy Courlanders to greet any British stranger with a hearty and often somewhat exaggerated shake of the hand. Among themselves the mode of salutation is generally more formal, being restricted to a bow; or, if it be a gentleman greeting a married lady, he may be permitted to kiss her hand. Formerly, the lady responded by kissing the gentleman's forehead; but this usage is less common among the present generation. Behind the countess came a very pretty, but tiny, quaint, old-fashioned girl of four, dressed in a plain white muslin frock, who dropped a solemn courtesy at the word of command from her mother. I was conducted to the *speisesaal* and placed at a round table in the middle of the apartment. The repast, spread upon spotless damask, consisted

of tea dispensed from the unfailing samovar, and served with *hot* milk, cutlets of mutton delicately fried in oil and bread-crums, potatoes boiled in their skins, cakes of fine wheaten flour, about the size of what we call a "batch-cake,"—a most unsatisfactory apology for a loaf,—and similar cakes of rye and barley flour. Supper is a summer meal, for at that season all the world dines early,—at one or two o'clock. In winter a substantial luncheon is served at half-past twelve, and dinner at five. This meal is followed by a very slight tea at nine. Breakfast is always a very trifling affair. One cup of coffee and a couple of slices of barley-bread and butter, the length and breadth of two fingers, followed perhaps by a biscuit the size of a ginger-nut,—such is considered adequate preparation for the duties of the first half of the day. It requires an apprenticeship before one can feel satisfied by such Barmecide's fare. How full-grown men could set forth for a day's hunting thus fortified has ever remained to me a mystery. Perhaps the copious morning dose of tobacco-smoke and indefinite portions of schnapps in some way made up for the want of substantial food.

The dining-room of G.-A.— was a spacious, oblong apartment, with unpapered walls, corniced ceiling, and polished floor, barely and scantily furnished. In one corner stood the inevitable white porcelain stove, and near one of the three windows, in the opposite corner, stood a light, oak-colored receptacle, a compromise between a chiffonier and a kitchen dresser, in which were stored plates, cups and saucers, spoons, forks, etc. Low cupboards were arranged in the wall beneath the windows, and a long table of some dark species of wood did duty as a sideboard. A door in another part of the wall gave access to the *handkammer*, or store-closet, from which the countess every morning measured out the supplies of tea, coffee, rice, sugar, dried fruits, candles, soap, and other household necessities to her maid, who also performed some of the duties of housekeeper, and to the cook, a mouse-tailed individual in white cap and

apron, who always wished his lady a "most submissive good-morning" and kissed her jewelled hand ere receiving the daily rations. A few chairs and a dumb-waiter completed the furniture of this dismal apartment. Conversation at table was conducted in French, which the nobles generally speak with great fluency, though with a very strong and peculiar accent of their own. Two other little children, aged respectively five and three, sat at table, besides the little maiden who had first greeted me, and they all behaved with the most perfect decorum. It is the praiseworthy custom in Courland for children to sit at table with their parents, and with their parents' guests, as soon as they can safely carry a spoon and fork to their lips: they thus learn betimes to conduct themselves with propriety, and seldom or never interrupt the proceedings by the least breach of discipline or good manners.

The next day I had abundant leisure to look around me, and the countess inducted me into the mysteries of the internal economy. To begin with the mansion itself. I have already described the dining-room. A pair of wide folding doors at one end of the apartment led into a passage, from which access was obtained to a kind of servants' hall, which also served as the sleeping-room of the butler-factotum, and to a staircase leading down to the kitchen-regions. Another pair of similar folding doors led into the count's writing-room (adjoining which was his dressing-room), through which one passed into the *saal*, or great saloon, the common place of assemblage for family, guests, tutors, and governesses. Beyond this was the boudoir of the countess, richly furnished with walnut and blue chairs and couches, cabinets, heavy blue *portières*, mirrors, Turkey carpet, and an exquisite specimen of Dresden china. The china was hardly suitable to a lady's drawing-room, but it might well have graced the dressing-closet of a queen,—for it was a suite consisting of toilet-table surmounted by a looking-glass framed in vividly-colored flowers, cupids, and canaries, and little

toilet-boxes and vases, each article enriched with blossoms looking just ready to be gathered. Next to this luxurious little room was the children's play-room, from which a side-door led into the nursery, which adjoined the chamber of the count and countess. Then came the library, furnished with solid light oak, and containing standard German and French authors, with here and there an English classic. From the library one reached the anteroom, after having made the complete tour of the ground-floor from room to room without the aid of corridor or passage. This arrangement was in some respects convenient, but it involved at least two, generally three, pairs of folding doors in each room; and, as these doors were seldom closed, save those of the sleeping-apartment above named, one experienced a sense of publicity incompatible with British ideas of domestic comfort. The flooring of this noble suite was of inlaid work, and the ceilings were richly corniced and in some cases adorned with frescos. Yet, notwithstanding the elegance of the furniture and appointments, the rooms had a bare, chilly appearance and in the winter were cheerless in the extreme.

The upper rooms were reached by a broad spiral staircase of oak, and were arranged, like those below, in suites; but all could be entered from the corridor. The chief articles of furniture in each chamber consisted of one or more narrow beds of German architecture, covered with homespun linen sheets, enormous square pillows, and wadded coverlets, the upper surface being usually of some gay-colored silken material. The bed was nearly concealed from view by a curtained framework or screen. There was the usual diminutive toilet-apparatus, two chairs, a writing-table, and a sofa. Baths, as such, exist not. There was certainly, half a mile or so from the house, an establishment called by that name and frequented by the upper servants; but it was a contrivance of hot air and steam, a species of simplified Turkish bath. As for the bath pure and simple, *so was existirt nicht in Kurland*. Twice or thrice during my

two years' stay at G.-A.—I beheld an immense oval brewing-vat, as it seemed to me, being carried between two servants by means of a pole passed through the handles at each end. It was conveyed to the count's writing-room, and followed by many pails of water. The furniture, or the greater part of it at least, had previously been removed. The doors were locked, and I was given to understand that my lady was taking a bath. With *tant de façons* thus involved, no wonder that bath-taking in a Courland mansion is a solemnity reserved for rare occasions. It is true that the Countess Felicia, having recently imbibed enlightened views on hygiene, decreed that her children were to be subjected to the infliction of a daily bath during the summer; but the ceremony was as summary as it was perfunctory. Each child was placed in a tub, and, while it cowered there in nervous terror, two large jugfuls of cold water were discharged upon its shrinking back, and the business was done. Apropos of ablutions, I once heard the following dialogue, which perhaps may throw more light on this subject than any description could do:

Elderly patrician lady, at the head of society in the province, *loq.*—"Baron, you seem out of sorts to-day: is anything the matter?"

Baron.—"It is true, countess, I do not feel well to-day. The fact is, I perpetrated an imprudence this morning: I—*washed my neck*."

Next door to my own chamber was the *mehlzimmer*, or meal-store-room, where great quantities of flour of various kinds were kept: this formed the head-quarters of legions of mice, which, sallying thence, would distribute themselves impartially throughout the whole house, displaying a coolness and effrontery unknown to their British cousins.

The linen-press, stored with napery of all kinds, from serviceable household linen to the finest cobweb-like tissue and the most exquisite damask, all embroidered with the family initials and coronet, elicited my warmest admiration. The countess herself attended to this

department, taking out and replacing with her own neat and orderly hands every article in request for household use.

Such is a fair description of the interior of G.-A—. The grounds surrounding the house were by no means picturesque, though pleasant enough in summer: they consisted of large, coarse-tufted grass-plots, a very few flower-beds, a large orchard of apples, pears, and plums, and an extensive, well-kept kitchen-garden. The old gardener was a character,—a noted miser, in fact. Though nearly seventy years of age, he had never married, but was in the habit of confiding to his special gossips that he was looking out for a young girl of fifteen or so, who should be educated according to plans of his own. His hand, name, and *scrappings* (for they were more than mere savings) were to be the reward of a training altogether Spartan in its strict simplicity and severe economics. When I last saw him, he had not yet fixed upon his fair candidate. He had dwelt at G.-A— all his days, and had never seen a paved road or causeway.

The rough, sloping lawns were skirted on the south side by a large pond, the home of a pair of domesticated swans. I speak of *domesticated* swans to distinguish them from the wild ones, which, at the approach of winter and beginning of spring, visit a neighboring lake in vast flocks, to rest for a few days on their migratory passage. The periodical visits of these birds are infallible indications of a coming change of season, which in Courland takes place suddenly and without much warning.

As I accompanied the countess through the *hof*, or court-yard, the various servants and peasants who were lounging about hurried to kiss, not her hand,—that would have been presumptuous in a Lett,—but the skirt, or even the hem, of her garment,—a humiliating act of homage, degrading alike to the saluter and the saluted.

The farm-buildings were exceedingly well constructed: one of them contained a costly treasure, to which I was proudly

introduced as to a *compatriot*,—a handsome ploughing-engine from Norwich! Count K— was a Prussian, merely naturalized in Courland; therefore he was more enlightened than most of his brother-nobles, and, being wealthy, he could indulge in expensive experiments and valuable improvements.

There are four great divisions of society in Courland,—viz., the nobility, the *literaten*, or professional class, the peasants, and the Jews. "*Mensch fängt mit Baron an*" ("Mankind begins with baron"),—such is the proverb aimed in bitter satire at the nobles, whose arrogant claims to superiority have called it forth. In no other part of Europe are class-distinctions so rigidly marked out and observed as in Courland; and in no other country, I should think, do hatred and jealousy prevail to so great an extent between class and class. The nobles hate the *literaten* because, though these latter are inferior to them in birth, they are superior to them in intelligence and mental culture. The Jews hate both nobles and *literaten*, because they are equally despised by both; and the peasantry look with dislike and superstition upon all who are better off than themselves; though, of course, their chief hatred is directed against their hereditary masters, the lords of the soil. They also bestow a considerable share of animosity upon the clergy, whom they suppose, most erroneously, to be in league with the nobles to deprive them of their lawful rights.

"We are a privileged class," is the dominating sentiment of the noble mind; yet of their true privileges they seem to have recked but little. This is proved by their attitude toward the supreme governing power,—the attitude of the majority, I ought to say. There exist in Courland among the aristocratic families some thoroughly sincere, devoted Russophiles, but they are decidedly in the minority. No fanatical Russophile myself, I must nevertheless bear candid testimony to what I considered, so far as I was enabled to judge, the fair and equitable terms accorded to the Baltic

provinces by the imperial power. The whole group of Courland, Esthonia, and Livonia are governed by a common ruler, whose seat is at Riga. Each province has its sub-governor, frequently, if not always, chosen from the nobility of the province he is appointed to govern. The nobles have a voice in the local government. Indeed, I was informed by Count K—— that, but for their own indolence and apathy, the framing of the laws relating to their own province would be practically in the hands of the nobles themselves. Failing thus to assume their gravest responsibilities, can it be wondered at that the supreme power is taking Baltic affairs more and more into its own hands and establishing matters on a more and more purely Russian basis? I heard much of Russification while in Courland; but I could not help thinking that for the grievances complained of the patrician classes had themselves to thank. Then the highest offices of state are open to Courlanders as to Russians born. A Courland noble stood high in the government but a year or two ago; and I was slightly acquainted with a middle-aged count, a marvel of phlegm, whose uncle had been bosom-friend to the ill-fated Emperor Paul. Nay, more than this, the same "bosom-friend" was at the head of the conspiracy to assassinate the Czar; and when the latter, having some suspicion of the plot, implored Count P—— to tell him if there were any truth in his fears, the count emphatically denied the existence of the conspiracy. This denial did not, however, restrain the count from entering the Czar's apartments at the head of the band of murderers, or from being the first to stuff a handkerchief down the throat of the doomed emperor.

If, however, the Courland nobleman is apathetic concerning his duties to the state, and prefers grumbling over political troubles to trying to remedy them, he is indefatigable in the occupations pertaining to the management of his own lands. As a rule, the practice of agriculture in Courland is in a truly primitive condition. The light wooden hand-

ploughs might have been designed by the patriarchs; and it says much for the natural fertility of the soil that abundant crops of wheat, barley, oats, and rye are obtained by this mere scratching of the surface-land. Much is doubtless due to the warm and fertilizing carpet of snow which during a winter of average severity covers the face of the country for five or six months. Then the hopes of the husbandman are rarely blighted by untimely deluges of rain at the critical moment of harvest. I have known crops blighted and famine brought about by too much sunshine, but never by too much rain. Courland is pre-eminently a grain-producing province. The long, severe winter, necessitating the confinement of cattle in close quarters for the greater part of the year, is not favorable to the raising of stock. Sheep are rarely kept. Count Felix was one of the few landed proprietors who counted a sheepfold among his farm-buildings, and his sheep were lean, miserable-looking creatures. The *hammelfleisch* which occasionally appeared on the dinner-table at G.-A—— was a stringy, tasteless, brown tissue, swimming in rank fat; and I often smiled internally when the countess expressed her surprise at the English being "so fond of mutton."

Next to the superintendence of the very simple farming operations, hunting forms the most prominent feature of country life in winter-time. It is no mere pastime, indulged in for the sake of the pleasure to be derived from it. *Fleischjuden*, or itinerant Jew butchers, bring supplies of fresh meat to each country-mansion; but the uncertainty connected with the possibilities of making long journeys renders this source of supply a precarious one. Therefore the addition of delicious fresh venison and large, fine-flavored hares, the latter roasted, boned, and served with lettuce and cream, is a very welcome and palatable one. Snipe, cock-of-the-woods, and other feathered game also form an agreeable variety in place of the ordinary domestic poultry. Of course there is no hunting on horseback in Courland. The game to be sought hides itself in the

depths of the forests. Accordingly, a certain area is fixed upon by the master *pro tem.* of the hunt, and a place of rendezvous appointed, to which the hunters drive in rough sledges, or in still ruder *jagdwagen*, according to the condition of the roads. Arrived on the spot, they descend from their equipages and draw lots for places. A *battue* then takes place. Little boys are employed to frighten the game from their hiding-places, and their moral and physical training is advanced by the payment they receive for their services,—doses of schnapps, a strong taste for which beverage they have already inherited from their progenitors. Yet drunkenness in a domestic servant—in a coachman, for example—is dealt with as severely as if the nobles had founded Bands of Hope and temperance societies among their dependants.

Fox-hunting, after the same manner of procedure, is largely pursued, the rich, beautiful fur of the fox being in great request for the lining of pelisses, fur boots, etc. The marten is occasionally found; but this little animal, so valuable for its skin, is now becoming very rare in the province. Wolf-hunts are of infrequent occurrence, but they occasion great excitement when they do take place.

The rules of the hunt are peculiar. Every nobleman is entitled by law to hunt on any estate he pleases, and game is preserved only so far as the peasantry are concerned; but this privilege is seldom made use of, it being contrary to the understood rules of etiquette. The nobleman who organizes the hunting-party claims the spoils of the chase, and usually entertains at dinner those who have shared with him the toils of the day.

These parties furnish the chief portion of the winter's amusement; and the lady-members of the neighboring families drive over and join their husbands and brothers at dinner. A country dinner-party in these primitive regions is a most wearisome ceremony. As all the great families for many miles round are well known to each other, and most

of them more or less nearly related, there can be but little variety. The gentlemen do not conduct the ladies to the dinner-table, except on grand occasions. They merely allow them to pass in first and seat themselves on either side of the hostess, then take their own places with the host at the lower end of the table. Consequently, conversation is seldom general. The gentlemen discuss the incidents of the hunt, the price of corn, and the amount of profits drawn from their respective estates during the past year; while the ladies talk of their children, their servants, and such of their intimate friends as do not happen to be present. The winter sojourn in Mitau, and the summer trip to Germany, or even to Paris, also supply plenty of topics for these social gatherings. After dinner the guests adjourn to the great saloon, where coffee is handed round, and then the gentlemen, ungallant cavaliers that they are, retire to their host's sitting-room to solace themselves with cards and tobacco for the rest of the evening. Cards seem to be their one in-door delight, and I have known a party of weather-bound guests spend an entire Sunday, from ten in the morning until ten at night (with intervals for meals), in this elevating pastime.

The employments of a Courland lady of rank are manifold; and in methodical attention to the affairs of her household, in systematic reading, in daily tasks of plain needle-work, and in the superintendence of her children's training and education, she sets an example which might with advantage be followed by her well-born sisters of other lands. The servants, over whom she exercises close supervision, are a terribly rough set, with the exception of the major-domo and the *femme de chambre*; the latter are usually imported from Prussia. Those who are accustomed to the neat-handed, trimly-attired servant of a well-ordered British household would certainly stand aghast could they behold the representatives of those functionaries in Courland. Take as a specimen the *stubenmädchen*, or housemaid.

Imagine an awkward, slipshod figure, clad in short, nondescript nether garments and loose jacket of some dark material, the unkempt but often luxuriant hair covered by a once gaudy kerchief, which one cannot help thinking is worn to conceal the disorder beneath; try to fancy the uncouth manners, the strange tongue, the whining tones of the plaintive voice: there you have the type of the Lettish domestic female servant. The men-servants are in no way superior to their companions of the gentler sex; while both men and women are equally untrustworthy,—perhaps because they are never trusted. Such, then, are the menials over whom the noble châtelaine exercises her sway. Wages are calculated on a scale proportionate to the servant's deserts. A first-rate housemaid in a noble house in Mitau, at the time of which I write, received thirty roubles yearly, then equivalent to about three pounds fifteen shillings English. Perhaps wages have risen within the last few years. To be sure, everything

else was in proportion to this moderate tariff. The best meat could be had for thirty kopecks or so the pound, and other expenses of living matched these almost mediæval prices.

"Why," said a young pastor to me one day, in evident indignation at our luxurious ideas, "in England a man considers himself poor with *one hundred pounds a year!*"

This exclamation gives some insight into the ideas of these frugal Courlanders. Such money as they possess, indeed, is chiefly in the form of paper, small silver coins, or copper. I remember Count K—— one day summoning me to the room in which was his strong box, that I might examine a great curiosity. I went, and was rewarded by the sight of a gold coin,—a gold imperial, I think it was.

"There," said the count, "that is a sight rarely to be seen in Russia."

Alas! how much more rare must such a sight be now!

SARAH M. S. PEREIRA.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ELM.

"GREAT Cæsar! what a tree!"
"What an ee-NOR-mous trunk!"

"Jumbo's is nowhere."

"Only look at those branches! they shoot out as gracefully and symmetrically as a bouquet of rockets."

"Bouquet of young giants. You would think some Titan had gathered all the elms in the street and bound them in one great fagot."

"Now, George, that is really a poetical idea. Never say again that you have no imagination."

"And, what is more to the purpose, I have a tape-measure. If you will hold the horse, I'll see how much broadcloth it will take to fit this fellow to a jacket. But you will have to sign your name to

the figures, or no one will believe the story."

He tossed her the reins, and, entering the garden-gate, began making his rather painful way around the gnarled roots. At the same moment the door of the house opened, and an elderly spinster of forbidding aspect appeared.

"Excuse me, madam, for trespassing on your property, but you have a tree of such extraordinary proportions that—"

"You wanted to measure it. They all do, but I thought I'd save you the trouble; I've got all the figures here. It's twenty-one feet eight inches at its very tightest girth, and thirty before it branches. Its shadow at noonday measures one hundred and twenty feet

from tip to tip. It's a hundred and twenty-three years old last March. We are used to strangers asking, and proud to tell them."

"Thank you heartily for the information; but how does it happen that you know the age so exactly?"

"We have the architect's bill, which gives the date when the house was built; and I've heard my grandmother say that the tree was set out on the day of the house-warming, and was a year old then. They've stood by each other, tree and house, for many a long day, but I can't see that the tree fails any. It's as sound at heart, and grows as green and as fresh, as though it had been planted in our time."

"It is, without exception, the largest tree I ever saw," said the young man. "How many cords of wood should you imagine, now, that it would yield?"

"I never thought of such a thing," the woman replied, somewhat offended. "I would sooner lose my right hand than have it cut down."

"Oh, certainly! I understand," the young man apologized. "No one could think of damaging so beautiful an object: it is really a more perfect tree than any of those which Dr. Holmes mentions."

"People have said that it was handsomer and larger than the Edwards Elm at Northampton," the woman replied, retreating into the house and appearing about to close the door. The young man bowed, and was turning toward the carriage, when the little lady who had held the reins called to him,—

"Ask her about the tavern."

"There is no tavern in the village," the woman replied. "Mrs. Lawrence, down the lane, sometimes keeps people."

"Couldn't you keep us just for overnight?" the lady asked coaxingly. She had alighted now and stood beside her husband.

"Allow me to introduce my wife,—Mrs. George Cooper. It would be a great obligation, and we are not particular people."

"I couldn't get you any supper at this time in the afternoon, and I haven't any stable for your horse."

"Oh, don't trouble," said Mrs. George Cooper: "we have a whole basket of things left over from luncheon, and I presume George could get some one of the farmers to give him a stall for Black Diamond. We have driven all the way from Great Folly, and are as tired as we can be."

"Well, come in: I won't refuse you, and there's plenty of room in the house, for I'm all alone. My name is Jane Hartley. Make yourselves at home here in the best-room until I can fix up Sister Belinda's bedroom for you up-stairs."

Sophie Cooper sat for some time alone in the quaintly-furnished parlor, appreciatively taking in the details,—the many-paned windows with broad cushioned seats, the wide fireplace filled with sprays of asparagus, the spindle-legged card-tables, and the high-backed chairs. She had no mania for acquiring colonial furniture, spinning-wheels, and warming-pans; but everything about this old house seemed so perfectly in keeping, the coolness and the peace were so refreshing after the round of hotels to which she had become accustomed; that she folded her hands in her lap and gave a little sigh of perfect satisfaction.

They were newly married, though few would have guessed it from their appearance or behavior, for George was not young: he had waited to earn the right to happiness by long service to business, which had rewarded him at last with the competence for which he hoped. And Sophie was not young, for she had waited for George, and a touch of the weariness of that waiting lingered still beneath the quiet gladness of her eyes. She had tired quickly of the fashionable crowd at Great Folly, and George had offered to take her for a long drive "over the hills and far away."

He was a kindly fellow at heart, but without one trace of sentiment, unless his unromantic, perfectly business-like but sincere affection for Sophie could be called by that name. He was a man with no nonsense about him, rendered keen and shrewd and matter-of-fact by hard knocks with the world; while Sophie, in her lonely waiting, had grown

dreamy and indulged in harmless little fancies and castle-building which had slight foundation in actual fact. This dream-life had helped her over a very desert of real experience; the castle-building had been all about George; and, now that her dream had come true and she was really his wife, there seemed to be nothing left to build pleasant fancies about. It was almost too real to seem natural. She had been under a kind of strain ever since they started upon their wedding-tour; the bustle and gayety and whirl of society through which she passed seemed to tire her; and she had not appeared so really happy since George first proposed as when he handed her into the buggy for this drive. He had said to the hotel-keeper, "We may not put in an appearance for a day or two;" and then, acknowledging the handkerchiefs waved to them from the upper piazza with an extra flourish of the blue-ribboned whip, they sped easily down the pleasant river-road.

"Now, this is something like," Sophie remarked in a fragmentary manner as she settled herself luxuriantly. "We do not look in the least married, and can play we are just engaged."

"Tired of it already, eh?"

"Yes, tired of hotels and of dressing four times a day; tired of keeping up an undemonstrative and indifferent manner consistent with wifely dignity, and of repressing all enthusiasm and sentiment for fear of being considered new to the situation. Now, truly, George, can you imagine anything more delightful?"

"Yes: if the hat-pin with which you are excoriating my left shoulder had a blunter point it would be more delightful to me by far."

Sophie sat bolt upright, with a pretence of being deeply offended.

"Oh, come! let it excoriate! I'll endure it." And she was firmly replaced in her former position.

They had driven all day through varying but always charming scenery, past ample farm-houses and nestling cottages, and Sophie exclaimed more than once,—

"How delightful to own a summer home up here and run away to it from the city every year, instead of trapezing about from the springs to the sea-shore and from the sea-shore to the mountains!"

"I think myself it would be rather a good idea," George admitted. "Make your selection, and we'll see what can be done."

For some reason, as soon as her wish appeared within the range of possibilities, Sophie grew more critical. That pretty place by the river was certainly marvellous; the old mansion on Pine Hill looked lonely and desolate; this house had too much shade, that was too new and smart, and another was too near the railroad. So they amused themselves passing in review and refusing all the homesteads on their route, until the evening brought them to the hamlet of Little Wisdom, and to Miss Jane Hartley's home under the big elm.

Sophie was not left long to her musings, for Miss Jane's energetic footstep was soon heard on the uncarpeted stair.

"Your room is ready for you," she said. "I didn't know but you might want to wash up before tea: the roads are pretty dusty this time of the year."

Sophie followed her at once. The staircase ran up to a landing and then branched in two directions.

"I've given you Sister Belinda's room," said Miss Jane, leading toward the south: "it's rather cheerfuller than the north chamber."

"I hope you haven't inconvenienced any one to move for us," Sophie replied, forgetting that Miss Jane had told her that she was alone.

"Bless you, no. Sister Belinda went as a missionary thirty years ago, and there hasn't any one slept in the room since."

They entered a good-sized bed-chamber hung in white: the old-fashioned bed-hangings, valance and spread, and the little half-curtains at the windows, were all of dimity. There was a queer corner-washstand with a large dark-blue bowl and a tiny cream-pitcher of a ewer. There was a dressing-table also in a white dimity petticoat, with a small

square of looking-glass in a frame such as was in use in Paris at the time of the Empire, meagrely adorned with tarnished gilding; and there was a marvellous piece of faded satin embroidery upon the wall, representing the parting of Hector and Andromache, with Miss Jane's house and the big elm for a background.

"My mother worked that when she was a girl," Miss Jane remarked, with evident pride. "Mother used to have an idea that the tree and the house were as fond of each other as if they were human beings; that the tree stood up stout and brave before the house like a soldier on guard to protect it, and that the house was the love of the elm. When she grew old and childish she used to go out and talk to the tree, and never would hear a word but that it understood her. My sister Belinda, too, set uncommon store by the elm. She painted on velvet, and she made a very pretty picture of the elm to carry away with her the summer before she went to India as a missionary. It seemed as if she felt the parting with that tree more than with any of the family. She used to write us from India that palms and cocoanuts wa'n't any kind of consolation, and she would give all the tropical plants in Asia to see our tree on a winter's morning after an ice-storm. She brought up her little boy to think of it as a sort of relation. He would write little childish letters to it, and say he was coming back some day to see it."

"And did he never come?" Sophie asked.

"No. His mother died when he was twelve years old. Then his father married again after a while, and I wrote out to have the boy sent home to me, and his father shipped him aboard a sailing-vessel. It was never heard from after passing Cape Town; supposed to have been wrecked and all hands perished. I always thought I knew the night when the ship went down. We had a terrible storm, and the elm was struck by lightning. One bare dead limb stands up straight and stiff among the green. I

call it Charlie's Monument. It is the only one the boy ever had."

The chamber in which they stood was just under the elm. Its long, pendulous branches swept the roof with a caressing touch, and the afternoon sunshine glinted through its foliage and flecked the floor with wavering patterns of light and shade.

"It is a very beautiful and noble tree," said Sophie. "I do not wonder that you all loved it. It must seem to you as if all the family romance and history had grown into its very fibre."

"Precious little romance ever came into my life," Miss Jane replied,—"though it's true that the elm had something to do with what little there was." A faint flush had come into her faded cheeks, and she fidgeted with the ball-fringe which ornamented the top of the dressing-table. "Father didn't approve of him, and he used to leave letters for me in the knot-hole, where you see the currant-bush growing now."

Sophie waited for her to say more, but she changed the subject:

"I can give you currants with your supper, and make you a cup of tea, if you like; shouldn't wonder if it would be sort of refreshing after your long ride." And, so saying, she hurried briskly out of the room.

Sophie followed her presently, and transferred the cold chicken, biscuit, and cake from the luncheon-basket to the tea-table.

Miss Jane came in, bearing a glass dish filled with layers of white and red currants, which she placed on the centre of the table; then she opened a rare old Chippendale sideboard and brought forward a cut-glass decanter of antique shape filled with something dark.

Sophie shook her head smilingly.

"Oh, I'm temperance!" said Miss Jane. "It's only maple syrup. I never heard of anybody's eating currants without maple syrup. There comes your husband. I'll run and see if the tea has drawn."

George entered the low-browed room, rubbing his hands gleefully. "Well, this looks real cosey and home-like," he

exclaimed, seating himself at once and serving his wife bountifully. "How does this place suit you? I presume you have been all over the house by this time and know the history of all the dead-and-gone Hartleys. I put Black Diamond up at the deacon's, and learned from him all about Miss Hartley's circumstances. I should judge she is pretty poor, and would be willing to sell. I came back across lots and explored the place. There is some meadowland, a good orchard, and room enough for a garden if there was any one to tend it. A little money would put the property into prime order; and think what a thing it would be to own an elm like that! You can't half see it from the house: you are too close under it. I should pull down this old shell and build farther back, in the orchard."

Sophie made a warning gesture with the currant-spoon, and Miss Jane entered with the teapot. Her face was very red; but then she had been busy over the fire. George Cooper invited her to sit down with them, but she declined rather stiffly and closed the door behind her with something like a bang.

"I am afraid she heard you," said Sophie.

"Serve her right, then, for listening."

"I don't think she was eavesdropping: she was bringing in the tea, and you spoke quite loud."

"Well, I don't see that I said anything insulting. She need not sell if she does not wish to."

"Try to put yourself in her place, George. Would it not be rather hard to give up an ancestral home like this in one's old age?—a home where one had been born, and one's mother before one. Her grandfather brought her grandfather here as a bride, and they have all died under the shadow of the elm. I don't believe she would ever part with the place; and I think it would be wicked to try to make her."

"You are always full of romantic notions, Sophie. Can't you see that I want to do the old lady a kindness? She is living here, they say, in absolute poverty. Now, the money that I shall

pay her for this property will enable her to board comfortably somewhere where she can have all the little luxuries and attentions which her age demands."

"I know you mean it all kindly, George, but I believe it would kill her to go away from this house."

"Suppose, then, that I let her reserve a life-interest, and agree not to take possession until after she dies. It can't be so very long: she must be—well, how old should you judge her now?"

"That might do," Sophie replied more cheerfully, ignoring the question, "if there are no heirs to stand in the way. Let me talk it over with her. I believe I can manage it better than you, George."

"Very well; I will see the deacon again after supper, and make inquiries as to the value of property in this region, and will then give you the figures that I am prepared to offer. Even then you'd better question around and find out what her expectations are; for there is no need of paying more than people ask."

Sophie looked at him wonderingly, as though she were not certain that she had quite understood him; but she did not ask him to explain, perhaps because she was afraid of being too much enlightened concerning her husband's business principles. She had a long conversation with Miss Jane that evening while she assisted her in washing the tea-things, and as they sat together in the dusk.

"It has got to come to something like this," the elder woman said, in a choked voice, and, though Sophie could not see her face, she was sure that she was weeping. "I've scrimped and saved and sold nigh everything else, so's not to sell the place, but there's nothing but it left now. There's no one after me that has any claim on it,—not a chick nor child. I've no relatives nearer than Lyddy Smith, and she's only a cousin's widow, and well provided for. She came from York State, and hasn't any interest in the place, and no call to expect that I should leave her anything. I s'pose she might have my dresses and

the silver teaspoons, and any of the furniture that you don't care for: anything more would only be a snare and a delusion, and an inducement to some unprincipled man to marry her for her property."

Sophie wondered if this had been Miss Jane's experience, but she made no comment, and the bargain was concluded before they retired to rest that night. George Cooper agreed to pay Miss Jane an annuity of three hundred dollars during the rest of her life, and at her death the property was to be his.

"And now," said Miss Jane, "I've a clause to put in this contract that maybe you won't like. You are not to pull down this house. Like as not it doesn't seem very smart to you, but the house my grandfather built is not to be chopped up for fire-wood. I could never rest easy in my grave if I knew that I'd purchased comfort for my last days by helping tear down the house my mother was born, married, and died in, and where all of us were born, and those that married *were* married, and most of us has had our funerals."

"But, my dear lady," expostulated Mr. Cooper, "are you not a little unreasonable? While you live, the house is yours; but after you pass away, if I pay for the property ought I not to have the privilege of doing what I choose with my own?"

"Then it's no bargain," Miss Jane replied, with decision. "I would never take a scrap of comfort in anything bought with your money. Every morsel of toast would taste like a shingle from the roof; with every sup of tea I'd be drinking up the rafters; and every loaf of bread would be a stone out of the chimney. It was considered a fine old mansion in its day. I should think you might be content with it as it is, and consider yourself an adopted son of the house, as it were. There's nothing in all the line you need be ashamed of. Perhaps you haven't noticed the prophecy my grandfather wrote on the mortar over the chimney-piece in the best-room the day of the first housewarming, a hundred and twenty years

ago. It's a curse and a blessing and a prophecy all in one."

Each took a candle, and the little procession filed into the musty best-room. Sure enough, there was the inscription incised in the plastering over the mantel.

"He writ it," said Miss Jane, "as Joshua did the law, with his forefinger, while the plaster was wet on the stones."

They traced the cramped script by the flickering light of their candles:

When one falls, then fall all the three,—
House, and elm, and familie.

There was something so weird about it that even the materialistic George Cooper was slightly affected, while Sophie shivered and assured Miss Jane that nothing could induce her to have the house demolished.

The contract was signed, and they retired to rest; but Sophie lay awake the greater part of the night, listening to the wind in the branches of the elm. It seemed to her excited fancy that it moaned and wrung its hands as though not pleased with the exchange of owners, and she rose, opened the window softly, and, stretching out a hand, stroked one of its sprays, pledging herself to be its faithful friend.

The next morning Miss Jane had a cheerful welcome for them, and a famous breakfast of grass-fed goslings, waffles, and honey.

While Sophie was waiting in the best-room for George to bring their vehicle to the door, she was treated to a pretty sight. Five young girls on their way to the academy invaded Miss Jane's front yard to measure the elm by clasping hands about it. This they could just do by embracing the giant trunk closely. One fairer than the others attracted Sophie's attention. She made such a charming picture in her sprigged muslin gown and fluffy flaxen hair, her sweet young face pressed lovingly against the rough bark, that Sophie called Miss Jane to see.

"Bless her dear heart!" exclaimed that worthy lady, "it's Rosy Cinnamon, the deacon's daughter. Folks call her so because she's as sweet as an old-

fashioned cinnamon-rose. — Rosy," she cried, "what possesses you parcel of girls to hug that old tree?"

"Because we love it, Miss Jane," the girl replied: "we were just saying that we think it the pride and glory of Little Wisdom, and if anything happened to it we should all go into mourning."

At that moment George Cooper appeared, and the circle broke; but the momentary picture remained indelibly photographed on Sophie's mind. "I like that girl," she said to herself, "and when I come here to live I mean to cultivate her acquaintance."

Miss Jane bade them a cheerful good-by. She looked so happy and youthful that George remarked to his wife, as they drove away,—

"I don't know but I've made a bad bargain with this annuity business. I thought last night that she couldn't possibly last over five years; but this morning she appears to have taken a new lease of life, and I shouldn't wonder if she kept us waiting a dozen years longer."

Jane Hartley was as good as his fears. Now that anxiety for the future was dispelled, and she was able to provide herself with comforts, she "picked up," as the neighbors said, and appeared to enjoy life with the youngest. Some two years after the visit of the Coopers, a circumstance occurred which made Miss Jane desire to live as long as possible. Her sister Belinda's son Charlie returned. He had escaped shipwreck, and had served as a sailor on many a ship and sea. He had written Miss Jane twice, but by some unlucky fate his letters had not been received, and, finding them unanswered, he believed her dead. At last an opportunity had occurred to him to visit Little Wisdom, and he had come. He was a handsome fellow of twenty-five, with bronzed skin and crisp curling hair.

Miss Jane was delighted to see him, and insisted that he should remain with her while she lived. He managed the small farm, and was as devoted as a son to the kind old lady, who now constantly bemoaned selling her birthright. "We

might have got along together, Charlie," she would say, "without the annuity, and then I could have left you the place when I died."

"It's all right, Aunt Jane," the young man would reply. "I don't want any pay for taking care of you, and the money comes in very handy."

Miss Jane had told no one else of the sale of her property. It was no one's business, she argued, and she knew that it would lessen her dignity in the eyes of the community as a landed proprietress. As the years went by, Charlie formed an attachment with the deacon's daughter. The old man looked with favor upon the alliance, for Miss Jane's acres met his own, and he regarded Charlie as her natural heir. The marriage might have been celebrated at any time, but Miss Jane would not divulge her secret, and Charlie was too honorable to obtain his bride under false pretences. She would have accepted him without a penny, and Charlie, vaguely hoping that the deacon might not outlive Aunt Jane, put off his wedding-day until after his aunt's death. "I am not going to have you wear out your life nursing an invalid, Rosy," he would say. "It's all very well for a stout young fellow like me; but when you marry it should be to be taken care of, and not to be any one's nurse and servant. Have just as good a time as you can with the young folks, and I can wait."

So the years rolled by,—very slowly, it must be confessed, for every one except Miss Jane.

George Cooper, as he signed his semi-annual checks, grumbled and wondered how the old lady had the conscience to live so long. But the years brought him increasing wealth, and they could afford to spend their summers where they chose. Now it was Newport, and now Saratoga, and one summer he bundled Sophie and the children off to Europe. He could not afford time from his business to accompany them, but he was always generous to his family.

Sophie often thought of the old homestead, but she never yearned for

it at the expense of the life of this lonely old lady, though she would have liked to see her children climbing apple-trees and dashing through meadows.

At length George Cooper received the long-expected announcement: Jane Hartley was dead, and this Naboth's vineyard was his own. The announcement came from Charlie, and enclosed a letter written some time before by Miss Jane, relating his history and begging that he might be retained as overseer of the place and be allowed still to reside under the old roof.

George Cooper was indignant. "As if I had not been patient long enough!" he exclaimed. "I have paid nearly twice the value of the place, and here I am asked to provide through life for another member of the family. He had no business to turn up, and must leave at once."

"But we shall have to hire some one," Sophie suggested timidly: "why not him, since he is interested in caring for the place and the house?"

"Too much interested by far: he will regard us as interlopers and himself as the rightful owner. Besides, we are none of us going to dwell under the old roof-tree. That is all sentimental nonsense. I shall build a handsome house on the estate."

"But, George, you agreed solemnly not to tear the old mansion down."

"There it is,—mansion! One would think it was equal to Mount Vernon, Arlington House, or some of the colonial manors on the Hudson; whereas the fact remains that it is a very ordinary house in the last stages of dilapidation."

"Could it not be restored and made over?"

"It would always be a patched-up affair; and, besides, it is too near the street. I mean to build back in the orchard."

"The very thing! and keep the old house for a gate-lodge, and this young man as gardener."

"No; it would impede our view of the elm, and give an unsightly jumble of out-buildings where I mean to have a fine lawn. The house must go, and so

must this young man. I have no use for either of them."

"But, George, your solemn promise, both spoken and written, was not to tear down the house!"

"Well, I won't tear it down; I'll leave it absolutely intact, but I'll move it off my grounds over to Loughend for the factory-operatives to inhabit."

Sophie shuddered: "What would Miss Jane have thought of such desecration? She would rather have set fire to it with her own hands."

"Probably first taking the precaution to get a good insurance policy. That estimable woman, my dear, had quite as much shrewd common sense as sentiment. Witness her jewing me out of twice as much as I should have ever thought of paying for the place in ready cash."

Sophie was silent; but the thought which was uppermost in her mind was, "How will the great elm bear this separation from its old love and life-long companion?" She dared not express the idea, for fear of ridicule: if George disregarded a human interest in this light way, he would not be likely to attach much weight to a sentimental idea about two unthinking and insensible objects.

Charlie admitted them to the house and gave up possession as though this were quite what he had expected. He only asked of Mr. Cooper a branch from the elm long enough to make himself a walking-stick; but there was a look in the young man's face which filled Sophie's heart with a great yearning pity. And she lingered at the gate chatting with him until her husband left them, when she asked,—

"And what do you intend to do now that we have taken away your home?"

"I am going to have a talk with the deacon," the young man replied, running his hand through his hair, "and if he has nothing for me to do I shall take to the sea again." He strode away across the meadows, and Sophie could see that he was met at the foot of the deacon's orchard by a girlish figure in a pink dress. She smiled to herself, for her

quick womanly instinct divined the young man's secret, and she tripped into the house, saying to herself,—

"Perhaps it will all turn out well after all. I shall not wait for Rosy Cinnamon to call upon me, but will run over and see her as soon as I can find the time."

Sophie did not carry out her intention immediately, for she was very busy overseeing her housekeeping arrangements, which were carried on temporarily in the old house. An architect who had come up with them from the city formed one of their family, and the work of building the new house was begun at once. Furniture which had been purchased for their country home was now shipped to them, and had to be stored wherever room could be found for it, until the new villa should be ready for adornment. A tall, carved cabinet stood in front of the mantel in the best-room and concealed the disagreeable prophecy; and Sister Belinda's dimity-hung room was piled with bamboo chairs and settees and Oriental bric-à-brac, to which she had probably become accustomed in India.

At last the new house was ready for occupancy. It was a mixture of Queen Anne, Elizabethan, Jacobian, Colonial, and French styles, and was decorated in maroon, olive, drab, old gold, vermillion, bottle-green, chocolate-brown, mustard-yellow, and half a dozen other fashionable tints. It was the stupefaction of the neighborhood, from its grand *porte-cochère* to the gilded dragon weather-cock which tipped the highest pinnacle.

The family took possession, and engineers came to move the old house. Sophie was restless and filled with vague forebodings. The day was hot and sultry; the sun beat down upon the tin roof of the new villa and heated the upper chambers until they seemed fiery furnaces. It was very different from the leafy coolness which always pervaded the rooms under the old elm. The men were getting on bravely with their work: part of the front fence had been removed, and the best-room already projected into the street.

Sophie was tired of watching them, and, taking her youngest little daughter, she set out to call upon Rosy Cinnamon. She was shocked by the girl's appearance. Her haggard face and wild, dry eyes seemed to betoken illness; but she insisted that she was quite well. After a little casual conversation, Sophie asked cautiously what had become of Charlie: "He was such a fine fellow that we were all much interested in him."

Rosy Cinnamon turned quite pale; her fingers worked nervously, and she did not reply immediately. At length she spoke, in a cold, unnatural way: "I believe that he has gone to sea again. He was to sail from Portsmouth to-day."

"I am very sorry," Sophie replied, with genuine sympathy.

The girl looked up, touched by the tone. "He would have stayed," she said, "if you could have given him employment on your place."

Sophie could not reply: she felt that she was guilty of separating these two young people. "I hope he will come back ere long," she stammered, after an awkward pause.

"He is not coming back at all," Rosy replied bravely; "and, Mrs. Cooper, I should be grateful to you if you would not mention him to my father or to me. Father thinks that he deceived him in regard to his aunt's property,—though that is not true,—and—and we are all very unhappy."

Mrs. Cooper rose and made her adieux in a constrained manner: she would have liked to clasp this suffering heart to her own, but there was a pride in the young face which forbade pity. She hurried home across the meadows, for evidently there was a storm brewing. Great thunder-heads were billowing up in the northwest, and the distant fields were swept by an approaching wind.

As she entered her home she was met by her husband. "I was just going in search of you," he said. "I fancy we are going to have a tornado. The men have knocked off work and gone home. They have only moved the house a third of the way to Tough End, and have left

it in rather an exposed position; but I don't care for it: I am so delighted to think the old barracks is out of my sight that the winds may blow it into the ocean for me. Come to this window and see what a fine prospect we have now of the elm. They will fill the cellar to-morrow and sod over the site of the house, and we can have our lawn-party next week."

As he ceased speaking, a great gust of wind shook the villa, swept over it, and wrestled with the elm: its limbs writhed and twisted as though in mortal agony, then a deluge of rain came down and veiled it from their sight.

"What if this storm should throw down the tree?" Sophie cried.

"Nonsense! it has weathered many such"

"But possibly the old house helped to protect it."

"It would be a bad joke if the tree should go. I should not care a penny for the place without it."

"You know the prediction, George, 'When one falls, then fall all the three.' If the tree goes down, I shall be certain that Miss Jane's nephew has met his death."

"Well, my dear, if that young man's fate depends upon the tree, you may count on me as his devoted protector, for there is nothing in my power that I would not do to save the elm. Whew! that was a dazzling flash of lightning,—but it showed us the elm standing stanch and as firm. So courage, little woman."

The storm continued throughout the greater part of the night, and when Sophie drew her curtains in the morning she half expected to see the giant tree prostrated on the site of its old companion; but it stood there apparently uninjured, the morning sun flashing like a conflagration through its wet leaves till it seemed the burning bush that Moses saw. Her husband laughed away her forebodings at the breakfast-table, and went out early to superintend his workmen. He came in shortly, much excited. "Now see the failure of your prophecy," he cried. "The wind lifted

the old house from its pegs last night and rolled it over and over like a ball clear across the north meadows. It is a total wreck, and the *débris* is scattered far and wide,—some shingles have actually blown as far as Great Folly,—and *the elm still stands.*"

"I am devoutly thankful for that," said Sophie.

All that morning she was busy sending out invitations for the lawn-party with which they were to celebrate their house-warming. The villa was to be filled with guests from the city; invitations were issued to all the country round, and there was every prospect of a brilliant festival. A marquee was spread under the old apple-trees, in which a prominent caterer from Great Folly would serve the refreshments. Lawn-tennis and other games were provided for the entertainment of the guests, Japanese lanterns were hung in the shrubbery, and there was to be dancing on the turf. It was George Cooper's idea to have a band-stand fitted up for the musicians in the elm, with a circular stairway leading to it; but the carpenter who came to erect the structure the day before the *fête* made a serious discovery. There was a deep, but narrow crack running down the side of the trunk,—a fissure which, as they probed it with a rattan-cane, appeared to extend well into the heart of the elm. It must have split the night of the tornado, and the leverage of the immensely heavy limbs was slowly but surely opening it wider and wider. There was danger of losing the magnificent tree, and it must be bolted immediately.

"Never mind the band-stand," said George Cooper, "but bolt it at once."

"I can do that, sir, easily enough," replied the carpenter; "but first you will have to send for a blacksmith to make the bolts."

"There is a good blacksmith at the cross-roads three miles from here. Give me the measurements, and I will drive over at once, and the bolts shall be here to-morrow morning. Meantime, you may as well finish the band-stand; but

we will not use it unless the tree is made perfectly secure."

Sophie gave rapid directions for everything that might be needed in her absence, and accepted her husband's invitation for a ride along the river-road. It reminded her strikingly of their first drive through this region, years before. It was solitary, wild, and sweet, and in the entire three miles they encountered only one human being,—a fisherman meditatively dropping his line for bass in the shining river. They reached the smithy only to find it deserted, the fire out in the forge, and a grimy bit of paper posted on the door with the announcement,—

GON FISHIN FOR BAS.

"That was the blacksmith we passed by the river," said Sophie.

"It appears so," George replied. "Well, this is business-like. However, I suppose there is nothing to be done but to drive back after him."

They arrived at the spot where they had passed him, but there was no fisherman there.

"Perhaps he has concluded to try his luck farther up the river," George remarked despondently, eying a little foot-path which led in that direction.

"I think not," Sophie replied, pointing to a tin box of worms. "See; he has thrown his bait away. He has probably been successful and returned to his shop: there is a short cut which he might have taken through that corn-field."

"Back to the shop, then," George exclaimed impatiently, turning his horse so abruptly that he nearly upset the phaeton. This time the door of the smithy was padlocked, and the placard replaced by an inscription in chalk:

GON HOME TO SUPER.

"Now, where in the name of common sense is his home?" George Cooper queried.

"We have not passed any habitation that looked like it," Sophie replied. "Let us follow the road a little farther and inquire as we go."

Acting upon this suggestion, they reached a small house from which issued a savory odor of fish fried in salt pork.

"No need of inquiring," Sophie announced triumphantly: "this is the place."

The blacksmith listened to their request: "I should have to go to the machine-shop at Folly Forge to get the nuts, and I can have the bolts turned out there quicker than I could pound them. We are half an hour too late for the train to-night; but I'll go first thing in the morning."

"Do," urged Sophie: "I don't like to have it wait a single night."

"Oh, as for that matter, I could chain it up so's it will stand quite a while."

"Will you not please ride back with us and do so much at once?" And to this the blacksmith consented, though demurring that he wasn't fit to ride with a lady. The tree chained, it was agreed to defer the bolting until after the *fête*; and so satisfied was George Cooper that all had been done that was needed that he determined to carry out his original intention of having the musicians occupy the band-stand. "The chain has an ungainly look," he said, as he viewed it early the next morning; "I wish it were not necessary."

"Let us gild it," Sophie suggested. "I have several bottles of gold paint left from the parlor-ornamentation. The elm deserves a decoration, and it will seem to have a golden necklace."

"A good idea, as all of your ideas are," her husband replied, himself acting upon her suggestion with great alacrity. It was a busy morning, but Sophie found time more than once to run down to the tree and watch the gilding of the chain.

"Of course the links must be strong, and it cannot stretch," she said doubtfully, "but it seems to me that the crack is at least an inch wider than it was last night. Couldn't we have a barrel of mortar poured inside?"

"Perhaps we had better paste it all over tenderly with court-plaster," George Cooper remarked sarcastically, "or a bottle or so of diamond cement might

be a precaution. We have so much time at our disposal before our guests arrive that we might send to Great Folly for a surgeon to sew up the bark." He was too gay at heart and elated to be really unkind, and he was at her side in a moment. "Is it not a princely place?" he said. "I never took so much satisfaction in anything of my own before. And when I think how I have improved it, how I have spared no pains or expense to make it what it is, I think I have a right to congratulate myself upon the result."

"I wonder if Nebuchadnezzar did not feel so too," Sophie remarked thoughtfully.

"Nebuchadnezzar! When?"

"When he walked in his palace and said, 'Is not this great Babylon that I have built by the might of *my* power, and for the honor of *my* majesty?'"

"And then the old party was reduced to a strictly vegetarian diet. Well, I like that. But, Sophie, you ought to be dressing: you know our friends from the city will be here in half an hour."

The house-warming was a great success. The company were pleased to flatter George Cooper on his house and grounds, and especially on his phenomenal tree. He passed one supremely happy evening, and led the german with Sophie, who looked sweetly in a lavender brocade, but who did not share her husband's elation. It seemed to her that the ground on which she trod sounded hollow over the cellars of the old house, and that the elm, with its gay bunting and gilded chain, its glare of lanterns and blare of brass, suffered in its rent heart more keenly than herself. It would be only an act of retributive justice, she thought, if it should bow itself like a second Samson and slay all of these merry-making

Philistines in its mighty fall. She wondered whether Charlie, sailing out of Portsmouth, had met the tornado: his ship's course was directly in its path. And now the company were dispersing, and the musicians in the old tree were playing—as it seemed to her, in cruel mockery—what but "Auld Lang Syne"? Rosy Cinnamon, at her gabled window, could hear it,—

Should auld acquaintance be forgot?—

and what must she think of them?

In the early morning twilight, when all in the villa were sleeping heavily in the hush that comes before dawn, the house trembled as though an earthquake were passing underneath, and a heavy detonation jarred every window.

"What is that?" George Cooper exclaimed, springing to his feet.

"It is the elm," Sophie replied, without moving: "the chain has parted, and its heart has broken."

The greater part of the tree was stretched upon the ground: from the fragment which remained standing a blasted branch towered conspicuously against the sky. It was Charlie's Monument.

Of Charlie's fate they never heard. Rosy Cinnamon grew into a sad-faced, gentle woman; but she never married, nor can she be induced to return the calls which Sophie makes occasionally by way of remorseful penance. The elm in its shattered state was an eyesore to George Cooper, and he had it taken down. Only the smooth round disk of the severed trunk remains to tell of its former glory. Sophie's children call it Mamma's Table Round, and they are growing up as chivalrous and as tender of heart as though they were Arthur's knights, and not the sons of unsentimental, materialistic George Cooper.

LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

THEKLA'S SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

THE oak woods are sighing, the storm-clouds are flying,
 Sad wanders the maiden along the green shore;
 The wild waves are flashing, the billows are dashing
 Midst the darkness of night and ocean's hoarse roar;
 She singeth aloud 'neath the storm and the cloud,
 Her beautiful eyes are with tears streaming o'er:

"My doom has been spoken; my sad heart is broken;
 In this world there's nothing to wish for but rest.
 O Saviour above, in Thy infinite love,
 Call back Thy poor child to the realm of the blest;
 The height of all bliss I have tasted in this,—
 I have lived and loved: take me back to Thy breast."
 FRANKLIN B. GOWEN.

HEALTHY HOMES.

VI.—MISCELLANEOUS—HEALTH-HINTS.

1. *AMERICAN CLIMATES.*—For a person in perfect health a climate most favorable to the constant enjoyment of out-door life would, on the whole, be the most desirable; but in the treatment of special maladies that rule requires certain modifications. Experience has, for instance, shown that for consumptives the dry and cold air of the Dakota table-lands is preferable to the humid atmosphere of the Florida summer-zone. Tuberculosis is a germ-disease, and cold air, the long-supposed cause, is in reality the most efficient preventive of its development. Consumptive New-Englanders, instead of going to Florida, should go to Northern New York; the invalids of the Lake-States, to Minnesota, Dakota, or Wyoming; the Californians and their northern neighbors, to the table-lands of Eastern Oregon. The snow-capped Sierras of Colorado would do equally well, if it

were not for the sand-storms, which often for weeks together fill the atmosphere with a gritty dust and make the dry season extremely trying to the respiratory organs. For malarial diseases, on the other hand, a cool mountain-breeze is nature's specific. In the lowlands of our Northern border-States refugees from the swamps of the Gulf coast have often to wait for months before the advent of the autumnal night-frosts justifies their trust in the temperature of the higher latitudes, for it is a curious fact that the midsummer heat is more oppressive in Illinois than in Southern Texas. By going to the borders of Northern Canada a fever-curing temperature might be found before the middle of September; but a trip to the next mountain-ridge of an altitude exceeding eight hundred feet above the level of the adjoining lowlands would have answered the same purpose. The

British residents of Hindostan cure their climatic fevers at Darjeeling, on a half-way terrace of the Himalayas, and nearly all our Southern States could find sites for a summer sanitarium within their own borders: Alabama, on the high ridges surrounding the valley of Huntsville; Georgia, in Harris County, hardly a hundred miles from the southern frontier of the State, or in the Cohuttas, the Cowpens, and other spurs of the Southern Alleghanies; Tennessee, on the lofty table-lands anywhere east of Chattanooga; South Carolina, at Walhalla and Cæsar's Head; Texas, in the Wichita Mountains; and Arkansas, in the Ozarks. The following localities combine a tolerable climate with facilities for a grape-cure (in the treatment of scrofulous and bilious disorders):

Hammondsport, Flushing, and Iona Island, New York; Salem, Massachusetts; Hagerstown, Maryland; Lebanon, Columbia, and Eagleville, Pennsylvania; Golconda, Illinois; Hermann, Missouri; Cleveland and Gallatin, Tennessee; Cincinnati, Delaware, and Kelly's Island, Ohio; San Gabriel and Anaheim, California.

2. *Baths and Spas.*—The value of bathing-facilities makes the neighborhood of a highland lake or a deep mountain-river almost as desirable as the luxury of pure air; but persons blessed with the possession of a common cold rock-spring need not envy the proprietor of the most famous mineral spa in the German Rhineland,—at least not from a hygienic point of view. The spa-superstition is merely a modified form of the drug-delusion, which mistakes a process of stimulation for a process of invigoration. There was a time when the use of peptic stimulants was about as common as the alcohol-habit. Every headache, every symptom of deficient appetite, every transient remissness of the digestive process, was made a pretext for convulsing the bowels with purgative nostrums, which in the long run were sure to aggravate the evils they were intended to cure, and which reduced the organism to the necessity of depending on the aid of artificial stimulation. Saline

and sulphur springs have an aperient effect, analogous to the action of drastic medicines, which compel the system to react against the intrusion of a virulent substance,—an effect which in both cases is mistaken for a sign of improved digestive vigor. By the frequent repetition of the stimulant dose the system at last comes to rely on the agency of a digestive tonic: hence the chronic constipation which so often follows upon the return from a watering-place trip. In the *materia medica* of the future the invigorating atmosphere of the mountain-summits will supersede the drastic waters of the mountain-valleys, and highland air will become the fashionable prescription for the complaints of dyspeptics.

3. *Construction.*—In a cold climate a house with abundant provisions for ventilation can safely indulge in the luxury of impervious materials which transmit only a minimum of air and moisture, such as granite, marble, and massive slate. Several kinds of sandstone are naturally so permeable to air-currents that they make artificial ventilation almost superfluous, especially during the prevalence of high winds. Mineral roofing (tile or slate) is preferable to shingles where the house has to derive its water-supply from the clouds. The water-proof cellars described in a former paper may form the basement of the house if the next higher story has a double floor, ventilated by a sufficient number of apertures in the brick- or stone-work of two opposite walls. As the value of fresh air begins to be appreciated in its superlative importance, flat or terraced roofs will come into general use. A very moderate slope—say one inch to ten feet—will answer all the purposes of drainage, without endangering the equilibrium of promenaders; and with a stout railing and a sun-screen, garden-benches and a row of flower-shrubs, the plateau of a large building can be made as pleasant a summer resort as the "hanging" gardens of Babylon, which, properly speaking, were only artificial table-lands. The Germans ornament their city residences with wide piazzas, running through a series of

stories and screened by climbing vines, enclosing a shady retreat, where in mid-summer many families take their meals, or pass the siesta-hour in hammocks and easy-chairs. The chief objection to such house-gardens can be obviated by thinning out the vines opposite the sitting-room windows or glass doors. The Swiss build their pretty cottages with galleries all around the four sides of the building, and projecting roofs that give the structure almost the appearance of a Burmese pagoda. Oriel windows were originally devised as a compromise with the long winters of Northern Europe, and may be utilized as conservatories or for sun-baths.

The following tenement-regulations of the New York Board of Health should be enforced in every civilized city:

A. At the rear of every house shall be a clear, open space of not less than ten feet.

B. No one continuous building shall occupy more than sixty-five per cent. of the lot.

C. The total area of window-space in every room communicating with the open air shall be one-tenth of its superficial area, and the upper half shall be so made as to open full width.

D. Air-shafts must communicate with every room having neither external windows nor fireplace.

4. *Drainage.*—Glass pipes are the best for the overflow of bath-rooms, drinking-hydrants, etc., but their liability to burst from the effect of sudden changes of heat and cold makes them less fit for kitchen use than lead or zinc pipes. Kitchen-slopes should never be poured upon the ground near a well, spring, or damp cellar, especially not on the loose soil of an artificial mound, where such drainage in all its foulness soaks down to a surprising depth. The problem of draining an absolutely level district was successfully solved in one of the stock-yard suburbs of Chicago, where the railroad companies and an association of house-owners constructed a deep covered pit, forming the centre of a net-work of sewers. Once a month the

pit is emptied and cleaned by a contractor, who pays liberally for the privilege of utilizing the deposit for fertilizing purposes.

5. *Filtration.*—Among the Japanese curiosities at the last Paris Exhibition was an ingeniously-simple water-filter, consisting of a shell of porous sandstone, hollow at both ends, almost in the shape of an hour-glass, and fastened over an earthenware reservoir. Whenever the shell becomes "foul,"—i. e., when the deposits begin to clog the pores of the stone,—it can be cleansed by *inverting the filter* and filling it with hot water, which both dissolves the residuum and expands the pores sufficiently to drain them of all impurities. Tenebriffe limestone, and the porous conglomerate known as Catskill red sandstone, can be used for the same purpose. Dr. Parker in his "Treatise on Practical Hygiene" recommends a combination-filter of coarse sand and pounded charcoal pressed into a large flower-pot and covered with a piece of thin flannel. The charcoal not only filters but deodorizes impure water, and indirectly improves its flavor by bringing it into contact with the oxygen of its air-pores. In the same way a stratum of gravel improves the insipid taste of rain-water. In large reservoirs water can be purified by drawing it off into massive tanks, where a repeated process of precipitation separates the clear water from the sediment.

6. *Fuel.*—Our North-American backwoods cabins are warmed in the healthiest way, for, next to an open window, a common chimney is the best natural ventilator, and wood the best fuel. Under the pressure of a strong wind the very best coal-stoves are apt to perfume a room with coal-gas, which, from a sanitary point of view, is related to wood-smoke as coal-tar to spruce beer or maple syrup. The fuel-value of the various kinds of wood is generally in inverse ratio to their percentage of moisture, while in dry wood the specific gravity of the charcoal and the percentage of resinous matter are the chief tests. Schübler ascertained that trees

felled in January contain from eight to twelve per cent. less water than the same kind of trees felled in April; and the comparative value of the twelve best kinds of American fuel-woods has been determined as follows:

Shell-bark hickory, 100; pig-nut hickory, 95; white oak, 86; wild service, 84; western hickory, 81; post-oak, 78; white ash, 77; dogwood, 75; scrub oak, 74; red oak, 73; witch-hazel, 72; dogwood, 70.

7. *Kindergarten*.—Professor Fowler claims that there are certain physiognomic indications which enable him at first sight to tell an artisan—even an in-door mechanic—from a brain-worker. In a miscellaneous collection of young folks an expert physician would with still greater certainty be able to distinguish city children from youngsters whose childhood has been passed in the country. More infants are killed by want of fresh air and sunshine than by insufficient food. The poor fishermen of Rügen, who carry their bairns to the downs of Stubbenkammer to let them wallow in the sun-warmed sand, have discovered a better specific for infantile asthenia than the inventors of all the baby-cordials known to the recorder of the medical patent-office. City-dwellers can construct a hygienic kindergarten in any sunny corner of the wood-yard, or, if they are blessed with a garden, in a small baby-coral, fenced in with benches or clothes-lines. Get a car-load of river-sand, spread it and expose it to the sun for a couple of hours, then rake it together, mix it, *ad captandum*, with a bushel of pebbles (good-sized ones, lest they might be mistaken for sugar-plums), divest your bambino of all superfluous clothing, and let him wallow,—all the afternoon, if he chooses; if the surface of the pile gets too warm, instinct will teach him to dig down to the cooler substrata. Or take him to a meadow where fresh hay has been piled up in little stacks: climbing and tumbling will do him more good than lying motionless in a narrow baby-carriage.

The inventor of the kindergarten recommends a grassy hollow with scat-

tered playthings, piles of dry leaves, etc. (near a shade-tree in midsummer), where young squealers can take care of themselves for an hour or two, and warrants that they will not cry unless their botanic researches should acquaint them with the properties of the German horse-nettle. On mild winter days, too, self-motive babies ought to pass a few hours out of doors, even if the ground be a little damp: a sunny nook on the lee side of a garden-wall is a healthier play-ground than the dusty floor of a stove-room. (Physical Education, page 106.)

8. *Light*.—A useful lesson from nature can be learned by studying the changes of the seasons in their effect on the light-supply of the forest,—the primeval home of our frugivorous ancestors. In spring the trees begin to spread their leafy screens, which mellow, rather than intercept, the sun-rays of the first warm days; in June, when the long summer days fill the earth with a flood of sunlight, the foliage becomes dense and impenetrable; the genial October sun thaws out the frost through the loopholes of the chequered shade, and in midwinter the trees transmit every twinkle of sunlight, or even absorb and hoard the warmth of the slanting rays. In winter the sunniest corners of the south-side rooms should be the favorite gathering-places for young and old; but in the dog-days it is doubtful if the instinctive love of shade can be carried too far. In default of shade-trees, green or light-blue blinds may imitate the cool twilight of the forest arcades, by intercepting every ray of direct sunlight without excluding the horizontal air-currents. Siemen's photometer, I suspect, would show that the amount of light in a room of two or three blinded windows still exceeds that of the deep tropical tangle-forests, which on warm days become the favorite haunts of beast and birds. We have summer days when a grotto would be a welcome place of refuge. In the last week of July, 1881, the thermometer at Cincinnati, Ohio, registered 108° in the shade on five successive days, till sunstrokes be-

came epidemic even in the hill-suburbs, while along the river thousands saved themselves by taking refuge in cellars and the vaulted basements of the large warehouses. The houses of the narrowest streets in many South-European cities rent well on account of their coolness; but tree-foliage serves the same purpose, and the sanitary condition of the principal streets of Savannah, Georgia, is none the worse for their fourfold rows of magnificent shade-trees. General Pleasanton's blue-light theory has been violently controverted or reduced to a question of horticulture; but the strangely agreeable effect of certain combinations of blue and yellow window-glass is probably something more than the result of a mere artistic instinct.

9. *New Houses.*—The custom of "drying out" new-built houses can do no harm: the danger of dampness from moist plaster, etc., is generally over-rated, but it is well to give oil-paints time to become odorless. But houses that have been occupied before should be thoroughly aired, and, if possible, *frozen out*, to destroy disease-germs. The floating seeds of pulmonary diseases retain their vitality for months; and sick-rooms especially should not be re-occupied before having been disinfected with chlorine and a long-continued influx of cold, fresh air. For there is no doubt that under certain circumstances the virus of tubercular affections can become as contagious as malaria. The matter is this: perfectly sound lungs eliminate such disease-germs; but in the sores of the half-healed *vomicæ* they find a more congenial soil, like fungus-spores that do not affect a healthy plant but germinate in a medium of decaying vegetable substances.

10. *Population.*—Near Abu Samud, in Southern Nubia, on the very border of the great desert, there are oases which not only boast of an inexhaustibly fertile soil, but also of a liberal rainfall-allowance of their own, which often descends in showers on the rich foliage of the fruit-plantations, while the thirsty sand-wastes around do not receive a drop. In

the same way a well-managed household may enjoy exuberant health in the midst of a crowded, effete city. Coal-smoke, dust, noise,—nay, sewer-gas and shamle-odors,—are, in truth, the veriest trifles compared with the in-door causes of disease. The night-air superstition alone is a curse that tenfold outweighs all such evils. The boarders of a hygienic institute in the midst of the New York slum-alleys have a better chance of longevity than the occupants of a stuffy cottage on the airiest highland of the Southern Alleghanies. The populousness of a city is therefore only a secondary argument against the healthfulness of a special building. But a great deal depends on the populousness of the building itself. The tenement-house regulations of Paris require a minimum of forty-five cubic metres (about fifty cubic yards) of breathing-space for each occupant of a bedroom or dwelling-room having direct communication with the open air,—an allowance hardly sufficient for a guarantee of permanent health, though poverty and high rents have tempted human beings to content themselves with one-fourth, nay, one-seventh, of that minimum, and under the most unfavorable circumstances. In La Valetta Professor Plimpsoll traced the cause of an annual death-rate of forty-eight per one thousand of the total population to the following sanitary arrangements of the underground tenements: "They have no fireplace, and therefore no chimneys, and serve singly for a whole family,—man, wife, and children. They have no windows, and some have no other aperture of any kind than the door; and when you have reached the bottom of the well you find the floor, the solid rock, wet and foul. So little air reaches the bottom that the floor of the yard or well never dries, and so little light that when you are asked to enter and stand in the door-way it is dark as pitch, and you have to light a match to avoid falling down the two or three steps within the door-way." Some of these cellar-vaults are subdivided into three successive tiers, the bottom den being twenty or thirty, and in one case

even thirty-nine, feet below the level of the street. In these lowest depths of misery hardly twelve per cent. of the infant population have a chance to survive the first twelve months. But the similarly-constructed *oubliettes* under castles often crowning the healthiest hills of Southern France were equally sure to kill nine out of ten persons within a year, while in La Valetta the monstrous average of the death-rate does not prevent some of the well-to-do families from attaining a remarkable longevity,—a proof that statistics, without certain specifications, may be very misleading. The danger from contagious diseases increases with the number of families that breathe the air of the same building. There are tenement-houses where catarrhs have become perennial affections. The evil is partly obviated by the system of the Italian (especially Venetian) lodging-houses, where each floor has its separate outside gallery and house-door; but the Philadelphia plan is still better, and should become the model of all new cities. Our building-speculators will add suburb to suburb, instead of story to story, if their lodgers begin to appreciate the advantages of the single-cottage system. *Cæteris paribus*, the monopoly of a five-room cottage is worth a ten room share in a tenement-barracoon.

11. *Popular Fallacies*.—It would add many years to the average longevity of our species if we could free the next generation from the curse of the following fallacies, which are either direct sources of disease or add an unnecessary burden to the cares and troubles of domestic life. The idea that cold baths are healthy in winter and dangerous in midsummer; that rain-water is more wholesome than "hard" water; that bed-rooms must be heated in cold weather; that the misery of everlasting scrubbing and soap-sud vapors is compensated by the comfort of the lucid intervals; that a sick-room must be kept hermetically closed; that it pays to save foul air for the sake of its warmth; that "draughts" are morbid agencies; that catarrhs are due to a low temperature; that even in

midsummer children must be sent to bed at sunset, when the air just begins to be pleasant; that an after-dinner nap can do any harm; that the sanitary condition of the air can be improved by the fœtor of carbolic acid; that there is any benefit in swallowing jugfuls of nauseous sulphur-water; that rest after dinner can be shortened with impunity; that outdoor recreation is a waste of time; that athletic sports brutalize the character; that a normal human being requires any other stimulant than exercise and fresh air; that mechanical contrivances can compensate the lack of manly strength; that any plan of study can justify the custom of stinting children in sleep; that the torpor of narcotism is preferable to insomnia; that the suppression of harmless recreations will fail to beget vice and hypocrisy; that stimulation is identical with invigoration; that fashion has a right to enforce the wearing of woollen clothes in the dog-days.

12. *Sick-rooms*.—A model sick-room should be carpeted and pleasantly furnished, cool, rather than overheated, and as quiet as possible. The best place for an infirmary is an out-of-the-way room in the upper part of the house. There are pathological conditions when the low rustling of the wind-stirred leaves may irritate the system into nervous spasms, and when tramping and romping overhead become downright torture. The presence of a discreet pet, on the other hand, has often a soothing influence and helps to make confinement less irksome. Sick animals instinctively seek the shade; the healing powers of nature assert themselves chiefly at night; and in a sick-room a sleep-inviting twilight is generally preferable to the glare of sunshine. In order to disinfect a sick-room it is not always necessary to remove the patient. Unless the weather is wet as well as stormy, just open the windows, after putting on extra bed-clothing enough to counterbalance a lower temperature. The mere breathing of cold air will act beneficially rather than otherwise.

13. *Ventilation*.—No ventilating contrivance ever devised can compare for

efficiency with the simple plan of opening two opposite windows, or a window and an opposite door. If we could get rid of the traditional superstition which dreads the direct influx of the outer atmosphere, it would do more to improve the sanitary condition of our city tenements than all the regulations of the health-police, for an increased amount of "breathing-space" is but a doubtful benefit if that space is filled with vitiated air. The insufficiency of a two-inch loop-hole—often on the lee side of a crowded building—cannot be redeemed by any system of pipes or fan-ventilators: we might as well try to light a hall through a knot-hole in a north-side wall. It has been calculated that a burning candle will consume one-third of the oxygen from ten cubic feet per hour; an oil or coal-oil lamp with a large burner, one-third of seventy cubic feet per hour; and that the burning of one cubic foot of coal-gas will consume from two to two and a half cubic feet of oxygen and produce one to two cubic feet of carbonic acid. A person by breathing adds to the atmosphere one per cent. of carbonic acid to fifty-five feet in an hour. Carbonic acid gas, the lung-poisoning product of respiration, is so heavy that it can be poured like water from one vessel into another, and is apt to settle near the floor of stuffy apartments. If for any reason, therefore, a person should be obliged to pass a night in an ill-ventilated room, the safest plan would be to spread his bed on an elevated platform, or act on the advice of the traveller Kohl, who for similar purposes always kept a hammock in his mantle-sack. In large city schools, where hundreds of children have to breathe the same air, the danger of lung-poisoning can be counteracted only by a change of rooms from hour to hour, and a thorough renovation of the vitiated atmosphere by opening every window and every door and keeping up a rousing fire. Large school-rooms should have an open fireplace in addition to the, per-

haps unavoidable, stove. General Morin calculates that a common chimney removes in the course of an hour an amount of air equal to five times the capacity of the room it is intended to warm, "sufficient in rooms of the usual size to secure a ventilation of one thousand cubic feet of air per hour for each person, supposing there to be not more than one for every ten square feet of floor room."

14. *Warmth*.—In a former paper I have discussed the chief problem of indoor life,—the best method of making the atmosphere of a stove-warmed room as healthy and comfortable as the summer air of the out-door world. The progress of hygienic architecture bids fair to solve that problem before the end of this century; but in the mean time there will be days when it might be a good plan to imitate the domestic habits of the Turks and the Hollanders, who, though differing so widely in their general mode of life, agree in preferring warm clothes to blazing stove-fires and air-tight rooms. With felt shoes and woollen socks (or Danish foot-sacks) the dread of cold feet need be no insuperable objection; and the greater difficulty of keeping our hands warm enough for graphic purposes might be solved after the plan of Professor Schrodt, who recommends a *box writing-desk* with a double lid, the writing-board resting on top of a box full of hot sand, that can be warmed in a common baking-pan and warranted to retain its heat for five or six hours. The remedy would cure the evil *in situ*, for the difficulty of writing in an unheated room is due to the chilling contact with the cold surface of the writing-paper. As a rule, the average temperature of a sitting-room should not exceed 65° Fahrenheit, and those whose occupation obliges them to pass the day in a warmer atmosphere should counteract the pathological tendencies by sleeping with wide-open windows in all but the stormiest nights.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

Gladstone in Private Life.

I SAW Mr. Gladstone first when he was about sixty years of age. Happening to sit very near him at a dinner-party, I had a good opportunity of examining his appearance closely and of making mental notes of his conversation. I had heard him called "a sloven," but it struck me that he was even scrupulously neat, from the arrangement of his already thinned locks to that of the small bouquet in his button-hole; and during the number of years that I had the good fortune of seeing him from time to time the same care was always apparent. The most noticeable point about Mr. Gladstone's *physique* is his immense head, the extreme development of the supercilious ridge giving his dark eyes doubly the appearance of being deeply set. I had seen many photographs of the statesman, in all of which the likeness was striking, but all of which more or less exaggerated peculiarities, and gave the impression of a remarkably plain, almost a repulsive person; whereas at the period to which I refer he was really a handsome man; the women all thought so, and with their hero-worship there mingled a good deal of personal admiration. Mr. Gladstone affected no mysterious reserve in speaking of the political questions of the day; he was frank and evidently sincere. While avowedly the champion of the people, he occasionally made remarks of a startlingly conservative character. I heard him say, when some one present spoke lightly of "weeding the upper House of the spiritual Lords,"—

"No, no; not one bishop could be spared."

He thought that in schools "those youths should be class-mates whose similar position in society would bring them in contact later in life."

He remarked quite earnestly to a lady sitting beside him, "*I am sorry you like Cromwell: I like Charles the First.*"

He spoke with affectionate reverence of the present royal family, evidently appreciating not only their public position, but their private virtues.

His manner, nevertheless, had a republican simplicity; and when a chord was touched in which the inalienable rights of man vibrated, his eye kindled and flashed, while his tongue poured forth an eloquent appeal, or protest, as it might be, and he showed himself a true liberal.

Mr. Gladstone was then in the zenith of his power as supreme ruler of England, the virtual dictator of that august assembly, the House of Commons; but he was so modest and simple that he did not know either fact, or so self-restrained that he never let the knowledge appear to those around him.

In the course of the evening—I still speak of the first time I saw him—some one asked Mr. Gladstone if he had seen a letter in the "Times," I forget now on what subject. "No," he had not seen it. The paper was handed to him, and he sat down under the light of a lamp to read it. In his own methodical way he drew forth a pair of spectacles from his pocket, adjusted them, smoothed the paper, and became quite absorbed in the letter in question. Then I observed a peculiarity in his countenance which I had never noticed in that of any other human being, unless in a very slight degree. Two or three minutes before, he had looked a well-preserved man of fifty; but now there came suddenly into his face at least twenty added years of age, and continued there for the space of time that his attention was concentrated on the words before him. He read slowly and deliberately; he did not "pluck the heart" out of the paper, as reviewers say: he read and pondered each syllable. When he had finished, he again carefully smoothed and folded the paper, methodically closed his spectacles, and returned them to his pocket.

The lines and furrows disappeared, as if by magic, from his face, and he was again the well-kept man of fifty. So sudden a transition can scarcely be described in words.

Mr. Gladstone is loved by his friends as firmly as he is hated by his enemies. In society he is very popular, in a great measure because he assumes no air of superiority, is entirely free from arrogance, and never monopolizes the conversation. He listens patiently and politely even to a bore, never showing weariness. He is not at all unwilling that another star should shine where he shines, and no diversion of attention from himself ever appears to awaken his uneasiness. I was present on one occasion at a table at which the famous but somewhat eccentric Professor Blackie sat next but one to Mr. Gladstone. The professor, who is very energetic and vociferous, brandished his arms while he was speaking, and that so wildly that a lady who was seated between the two distinguished men had more than once to draw suddenly back to avoid his clinched hand striking her face! He interrupted Mr. Gladstone's remarks several times, the interruption being borne with perfect equanimity and met by a smile, not of superiority, but of indulgence for the "God-intoxicated man." The subject under discussion was one which both men had much at heart,—Greece and its modern explorers.

At that time Mr. Gladstone was the hardest-worked man in England; but from his extraordinary habits of order and method he found time for everything; he never let a note or letter remain more than a day or two unanswered, even those which came from obscure individuals, and in many cases the formal reply of his secretary was followed up almost immediately by an autograph letter, always couched in courteous terms, and, where he was interested, in the most cordial expressions.

A lady related to me that, having written on the question of "Woman's Rights," a subject much discussed at that time, she sent a copy of her work to the prime minister, and received the

usual polite acknowledgment from his secretary, but two or three days afterward had the gratification of receiving an autograph letter from Mr. Gladstone, of which I was allowed to make a copy, and which I here subjoin, without, I trust, any breach of confidence:

"11, CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE,
January 31, 1870.

"MADAM,—I beg you to accept my thanks for your eloquent work on 'Woman's Rights,' which I have read alike with interest and sympathy. Observing that it is privately printed, and therefore not accessible in the usual manner, I take the great liberty of saying how much I should like to be possessed of one, or, were it possible, of two other copies: they are intended for destinations which I am sure you will consider worthy.

"I have the honor to be, madam,

"Your very faithful servant,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

The great man's sympathy did not prove evanescent; for several years, indeed until completely overwhelmed with ever-growing business of state, he continued to give proof of interest in the struggling author whose words had touched a vibrating chord in his heart, and that interest was evinced by many acts of kindness.

At a period when his detractors tried to undermine his power by industriously spreading a report that he was a Roman Catholic, I had the opportunity, one evening, and boldly seized it, of sounding his opinions on the subject. I knew that the rumor had not the slightest foundation, but I wanted to draw forth from Mr. Gladstone some expression of opinion which I might quote in the press, or at least get talked over in the literary and political circles I frequented, which would be nearly equivalent to publication. With this view, I led the conversation to Cardinal Manning, then Mr. Gladstone's intimate friend. Talking of the accomplished cardinal's attainments, I remarked that, despite his manifold gifts, I thought I saw in his

very countenance certain indications of weakness. "No," said Mr. Gladstone quickly, "you are mistaken; 'weakness' cannot be attributed to him: yet I have often wondered how a man of his calibre of mind could possibly believe in the delusions he accepts."

Mr. Gladstone told me that he approved of every one doing a portion of manual labor,—a practice which he has always observed himself and encouraged in those about him. To this habit a good deal of the vigor of his old age is doubtless due.

Speaking of his physical powers, he once said to me,—

"I think I preserve my strength by husbanding it: if I am obliged to sit up late at night, I always rise proportionally late the following morning; and I never do, and never have done, a stroke of work on Sunday."

On another occasion, we were discussing the use and abuse of wine. He said, on being questioned,—

"When I am at mental work, I require and take a certain portion of wine; but I can, and do, work hard with my hands while taking only water."

It was generally at dinner-parties that I met the prime minister, and I noticed that he was a very moderate eater and drinker, yet without the least affectation of abstemiousness.

The topic of discussion at one dinner-party which I remember was Bismarck. For a time Mr. Gladstone was silent, then suddenly turned to me, saying,—

"If Cavour had had the same theatre as Bismarck he would have been a more distinguished man."

About his sixty-eighth or sixty-ninth year the great statesman began to look old; he did not stoop, his step had not lost firmness, but his face became deeply lined, furrowed, and care-worn, his eye less bright, though it could still flash with suddenly-lit fire.

I met him one day at that time walking rather slowly down Harley Street. He recognized me, stopped, and shook hands cordially with me,—a poor, Bohemian scribbler,—and I felt honored by his remembrance: it was then that I be-

came painfully aware of the great change that mental labor had wrought in him.

He has lately entertained at his yacht-table kings, queens, and princesses; but I believe that he is in no wise dazzled by the distinction and homage which his genius and patriotic services have brought him, and that he still keeps a corner in his memory for the obscurest man or woman who has secured his sympathy.

Mr. Gladstone has been spoken of by his opponents as ill-tempered and occasionally morose. The assertion has not a shadow of foundation: he has a fine temper, as well as fine feelings; he never forgets his dignity sufficiently to vituperate, nor does his magnificent eloquence ever degenerate into the bitterness of invective.

A more versatile mind perhaps never existed. Apart from statesmanship, his gifts as a scholar would have made him a leader among men. I do not think he is a keen judge of art; at least I have heard him laud productions which had no special merit but such as his partiality for the artist led him to attribute to his work.

Of literature he is a just and generous critic, and, despite his labors, he is still an industrious reader. As a man, there is none better living: his whole career in private life has been one of austere virtue, and, were this the time and place, I could relate two or three anecdotes of him which would forcibly prove this assertion.

AN OLD BOHEMIAN.

A Spirit-Friendship.

INTERESTING as is the subject of children's fancies, it is one which will probably never be well understood. There is to the mature imagination no clue to the dévious mazes of the child's train of thought, no key to the unaccountable impulses which move the child's mind. Even our own individual experiences are more or less inscrutable to us: the sober light of common day has forever obscured the glamour and the spell of the life we lived ten, twenty, forty years ago. George Eliot carried

something of it with her almost to the last. George Macdonald and Jean Ingelow still know something of it, but neither they nor any one else can enter with undazzled eyes the sacred arcana of a child's imaginings.

I remember very well how, amidst all the mysteries among which as a child I walked and was not astonished, there was one very common circumstance which set all the fibres of my imagination athrill. This was a small spot in the wall of a disused store-room, from which the plastering had fallen away. The dark space thus revealed was a focus of unutterable mystery. I used to go, day after day, and sit upon an empty soap-box in the otherwise empty room, all the powers of my being concentrated upon the dim mystery of the darkness behind those laths. By degrees it began to yield to my importunate questionings. In the darkness to which those laths forever barred my access lived Eliza, a tall girl in a pink frock and long braids (I myself wore, and detested, curls). To see Eliza face to face, to speak to her as one speaks to a friend, was thenceforth my long desire, and many and patient were my waitings before her shrine. In time I came to know that a stern mother (she was dark and thin, whereas *my* mother was plump and fair),—that this mother forbade her ever appearing to me. My sense of loss was sore and grievous, but my allegiance was unwavering, and at last it gained the reward vouchsafed to all faithful souls. Though separated in body, our thought was free; and day by day we grew, in soul-communings, nearer and nearer to each other. I think I have never known anything more nearly akin to the bliss of that soul-union which we believe awaits true friends in heaven than on some of the days when things went wrong in school-room or nursery and I carried my sore heart to the empty store-room to be healed by wordless communion with Eliza. From those secret communings I always returned refreshed, with new vigor for that battle of life which, for all the poets tell us, is so real and stern to children.

L. S. H.

Mercenary.

WHAT was it you said? That, although
You like me and hold my love dear,
You could not be happy, you know,
On less than ten thousand a year?

That you come of an affluent line,
And were cradled in luxury's lap,
And you'd certainly hanker and pine
If ever you had the mishap

To be stinted in house or in dress,
In equipage, service,—you fear
You would make me unhappy with less,
At the least, than ten thousand a year?

Forgive me for laughing,—you jest:
You could never persuade me you think
Fine raiment can make a fine guest
And the cup matters more than the drink;

That the husk's better food than the corn,
And the life you count less than the meat,
And you'd risk a fate not to be borne
For a lot that was outwardly sweet.

You know a bright surface may gild
A heart that is hollow and base,
And blind are the eyes that are filled
With the glitter of diamonds and lace.

Oh, many the women that go
In jewels that scorch like a coal
And mask an unspeakable woe,
Such as gnaws and torments a lost soul!

I honor your lineage fine,
Your ancestry zealous and true:
To the grandeur and grace of the line
I pay my allegiance, in you.

Your great house is good to my sense,
So wide and so fair,—a fit place
For a queen to preside and dispense
Her bounty of radiant grace.

But a statelier mansion is mine,
With room for all men in its halls;
Its pillars the oak and the pine,
And the mountains for tower and walls;

Its roof-tree the heaven's full arch,
On its floor space for oceans to run,
And its galleries long as the march
Of the king of all painters, the sun.

Had I revenues, castle, and land,
They were yours as of course and of right;
But to offer them all for your hand
I would scorn as an ignoble slight.

I offer you only to share
All my life, aspirations, and ends:
My striving, adversity, care,—
My power and fame, as fate sends;

A foot that no double has trod,
A lip that spoke never untrue,
A head that bends only to God,
A heart that bows only to you.

You tremble, you flush and grow pale,—
Dear heart, do not throb so and quake:
Did I fright you? These arms shall avail
To conquer the world for your sake!

J. T. MCKAY.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"My Reminiscences." By Lord Ronald Gower. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THE author of these "Reminiscences" is not yet forty years old: yet he speaks of himself as one who has outlived most of his contemporaries, and he writes of the events of ten or twenty years ago as if they belonged to a remote past. Nevertheless, the impression which his narrative produces is that, not of garrulous age, but of vivacious youth. There is even a savor of crudity in his occasional comments, as when he finds a striking proof of "the instability of all earthly things" in the fact that the house in Park Lane in which he often saw Lady Palmerston has ceased to exist. But what his experience has lacked in length it more than makes up in breadth, and so far as a knowledge of life is to be gained by intercourse with many people, acquaintance with many places, and participation as a spectator in many notable scenes, Lord Ronald Gower is entitled to speak with the authority of a master. It is not as an actor in the world's affairs, but as a mere looker-on, that his eager and inquiring mind has found congenial employment. On the other hand, he does not belong to the class of social gossips, —the Walpoles, the Grevilles, and the Seniors,—who content themselves with gathering information about the events of their time from those who have taken a conspicuous part in them, and retailing the discussions to which they have given rise. His restless curiosity has led him to see as much as possible with his own eyes. In 1866, while a student at Cambridge, he rushed off to Italy to get a glimpse of Garibaldi's operations in the neighborhood of Brescia, and the next year he paid a visit to the general at Caprera. In 1870 he followed the German army from Berlin, in company with "Billy" Russell, and, though he did not succeed in witnessing a battle, rode past Woerth and other fields while still strewn with the dead, besides personally undergoing the privations and discomforts incidental to warlike operations. A little later he was in Paris, and beheld the entrance into that capital of the German army after the capitulation. A journey to Australia, taking America in his way both going and returning, and touching

at Hong-Kong and Yokohama, was the result of a suddenly-conceived and apparently fruitless project for serving a friend in need; while various trips, to Spain, France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Russia, were natural incidents in the career of an industrious sight-seer, an amateur artist, a dabbler in history, and the younger son of an English duke, before whom all doors flew open in requital of the lavish hospitality of his ancestors to successive generations of royal and distinguished personages. But these adventures were, after all, episodic, and the chief interest of the book lies in the glimpses which it gives us of English life, and especially of those phases of it with which the writer, much as he has seen of others, is by birth and breeding most familiar. His account of his own family, especially of his mother,—that Duchess of Sutherland whose fame is almost as much American as English,—and his uncle, Lord Carlisle, as well as of their different ancestral abodes,—Stafford House,—of which the queen, on her first visit to it, said to her hostess, "I have come from my house to your palace,"—Cliveden, Trentham, Dunrobin, etc.,—gives perhaps as agreeable a picture as any that we have had of domestic life at those social altitudes where, but for revelations of this kind, we might suppose that the rarefied atmosphere made any such life impossible. The sketches of Lord Beaconsfield in his privacy at Hughenden are especially interesting, as bringing into view certain features, not the most remarkable, but perhaps the least familiar, of this singular figure. But there has been scarcely a notable person in any rank of society during the last twenty years of whom we do not get a glimpse in these lively pages. Lord Ronald Gower is not a graceful or sparkling writer; his style is slipshod, and he shows a general lack of the knowledge and taste that are acquired from books. But he is thoroughly conversant with most of the matters about which he writes; his descriptions are never those of a casual observer; and, though it is generally touch-and-go with him, his glance lights at once on what is characteristic or suggestive. He is not a mere

society man, or a retailer of bon-mots or scandal. He can be sprightly without being flippant, and frank about people's foibles without at least intending to be offensive. He writes so warmly of America that we can hardly regret that he knows so much less of it than he does of his own country.

"A Book of New England Legends and Folk-Lore in Prose and Poetry." By Samuel Adams Drake. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (Sold only by subscription.)

AFTER seeking out the picturesque in his former work, "Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast," Mr. Drake has done well to link legend and story to the places he has described, giving a romantic halo and a little imaginative touching up besides to certain old traditions well worth preserving. Although Longfellow and Whittier have done much to perpetuate in ballad the striking and touching incidents of New England's early history by land and sea, it must not be forgotten that it is to Hawthorne's vivid and effective touches that we owe most of our actual ideas concerning the sentiment, character, and personal appearance of the Puritans. Compared with his portraits, those of other writers are slight and undetermined in costume and feature. But later writers have had the advantage of his spirited and life-like conceptions, on which to fill in their pictures of Mistress Ann Hibbins, John Endicott, and the like.

Such sights as youthful poets dream
In summer eve by haunted stream

are rarely pictured in New England romantic history. Nor, as in Irving's chronicles of the Knickerbockers and legends of the Hudson, can early superstitions and usages be made to assume a cheerful and amusing guise. There could hardly be bright creations of fancy among the sombre Puritans, and the greater part of the stories in Mr. Drake's collection are more or less tragic. Even the witches seem to have had the dreariest of dreary times, and to have enjoyed few of the wild delights which witchcraft afforded in old countries,—where the ride on the broom-stick ended in a gay revel on the Brocken, of which Berlioz's music, to say nothing of Goethe's poetry, has shown us the charms. New England legendary lore is undeniably of a painful description; and among the stories and

sketches grouped here, that of "Peter Rugg, the Missing Man," whose fate is no worse than to be forced to wander perpetually between Hartford and Boston in a spectral chaise drawn by a spectral horse and with a spectral child beside him, seems, by comparison with others more sombre and more weird, to be almost amusing. The book hardly covers the whole extent of New England tradition, being chiefly devoted to the legends of the Massachusetts colonies. The towns along Long Island Sound abound in local historical remains; and it seems a pity that the humorous story of the Dutch invasion of Connecticut should not have been given.

But the book is valuable besides being agreeable, and will be of use to every summer tourist in New England who is constantly confronted with names that suggest a story, but concerning which it is almost impossible to gain facts.

Recent Fiction.

"A Roman Singer." By F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"An Average Man." By Robert Grant. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"The Entailed Hat; or, Patty Cannon's Times." By George Alfred Townsend. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"At Daybreak." By A. Sterling. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"The Lady, or the Tiger? and other Stories." By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE relations of a man to the society which is fascinated by his genius, although it may refuse to admit him to its real privileges, have always been a favorite theme with young novelists; but, except in Hans Christian Andersen's "Improvisatore," we do not, before this latest work of Mr. Crawford's, recall an instance of a story which has for its hero a male opera-singer. We know that in real life a tenor wins all feminine hearts, and is the recipient of perfumed *billets-doux* and every form of offering which can express the sweet tumults of feeling his "*Non ti scordar di me*" and "*Spirto gentil*" rouse in the soft breasts of his hearers. But, in spite of the romantic halo he wears on the stage, it is generally conceded to be dangerous for his reputation as a lady-killer to be seen without his scenic paraphernalia and unsupported by his well-practised score. George Eliot speaks of a "rare and ravishing

tenor, such as nature reluctantly makes at some sacrifice." But Mr. Crawford has, nevertheless, brought forward for his latest hero a handsome peasant youth with a tenor voice, who takes the stage at twenty with *éclat* and success, witches the ears of all Europe, gains wealth and eminence at once, wins the heart of a young and noble German lady, and carries her off from her appointed suitor with the prowess of a young Lochinvar. We are inclined to say that the best point of the story is in the telling of it, for there is a *naïf* garrulity and an artless self-complacency about the Professor, who plays the part of *raconteur*, which go far to relieve the rest of the characters of their lack of reality. The impetus at the start loses much of its force as the narrative proceeds, and we gradually experience disappointment at the dwindling of the importance of many of the incidents as their true relation to the rest of the work is seen. After an interview between the baroness and the hero, —the resemblance of which to a scene in the "Improvvisatore" is, to say the least, very striking,—the infatuated woman dies, thus ending prematurely what promised to be a lively factor in the story. Benoni, the Jew, who is introduced to the reader with much of the picturesqueness and circumstance of one of those mysterious strangers of Bulwer's novels who hold the secrets of the ages in their grasp, turns out to be a flimsy and wearisome pretender. But the story, whether striking or trivial, flows on all the time with freedom and joyousness, like water from a fountain. And the writer himself seems to be so free from any flashes of insight that the stream is a tolerably meagre one, that the reader good-naturedly decides to make the best of it, and sympathetically to praise the abundance and musical tinkle of the little rivulet. There are some slips which seem to indicate that Mr. Crawford has not that familiarity with the Italian opera which might be inferred from the nature of his story. The announcement on the posters of "Verdi's opera the Favorita" would have set the Roman populace staring, and "*dei [for ne'] sogni miei*," in the principal aria, would have raised a howl in the house.

There is something phenomenal in the commonplace quality of a book like "An Average Man" when it has been so seriously offered to the attention of the public. Of the two heroes, we are loath to decide which gives the book its title, for neither,

we confess, quite fulfils its conditions to our mind, although Remington, in company with Miss Crosby, has "probed the most interesting problems of human experience and destiny, and wandered at will over the delightful field of speculation," and the brilliant man-of-the-world Stoughton reads out to the same fair one his own literary effusions, consisting of lines like these:

I'd love thee, sweet, forever,
If I were not the child of fate;
No power our days should sever,
Could I but burst the gate
Which keeps our lips apart,
Keeps thy heart from my heart.

It is, in fact, another "gate" that Stoughton is to "burst." Whether in consequence of being a "child of fate," or in spite of it, he makes money on Wall Street, while risking his entire patrimony of four thousand dollars on "margins," marries the daughter of a millionaire, and finally deserts not only her, but also the woman for whom he has renounced his wife. Much youthful sentiment is wrought out and spun fine along the pages, interspersed with scenes from political life and experiences on Wall Street, all of a similar crude and immature quality. It is, in fact, "milk for babes." One loves the foolish warm-blooded hopes, the idle, illogical purposes, the blundering self-confidence even, of an actual young fellow of five-and-twenty; but one grows hopeless over the complacent mediocrity of sophomoric heroes like these.

It is, however, sheer impertinence and error to insist that a book shall suit all tastes; and if the "Average Man" comes up to any reader's conceptions as an effort above the average, we waive the point, and allow it to pass for a brilliant book reflecting the social features of the epoch. But it seems a relief to turn from it to a strong and stirring story like "The Entailed Hat," which, though in many respects faulty in construction as a novel, is at least neither trivial nor commonplace. The leading idea of Mr. Townsend's novel is sufficiently fanciful for Hawthorne to have used in a romance, and the mystical significance of Meshach Milburn's fantastic head-gear was probably suggested by our great romancer's "Scarlet Letter." The story abounds in violent transitions and abrupt and painful contrasts; there is abundant coarseness, and many of the characters are dis-

pleasing; but the book possesses strong claims to the reader's interest, and the hero is a real hero, compelling, in spite of his sombre characteristics, liking and sympathy. The field chosen for the story is comparatively new,—the peninsula between the Chesapeake and the Delaware,—and certain episodes that impart to the work some of its most striking features actually belonged to the history of that section during the early part of the century.

In "At Daybreak" we recognize a woman's hand, and she has made so charming a beginning to her story and drawn the pictures of childish life and feeling so faithfully that we are more than inclined to protest against the melodrama which she has so inharmoniously introduced to spoil the pretty idyl. To Betty we are faithful from first to last; but what can we say about the life-likeness of characters like Christina and her husband, Musgrave, or even Axel, who hardly deserved his ultimate good luck? It seems a pity when a writer has a nice little story in her mind that she should spoil it by mixing it up with sensational incidents and straining after effects that do not lie within the scope of her ability. It is like introducing a battle-scene into a *genre* picture.

There is very little comedy offered us in the monthly fiction, the writers tending to the sentimental, and even to the tragic, more than to the amusing and the ludicrous. Accordingly, a humorist like Mr. Stockton may be welcomed with open arms. The present collection of stories carries less weight with it than the inimitable "Rudder Grange," but all these trifles are good in their way and amply characteristic. The delicious whimsicality of his situations is apparently so artless, and offered with such an entire absence of self-consciousness, that Mr. Stockton can work among the most absurd and grotesque adjuncts with an accurate and careful touch, as if he were giving a realistic picture. "Mr. Tolman" is exceedingly good, and so is "His Wife's Deceased Sister," and we hope the apparent falling off in the general value of the stories shows simply that the author is collecting his energies for a more sustained effort. His style has the merit, among others, of being unpretentious, and cannot afford to lose it, as, in coining such a word as "floraphobist" and giving it the sense of a lover of flowers, he shows that ornate writing is out of his line.

Minor Poems.

"Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere." By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The New Arcadia, and Other Poems." By A. Mary F. Robinson. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"The Happy Isles, and Other Poems." By S. H. M. Byers. Boston: Cupples, Opham & Co.

"Pine Needles, or Sonnets and Songs." By Héloïse Durant. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BRIGHT and amusing as Mr. Bunner's verses are when found singly, they appear to even better advantage bound up together in this little volume under the felicitous title of "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere." In this last quarter of the nineteenth century a poet needs to possess ample originality not to mistake his memory for his inspiration when he sits down to write. But suggestiveness and reminiscence are the soul of *vers de société*, and one accordingly enjoys the hints of Calverly, Præd, Austin Dobson, and George Arnold, which cross the mind in turning Mr. Bunner's pages. He shows himself, too, a most successful parodist in "Home, Sweet Home, with variations," which is in itself clever and humorous, besides playing off the literary methods and mental idiosyncrasies of Swinburne, Walt Whitman, and others, and throwing the familiar strains of the song into strange forms and fresh lights. Mr. Bunner is probably no more of an Arcadian than the rest of us, although his poem "The Way to Arcady" is pretty and graceful in the extreme, but some of the verses under the head of "Philistia" have a delicate charm of their own in the glimpses they give of every-day modern life, complex, refined, and picturesque.

We quote "Candor," which seems to us very engagingly and effectively done, although our transatlantic cousins would be likely to call it characteristically American and Daisy-Millerish. The scene is "October—A Wood."

"I know what you're going to say," she said,
And she stood up, looking uncommonly tall:
"You're going to speak of the hectic fall,
And say you're sorry the summer's dead,
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And can I imagine what made it so?
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said:
"You are going to ask if I forget
That day in June when the woods were wet,

And you carried me"—here she dropped her head—

"Over the creek; you are going to say
Do I remember that horrid day.
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said:
"You are going to say that since that time
You have rather tended to run to rhyme,
And"—her clear glance fell and her cheek grew red—

"And have I noticed your tone was queer?—
Why, everybody has seen it here!—
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said.
"You're going to say you've been much
annoyed,
And I'm short of tact,—you will say de-
void,—
And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me
Ted,
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb,
And you'll have me anyway, just as I am.
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Ye-es," she said.

Miss Robinson's *Arcadia* is very differ-
ent from Mr. Bunner's,—

Where all the leaves are merry.

For she writes,—

Alas! Not all the greenness of the leaves,
Not all their delicate tremble in the air,
Can pluck one stab from a fierce heart that
grieves.

The harvest-moon slants on as sordid care
As wears its heart out under attic eaves;
And though all round those folded mountains
sleep,
Think you that sin and heart-break are less
deep?

With this moral for her stories, no wonder if Miss Robinson's volume is a little too sombre. The author's soul seems to be heavy over the problems the pathetic incidents of every-day life present; and did she not belong to that modern school of writers in which intensity of expression takes the place of emotion, we should be forced to consider the "*New Arcadia*" as too heavily weighted with melancholy to be acceptable. But the ardent feeling and unsatisfied yearnings, which in the earlier poems are diverted toward the poor and outcast, in the last half of the book are spent in the sweet and lavish sadness

which youthful poets feel over roses in the rain, meetings, partings, dreams, and visions. And, little as there is of genuine poetry, there are plenty of tender and poetic effects and graceful conceits to please a sympathetic reader.

"The Happy Isles, and other Poems," have a joyous quality of their own and a facility of versification which seems to show that they are the unstudied strain of a writer who sings because the song is in his heart all ready to be sung. The sentiment is always fresh, manly, and hopeful, and there are no complexities or subtleties in his views of life. Like most little books which contain the songs of an actual existence, there is the little leaf of rue among the garlands; and one of the prettiest of the poems is a threnody, "Baby Helène."

There is something disarming to the severest critic in a book like "*Pine Needles*," although such poems hardly show the reader even the merest dazzle of a passing glimpse of the real meaning that lies at the heart of the thing which the author tries to present. But this very prettily designed and printed book is in certain ways a very actual production, being apparently a transcript of personal feeling about pictures and personalities met in an every-day experience. We confess that we like the sonnets better than the songs, finding something more individual at least in its suggestions. Songs should possibly be universal, but in the name of Miss Ingelow, who first, we believe, rhymed "heather" and "together" and "weather" with hopeless iteration, we are inclined to protest against the introduction of this same lyric into every book by every author. It may be found in Miss Robinson's book under the name "*Love and Vision*," while in "*Pine Needles*" it is simply called "Song" (page 139):

White mists lie o'er the moorlands,
White clouds hang o'er the heather,
And morn's bright red and golden
Pierce clouds and mists together.

* * * * *

The mists lie o'er the moorlands,
The clouds hang o'er the heather:
Let me be sun to thee, sweet,
And woo, this bonnie weather.